Liberty

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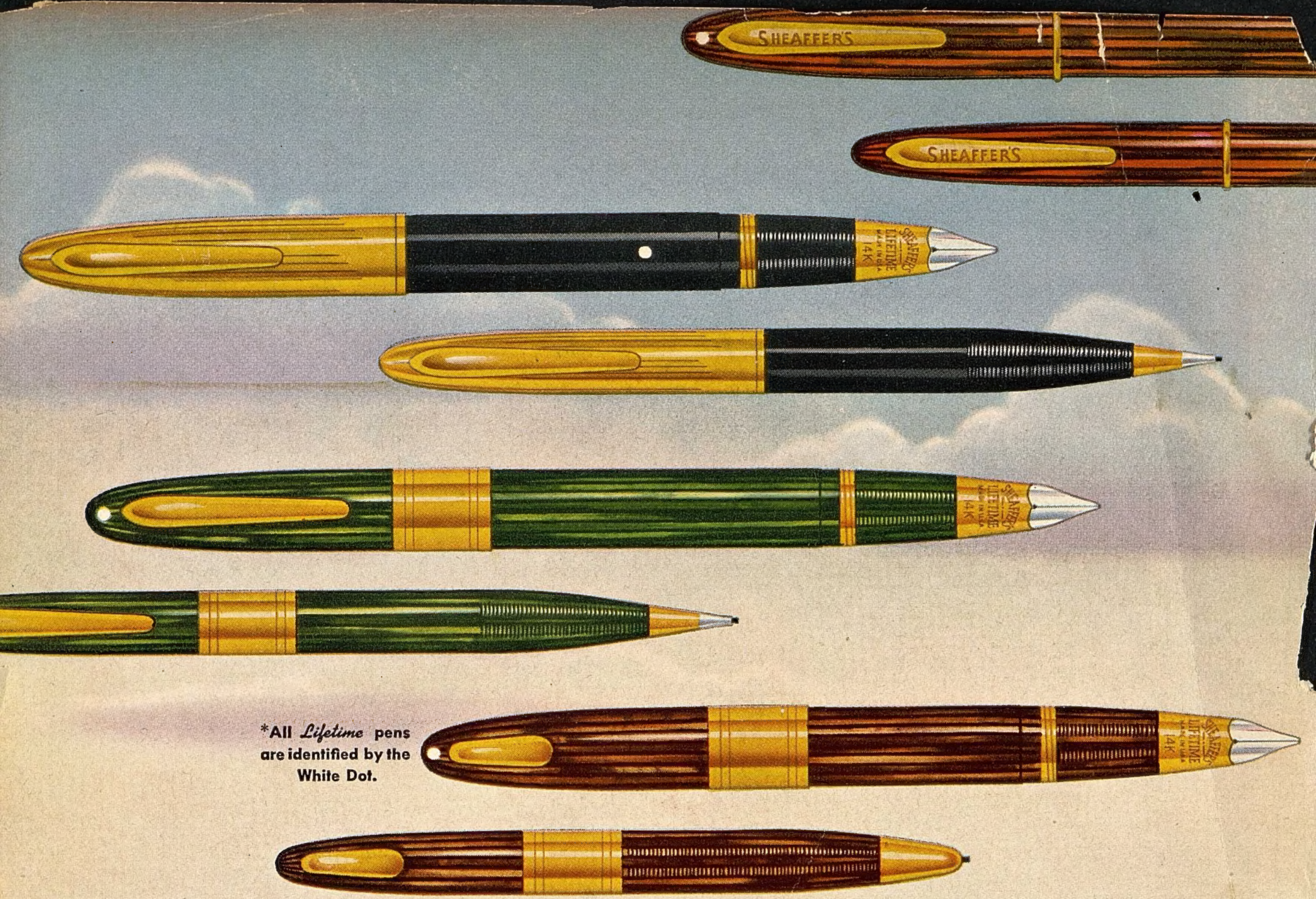
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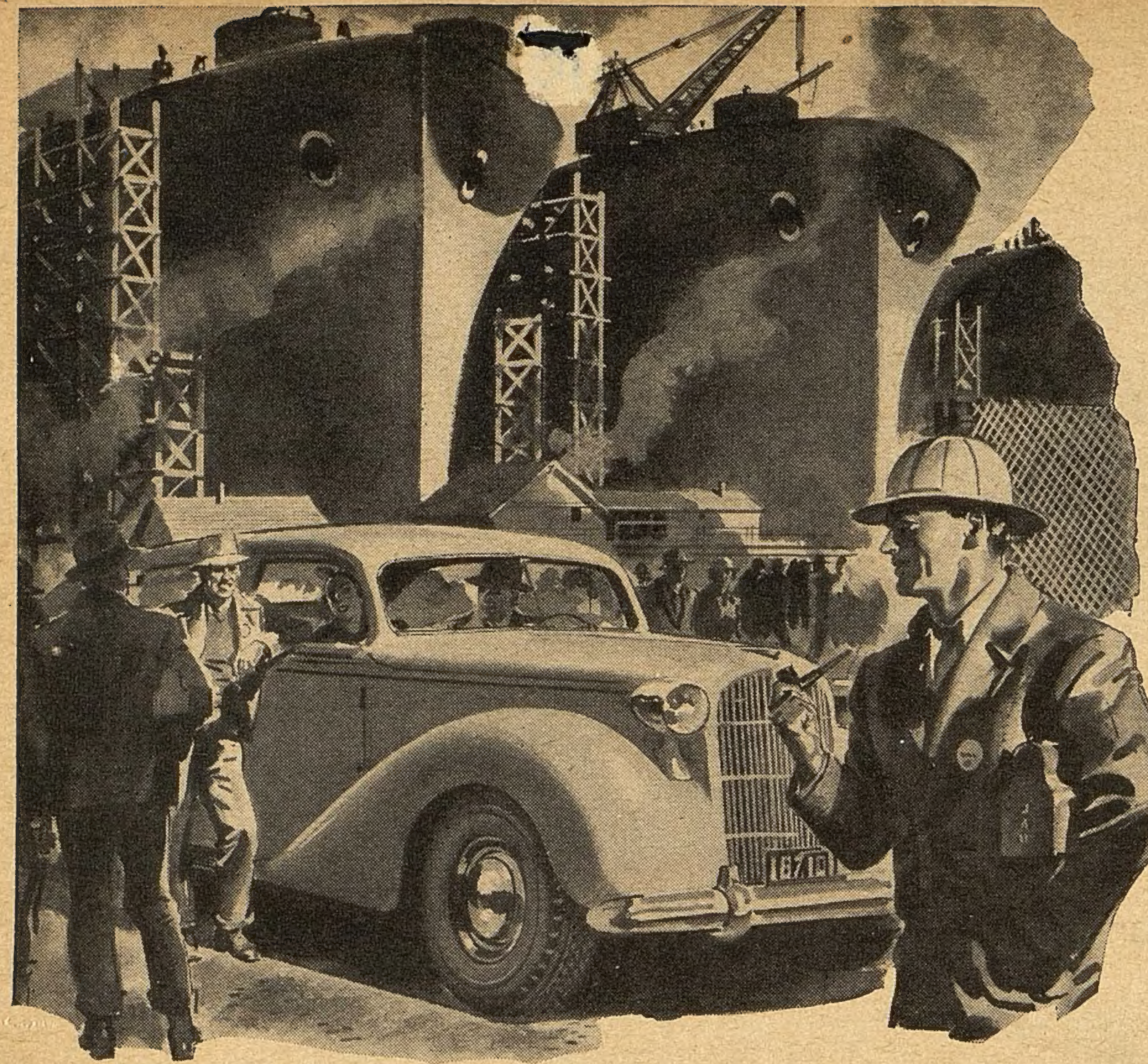

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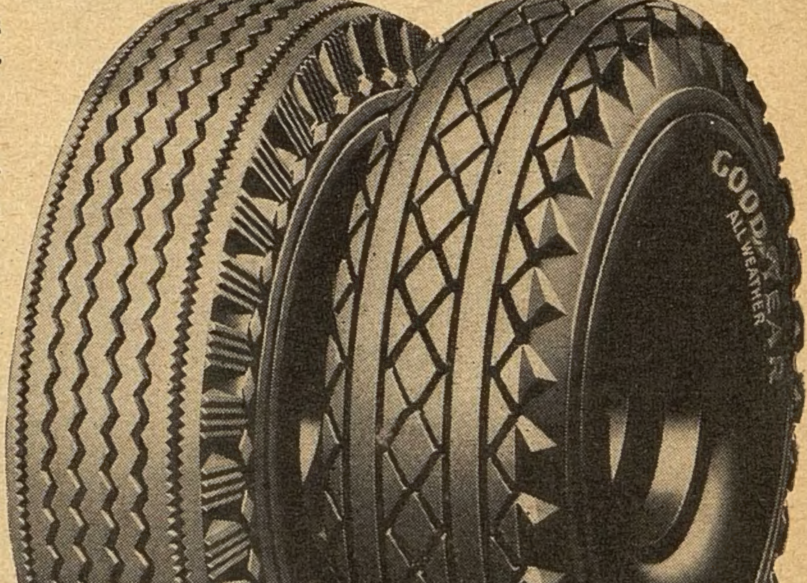

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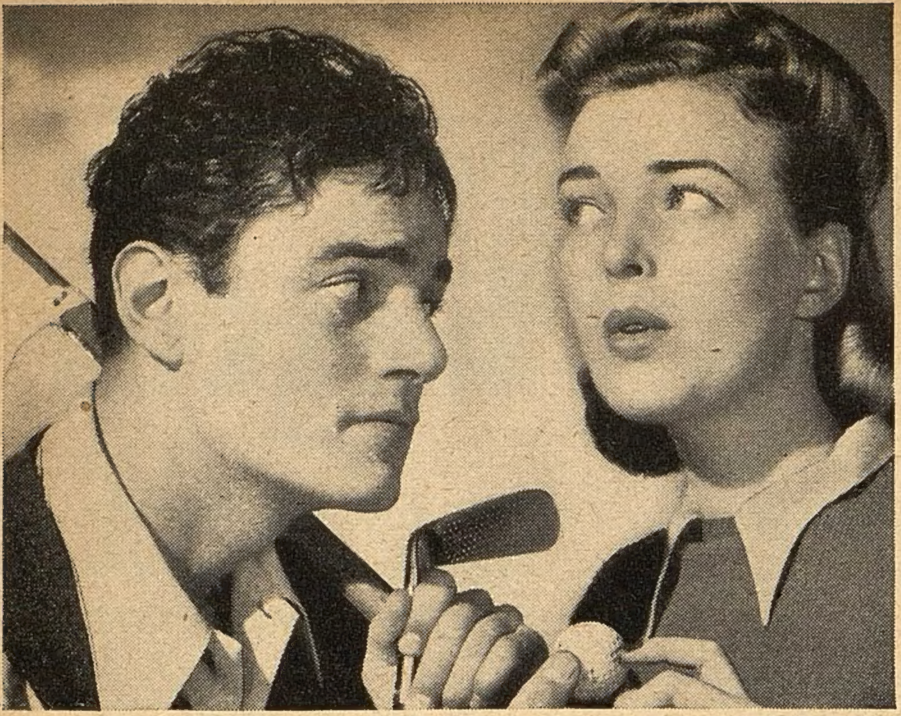

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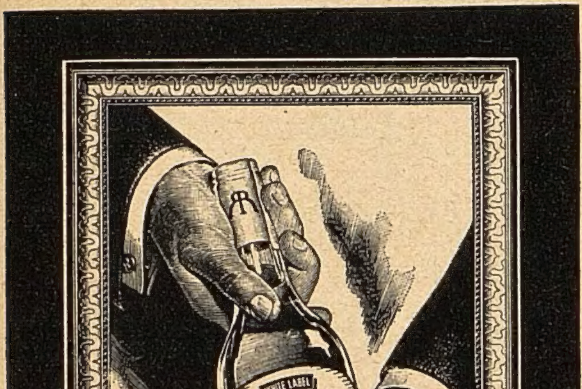

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VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

UNFAIR TO ADULTS

Washington, D. C.—This is a protest en masse against Paul Hunter's editorial (February 10). I am speaking for a good many girls who were not in pigtails and freckles when the boys began marching away three years ago. We were already grown up. But, believe me, we still like our men, so why don't you stop giving them ideas about babies of seventeen or eighteen?

There are always stories about how the girl at home immediately begins casting about for new prospects when the boy friend leaves for camp. But how about all the broken hearts that are here when her one-and-only can't wait and up and marries that neat little English or Australian number? We have nothing against these girls, but the competition is a little unfair, don't you think? Now you are suggesting that we also must run competition with our kid sisters and nieces.

I think any statistics you can get will show that more boys give brush-offs to the girls than the girls give to the boys. This probably won't even get to your desk. But I mean every word of it.—*Lorraine B., S. 1/c, U. S. C. G. R.*

Visalia, Calif.—Maybe there will always be a lady fair, but are the ones you mention what we fellows want upon returning home? I'm glad to say I'm not one who received a brush-off, but if I were, I'd much rather find comfort in my mother's or mother-in-law's company than with the so-called sweet young thing.

Most of the young girls today are indulging in that disgusting habit of smoking, besides being giddy. Yes, they are cute, but I know I speak for many when I say we guys returning from war want someone to soothe our nerves, instead of keeping us on edge all the time.—*Pvt. Raymond K.*

PHEASANT FAN

Ross Fork, Mont.—Let's have more articles like Hunter's Boon: The Ring-necked Pheasant (February 10) by the same man, Harold Titus. I'd like to see one of the Hungarian pheasants and prairie chickens. It might be a good idea to use some pictures of these birds on the cover. The illustration of the ring-neck at the beginning of Titus' article would be a beauty in full color.—*Tom V. Howard.*

A PLAN'S THE THING

India—Paul Hunter's editorial, What Shall We Do About Germany? (November 25), coincides to a large extent with the opinions of many civilians and many of my fellow soldiers, who maintain that the only possible solution in preventing any future wars with Germany is either to destroy the German and Japanese people completely or to sterilize all of them.

Most of the people who feel this way are the first who will forget about everything else except an easy living immediately after this war. That's what happened in 1918. This time we need to get together and do a great deal of planning instead of yelling for wholesale killing or sterilization.

No man is perfect, and the only way to prevent all future wars would be to have all men perfect. A future war is inevitable. But we can do a great deal to *postpone* the next one. An international legislative body could be set up. Each country in the world would elect (democratically) a certain number of representatives. This legislature could then delegate an international court and executive officers to settle any cases of international dispute. The court would need the power to execute its settlements. Therefore a certain number of well-trained men would have to be submitted from each country to form an army under the jurisdiction of the court, so that, at a moment's notice, an army stronger than any standing army of any individual country could be mobilized into action. Added to that, the armies of every country in the world would be subject to call if needed to help the court's army settle disputes.

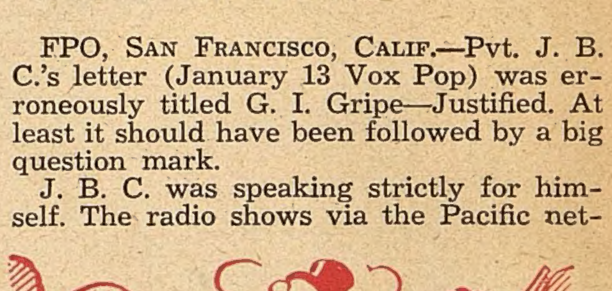
But at the same time a close watch on all nations would be necessary, and such a watch should never be relaxed.

As for standing a great part of the human race against a wall and shooting them or slowly destroying them by sterilization, I think such a plan is utterly nauseating.—*Cpl. Harris A. Resweber.*

HE LIKES 'EM CANNED

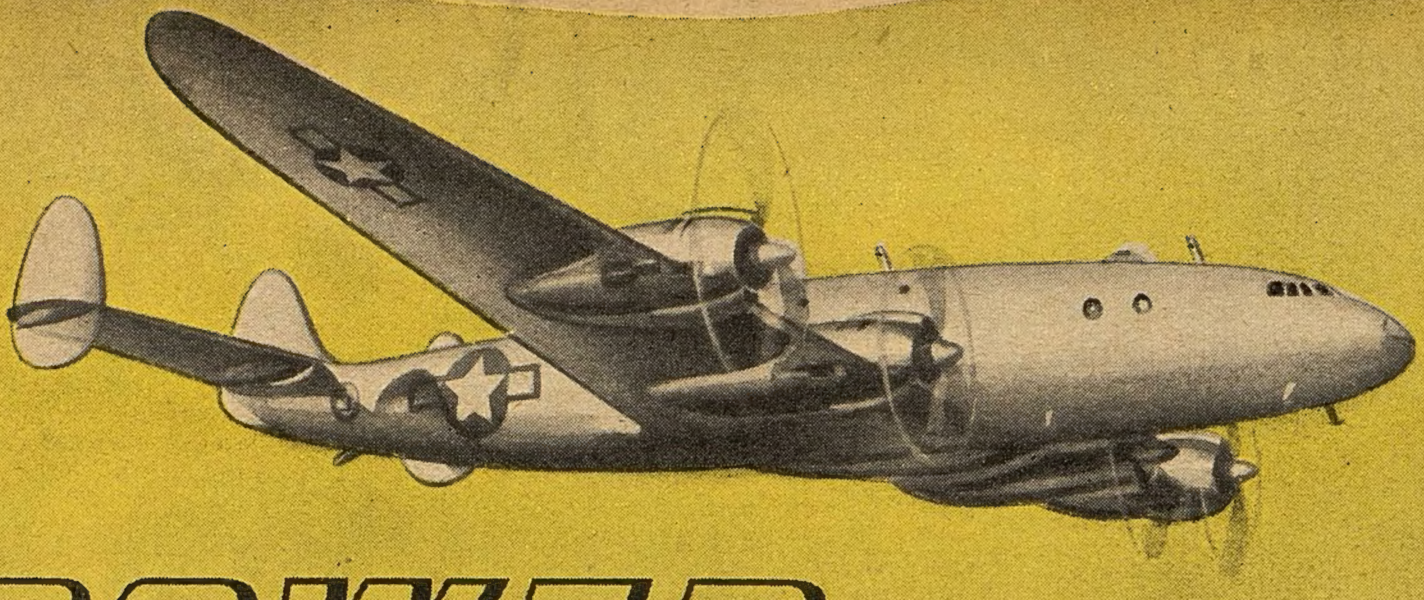
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.—Pvt. J. B. C.'s letter (January 13 Vox Pop) was erroneously titled G. I. Gripe—Justified. At least it should have been followed by a big question mark.

J. B. C. was speaking strictly for himself. The radio shows via the Pacific network are the finest ever produced. We hear all the high-ranking programs as they are presented in the States, exclusive of commercials. In addition we have our own star-studded broadcasts, which are not heard at home. They are just for us, so what's the matter with the announcers telling us so? What's the secret?

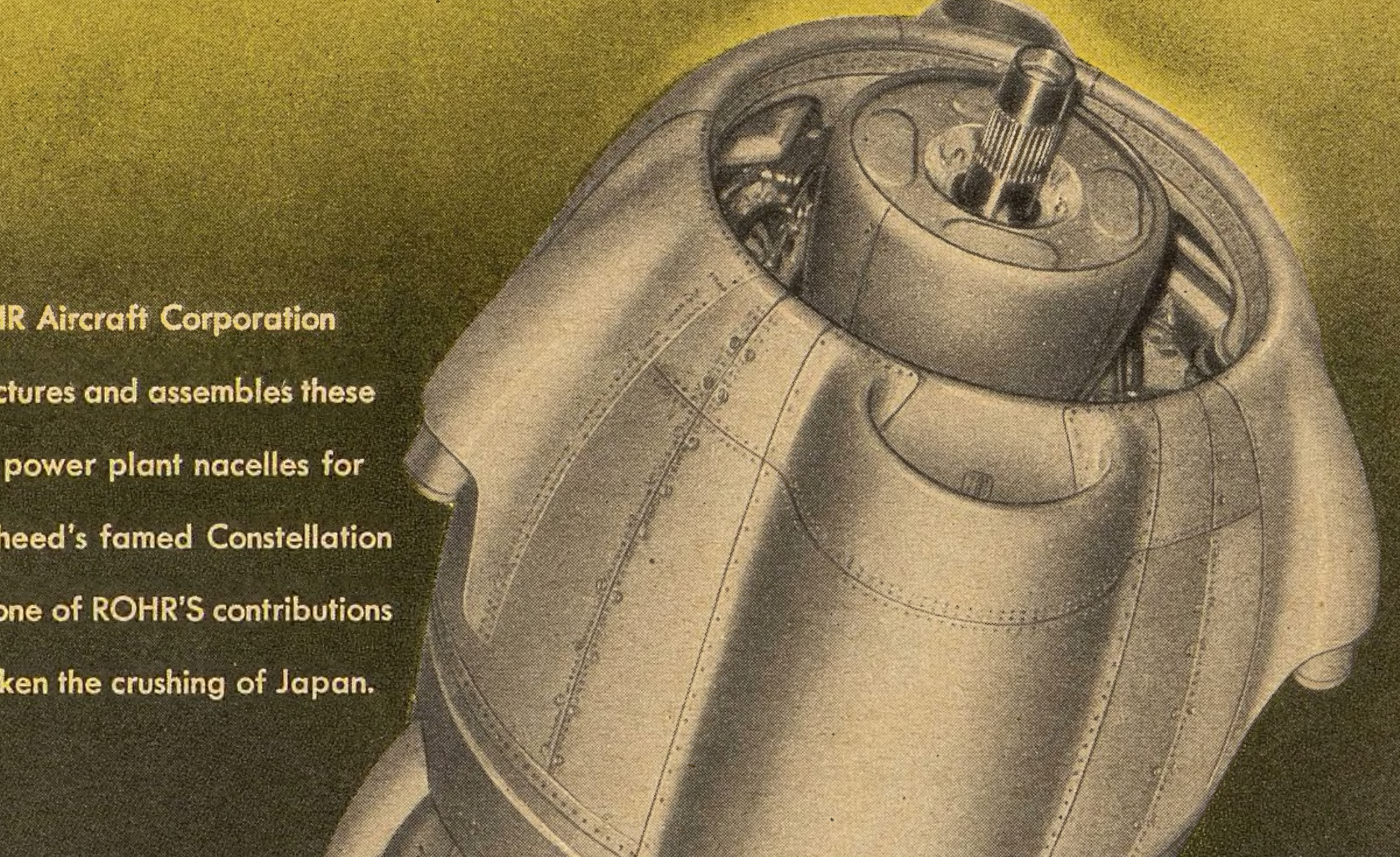


Sure, 90 per cent of our programs are

(*Continued on page 8*)



POWER TO FINISH THE JAPS!



ROHR Aircraft Corporation manufactures and assembles these huge power plant nacelles for Lockheed's famed Constellation . . . just one of ROHR'S contributions to quicken the crushing of Japan.

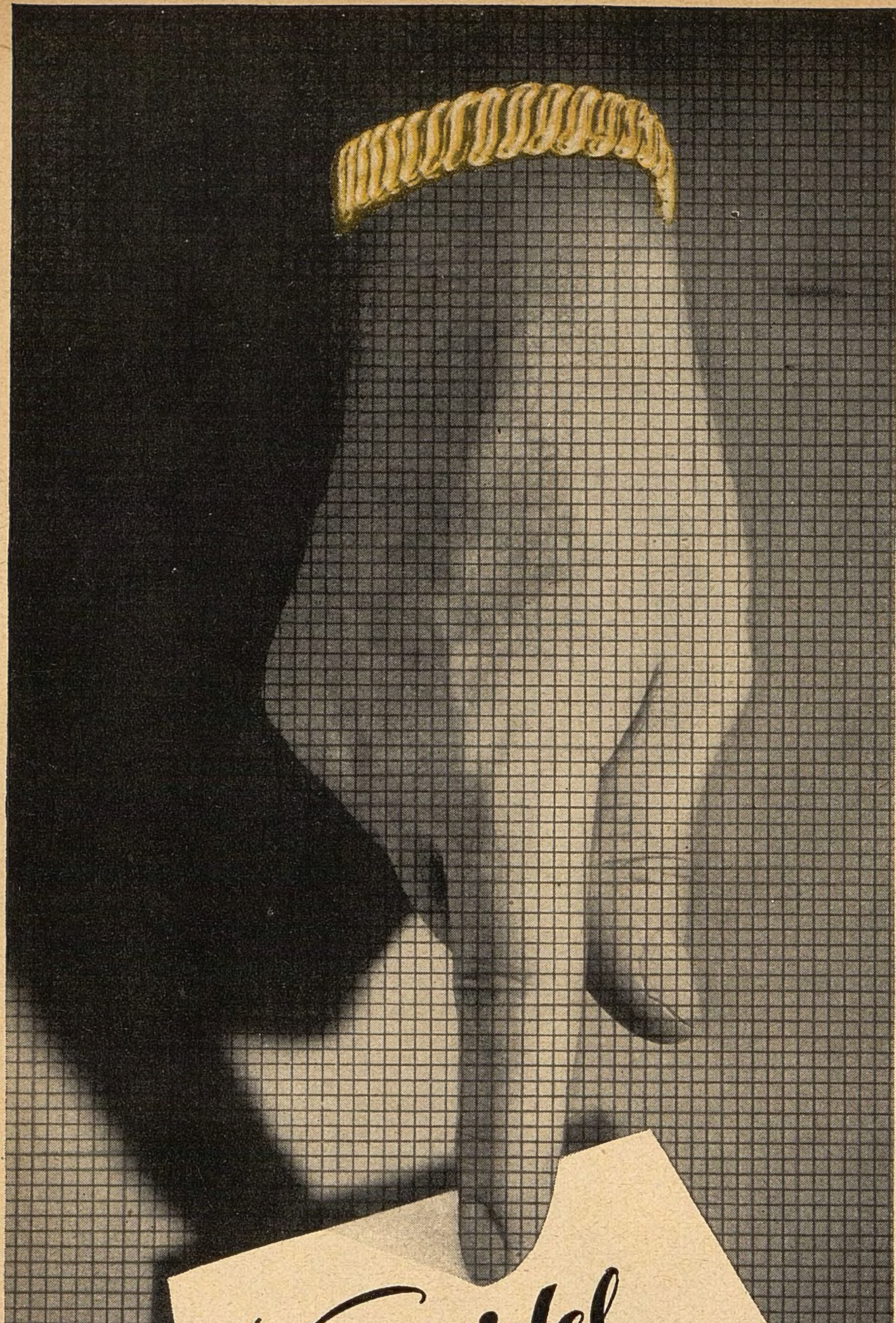
ROHR
AIRCRAFT
CORPORATION

Buy **more bonds—*keep* the bonds you buy!**

Plan now with bonds for the future you want most. War bonds are a double barreled weapon. They fight now on the battle fronts. They will help you win the peace to come! Think it over. Buy and keep more bonds!

ARMY E NAVY

CHULA VISTA, CALIFORNIA • *HELPING TO WRITE THE STORY OF TOMORROW*



You'll treasure your Speidel watchband more, as time goes by. For these bands of beauty are made with infinite pains and knowing touch, by the same Speidel craftsmen who have made Speidel famous for 80 years for jewelry of beauty, long life and distinction.

Watchband shown on man's wrist — $12.50

Women's Watchbands — $9.00 FEDERAL TAX INCLUDED

(Continued from page 6)

of the canned variety. How else can the sour private expect to hear them? There's a little matter of time zones, son. For instance, where I am now, the Jack Benny show would be on at 0700. And even if we did want to hear shows at all hours of the night and early A. M., how about reception? A good deal of the time the news broadcasts short-waved from San Francisco are undistinguishable.

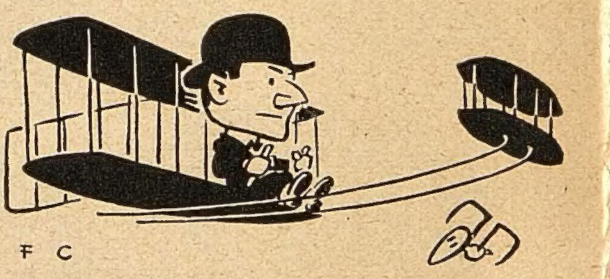
As for the programs being 90 per cent swing, that's all wet, too. One day I heard in succession the following shows: Fibber McGee, Charlie McCarthy, Command Performance, Jack Benny, Amos 'n' Andy, and Duffy's Tavern. Does that sound like 90 per cent swing? How the folks at home would like to hear these shows all in one night!—*Jack C., R. M. 2/c.*

AN AIRPLANE BUILT FOR TWO

Chicago, Ill.—Just to keep the record straight, there is a factual slip in Naval Aviator No. 1, by Morris Markey (February 17).

The author states that in 1911 no airplane had yet been designed that would lift two men.

The Wrights had, as early as 1909, flown many of their planes carrying two men.



At the Indianapolis Motor Speedway, in the summer of 1909, the Wrights had six or eight planes there for a week. These planes had no landing wheels, used skids, and were started off a monorail. I saw Orville Wright and Wilbur Wright take up a number of Indianapolis men for a ride, including Carl G. Fisher, one of the builders of the speedway. And commonly two of the Wright pilots made flights together. —*Floyd J. Mattice.*

MASSACHUSETTS IN THE DOGHOUSE

APO, San Francisco, Calif.—While in a hospital in the South Pacific, I read Forever Winsor, by Art Cohn (January 13). My curiosity had previously been aroused about the novel, Forever Amber, and your article did the trick. I must read that book.

Now I discover it is banned in Massachusetts, my home state. What kind of democracy are we fighting for if my folks can't buy that book and send it to me? If it's good enough for the other forty-seven states, it's good enough for me.—*Sgt. J. P. Krones.*

HARDTACK, STAY AWAY FROM MY DOOR

Newington, Conn. — Reamer Keller's Hardtack is quite a boy, but I'm glad I don't have him in my home.

His antics are amusing, but heaven help the person who has to put up with the likes of him every day.

Nevertheless, keep Hardtack coming. You can't stay grouchy very long when you see him having so much fun—especially with somebody else.—*George O. Anderson.*

Distinction plus!

Just as a top hat lends distinction to a man's attire, so the beer that made Milwaukee famous adds distinction to any table. No matter what the occasion, that famous flavor found only in Schlitz provides the touch of final perfection. Truly, SCHLITZ is America's most distinguished beer.

JUST
THE *kiss*
OF THE HOPS
...no bitterness

Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Schlitz

Copyright 1945, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Your G-E Alarm Clock
will be checked
✓ electrically every hour!

Now available in limited quantities—this model—Price $4.95. Exclusive of Tax.

When you've got a dependable General Electric Alarm Clock, you *know* it is accurate to a split second! *A master clock at the power company checks it every hour.*

No worry about winding, either. Electricity takes care of that nuisance, too, at a cost of *only a penny a week!*

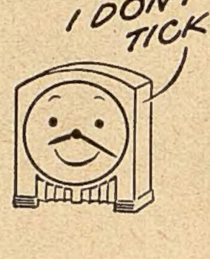
There's no spring to run down or wear out in a G-E Alarm Clock. No balance wheel to get out of kilter. The G-E Motor is sealed in oil—it lasts for years. It's practically TROUBLE PROOF.

And a G-E Alarm Clock is *so quiet!* You'd hardly know it was going if it weren't for the big sweep hand marking out the seconds.

A limited quantity of these fine G-E Alarm Clocks is being manufactured. But naturally war production comes first . . . so you may not find a G-E Clock at your dealer's the first time you ask.

As war conditions permit extended production, look for the famous G-E Kitchen Clocks, Chime Clocks and Strike Clocks, too.

Wherever time counts—count on General Electric for dependable, accurate, long-lasting clocks. General Electric Company, Bridgeport, Conn.



TUNE IN: "The G-E House Party," every afternoon, Monday through Friday, 4 p. m., E. W. T., CBS. "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday, 10 p. m., E. W. T., NBC. "The World Today," news, Monday through Friday, 6:45 p. m., E. W. T., CBS.

FOR VICTORY . . . BUY WAR BONDS NOW

General Electric Clocks

GENERAL ELECTRIC

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

VETERAN ADVENTURER

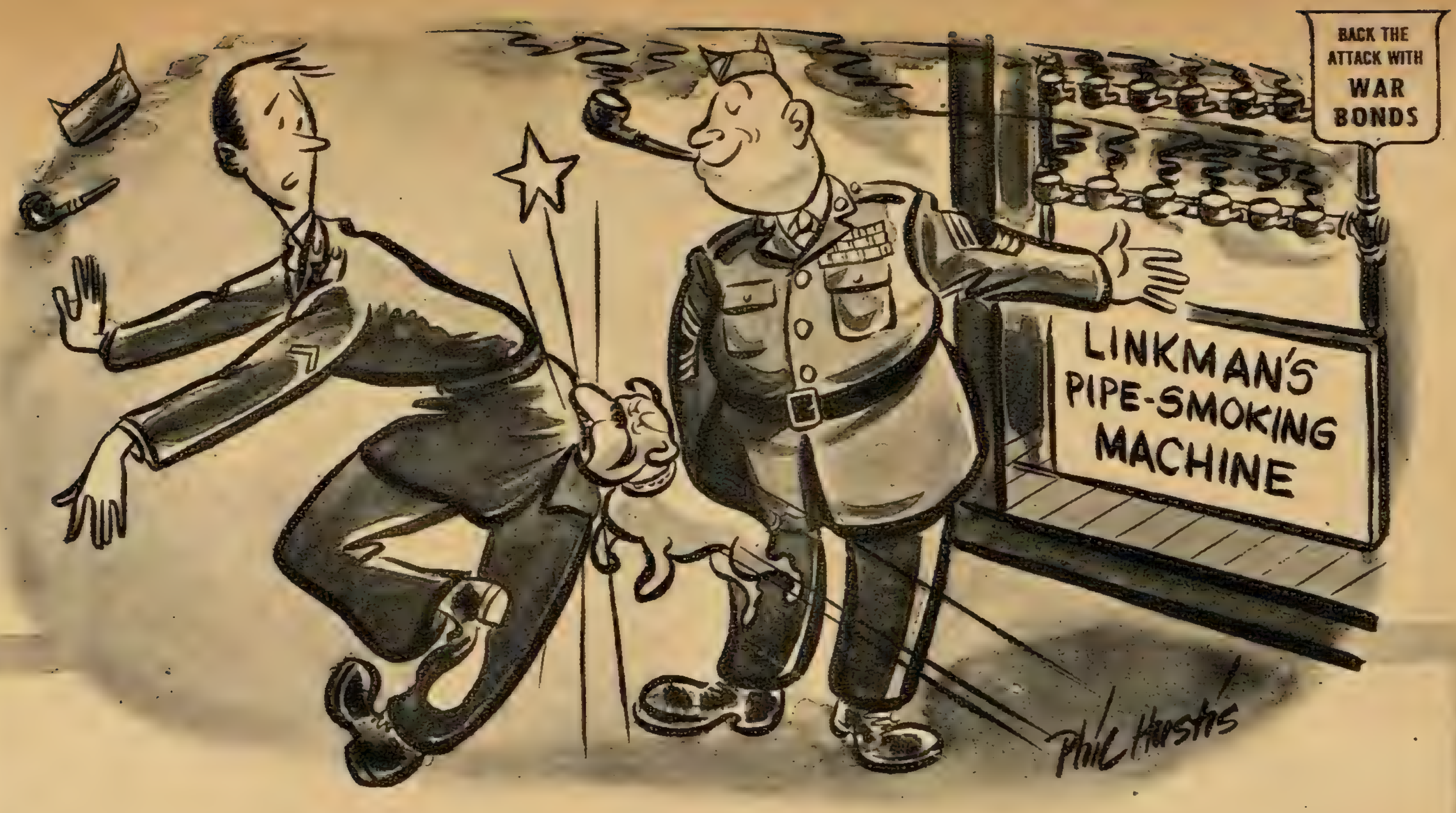
The wanderlust struck Frank Lynn at the age of ten when he ran away from home with a theatrical troupe. And he's been going places and seeing things ever since—working in oil fields, selling calves in Kansas City, sweeping streets in Iowa, operating streetcars in Tacoma, touring South America. Jumping from adventurer to author during the depression, he won a contest with his first short story and settled down to write. A veteran of both World Wars, he fought through the recent African and Italian campaigns and retreads familiar ground in his current article, WE ARE COMING BACK!

A YOUNG MAN SHOWS HIS METTLE

When the call to arms interrupted his career, M. R. Ellis, author of GUNNERS' GRIPES, was an ex-newspaperman and writer who'd come up the hard way—stevedoring, dishwashing, cooking, all the while with a journalism degree from Notre Dame tucked away in his pocket. Now, starting on his thirties, he's a technical sergeant, resting between bouts and on his laurels. He's won the Legion of Merit, D. F. C., Air Medal with three clusters, Presidential Citation with two clusters, and two battle stars while serving as radio operator and gunner in the European theater.

NEXT WEEK

It's hard to say which end of Sonja Henie is more gifted—her skating feet or her pretty business head. Ted Shane tells how she has combined legs, brains, and glamor to become a MONOPOLY ON ICE. . . . In some countries famine is always prevalent. In all countries there are some people who never are fed adequately. Yet is there enough food in the world for all? Let an expert give you the answer. Harry A. Bullis, president of General Mills, suggests how WE CAN ALL HAVE BETTER FOOD AND MORE OF IT. . . . In Liberty's Book Condensation, BATTLE REPORT, Commander Walter Karig and Lieutenant Welbourn Kelley present the official account of the dramatic comeback of our Navy, from the disaster of Pearl Harbor to the brilliant turning point at the Coral Sea.


BACK THE ATTACK WITH WAR BONDS
LINKMAN'S PIPE-SMOKING MACHINE

"There's no bite, soldier, if you smoke a Pre-Smoked Dr. Grabow"

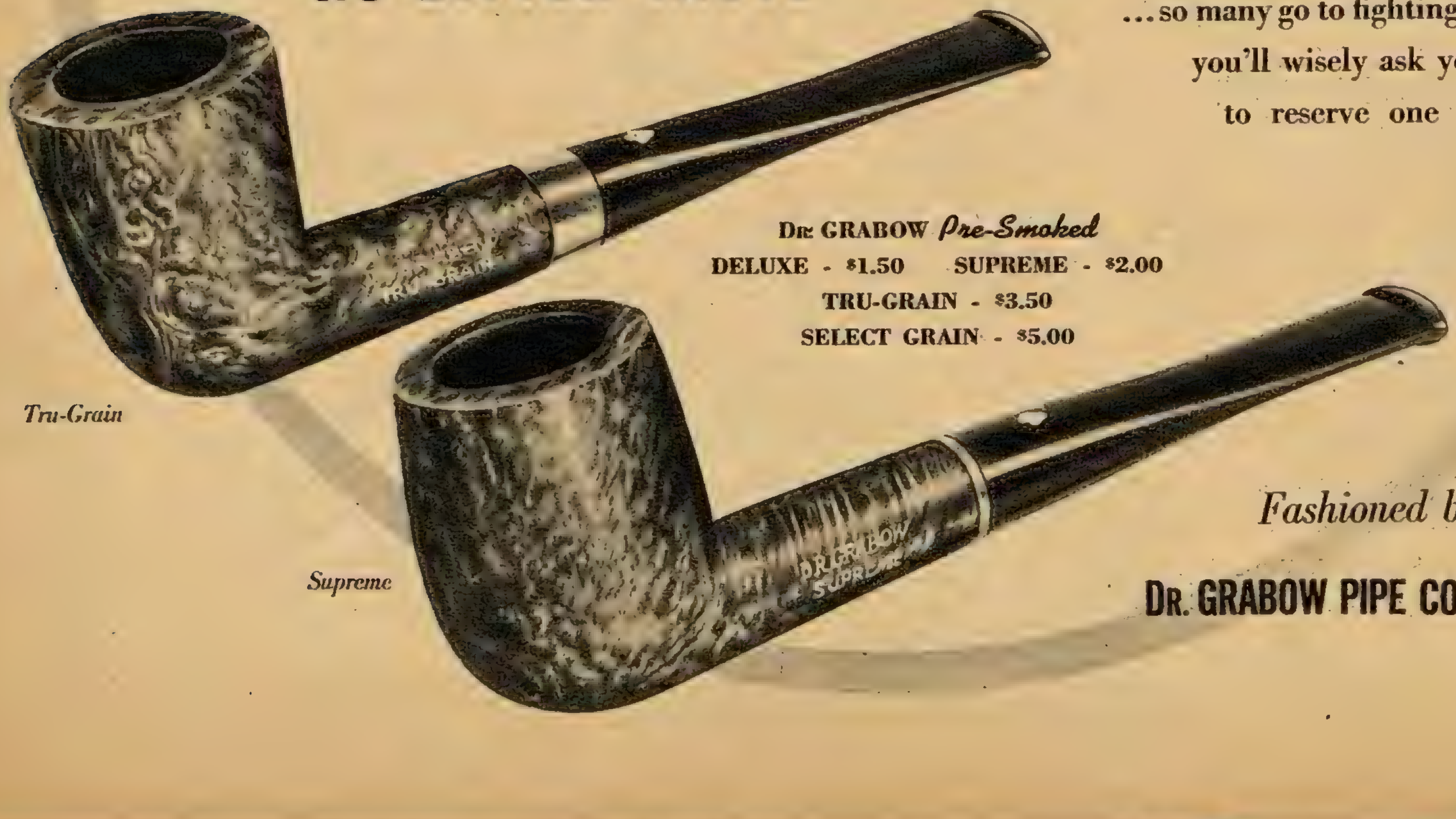
DR. GRABOW
THE *Pre-Smoked* PIPE

America's Famous *Pre-Smoked* PIPE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

NO BREAKING IN
NO BITE
NO BITTER TASTE

There is only one correct way to break in a pipe and that is to smoke it with fine tobacco. Every DR. GRABOW is *Pre-Smoked* with fine tobacco (Edgeworth) on Linkman's exclusive pipe-smoking machine. That's why you never suffer the bite and bitterness of a "new" pipe with a *Pre-Smoked* DR. GRABOW. DR. GRABOW Pipes are scarce now ... so many go to fighting men ... but you'll wisely ask your dealer to reserve one for you.


TRU-GRAIN
DR. GRABOW SUPREME

DR. GRABOW *Pre-Smoked*
DELUXE - $1.50 SUPREME - $2.00
TRU-GRAIN - $3.50
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Tru-Grain

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DE LUXE
Blended Whiskey
BLENDED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP. CINCINNATI, OHIO
PM for Pleasant Moments

tional Distillers Products Corporation, New York. Blended Whiskey. 86.8 Proof. 51% Straight Whiskey, 49% Grain Neutral Spirits.

PHOTO FROM INTERNATIONAL

Because our airmen have told what they suffered, your air travel will be easier.

GUNNERS' GRIPES

By T/Sgt. H. R. ELLIS

Gunner Joe was killed when an incendiary bullet exploded in his overheated gun — and as a result you'll be safe and comfortable in the transoceanic air liners of tomorrow

IF your seat on the transoceanic air liner, en route from New York to London, is more comfortable than you hoped for, and if the little pills you've swallowed give you a pleasant well-fed feeling, and if the cabin is nice and warm though it's fifty degrees below zero outside, you owe a lot of your pleasure to World War II's pioneers in heavy bombardment. It was their complaints and suggestions that helped to bring you the speed, comfort, and security you are now enjoying.

There was a time, of course, when complaints didn't have much standing with the Air Forces. During the early days of heavy-bombardment aviation a man with a complaint ("bitch" is the Army word for it) was told to go see the chaplain. If a gunner griped about the food, about the way his ammunition fed from its container, or about the way his goggles frosted over, one of his buddies usually handed him a tough-luck slip with the chaplain's telephone number on it.

But after a while the Air Forces discovered that many of the groans and gripes were legitimate, that they were even valuable to more efficient operation. And S-2, the Intelligence department of heavy bombardment, started to listen carefully to any and all complaints bomber crews had to make. This didn't happen, however, until the day a gunner was killed when an incendiary bullet exploded in his overheated gun. Then all the complaints about incendiaries and overheated guns were recalled—and S-2 went to work in earnest.

At first the boys with the gripes tightened up like clams. They refused to give out because they were sure there must be a catch to it somewhere when anyone in the Army was willing to listen. Finally, one by one, gunners, pilots, bombardiers, and navigators began to open up. Their gripes concerned everything from shoelaces to airplane engines, from odorous eggs for breakfast to the quality of the music at Sunday church services.

But they stayed with the job, and as fast as the complaints came in they tabulated them. Even during those understaffed days something was done about them if possible.

The bombardment crews continued to gripe (even as they do today), and the complaints continued to pile up, and S-2 learned that in many instances different men complained about the same things.

Not much more than a year ago the men who were pushing the Fortresses and Liberators over enemy-held Europe had these general gripes:

"We've got to have staggered waist guns. The way they are now, two men can't fight!"

Today the Fortress does have staggered waist guns.

"The food they give us for missions can't be eaten, and sometimes the wrappers are broken and it's full of dirt."

Today the food is scientifically prepared and sealed in wax paper or watertight cardboard containers.

"We need some signals when the lead ship decides to bomb the secondary instead of the primary target."

Today an elaborate yet easily understood system of flares and blinker lights, as well as radio aids, keeps all in the formation posted on latest developments.

(*Continued on page 61*)

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE *F-N TEST?

*F-N the famous Finger Nail Test

1. "It's F-N, the test for men!" Scratch your head—if you find dryness or loose dandruff you need Wildroot Cream-Oil. Buy the large economy size.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

2. Only a little Wildroot Cream Oil can do a big job for your hair. Keeps your hair well groomed all day long without a trace of that greasy, plastered down look! Your hair looks good and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC CONTAINS REFINED LANOLIN!

3. Refined LANOLIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it resembles the oil of the human skin. A little Wildroot Cream-Oil goes a long, long way. Get it today from your barber or druggist.

WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL
FORMULA
for the hair
NON-ALCOHOLIC
GROOMS THE HAIR
RELIEVES DRYNESS
REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF

SPECIAL NOTE TO WOMEN...

Thousands of women use Wildroot Cream-Oil to remove loose dandruff, relieve dryness, and help beautify the hair. Try it before a shampoo... also after a permanent wave to relieve dryness. Excellent for training children's hair.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS NOW!

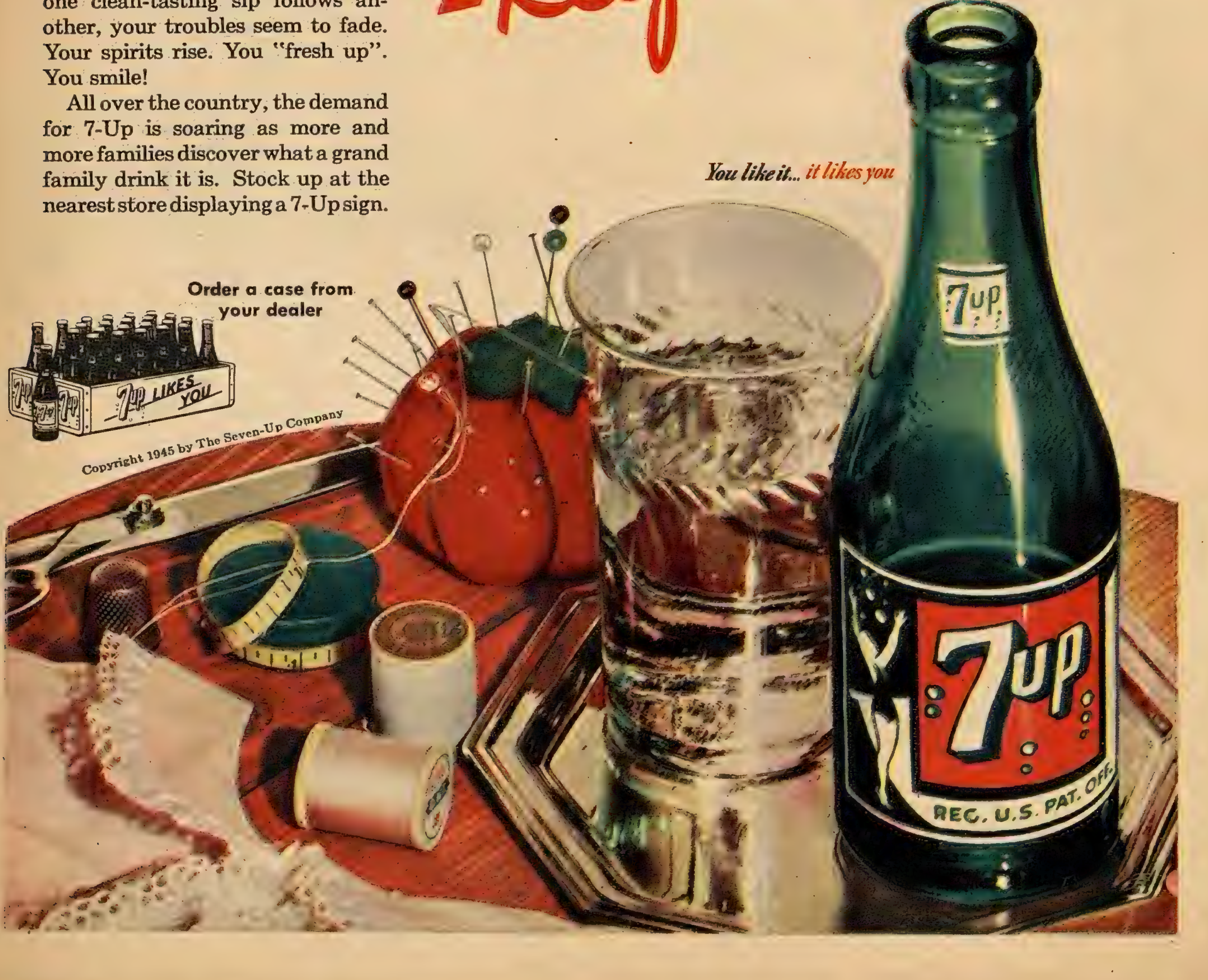
a good disposition helps to build a happy home...

Some happy homes may just happen, but most are built out of a determination to magnify the pleasant things and forget the unpleasant. Keep in a good-natured mood . . . get the habit of smiling!

"Fresh up" -keep smiling!

When things go wrong and you need to smile, then a chilled bottle of 7-Up is just what you want. Sip it slowly . . . taste it . . . let it roll over and under your tongue. As one clean-tasting sip follows another, your troubles seem to fade. Your spirits rise. You "fresh up". You smile!

All over the country, the demand for 7-Up is soaring as more and more families discover what a grand family drink it is. Stock up at the nearest store displaying a 7-Up sign.



You like it... it likes you

Order a case from your dealer

Copyright 1945 by The Seven-Up Company

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

OFFICIAL TENTH AIR FORCE PHOTO

To give a P-47 Thunderbolt of the "Burma Banshees" a longer tactical range of action, its ground crew replaces a 1,000-pound bomb with a gas tank.

Boy! Does the A. T. C. Do Its Jobs!

So mechanized has war become that an army 99 per cent equipped today may be an army badly equipped—if the missing 1 per cent represents an indispensable item. And that's where military air transportation comes in to save battles being fought thousands of miles across an ocean from the source of supply.

Here are two examples showing how planes of the Army's Air Transport Command have flown vital equipment across the Atlantic to save the day. Neither has been published heretofore:

In Normandy last August an acute shortage of field radios developed. For five successive days the Nazis had struck down the walkie-talkie operators leading the troops in the assault in Caen, and had cut the contact of the forward troops with the rear. The portable field telephone is an all-important nerve center. Without it, artillery observation, battle orders, communications are hampered.

Plans for our break-through were already unfolding. St. Lô was the objective. But G-4 reports showed the sad state of radio supplies: there were only dozens when there should have been thousands. Promptly the underseas cables spun out their appeal.

Barely twenty-four hours before the attack, the answering TWX from the United States came in. It said, in effect, "Proceed with attack as planned; radios will arrive on time."

Even as the artillerymen lined up their targets across the green fields of Normandy, a fleet of four-engined Douglas C-54 transports of the A. T. C. took off from a U. S. airfield on the Atlantic coast.

Barely eighteen hours later, while the opening guns were already spitting flame, the first C-54 came to a stop at a base in England. The radios were rushed into smaller transports, twin-engined Douglas C-47s of the Ninth Troop Carrier Command. Less than two hours later, at the French beachhead, the radios were put on trucks and rushed through the battle haze to the men who were to use them.

That timely arrival of forty-six tons of radios played an important part in the St. Lô break-through.

Then there was the time in October when Bradley's divisions faced the Siegfried Line west of Aachen. Our artillery was pounding the city. But our ammunition dumps reached massive proportions. The engineers called for the primers.

The primers were missing, perhaps because of a delayed requisition somewhere, or of losses en route during the swift advance. Whatever the reason, the lack of those thin pencil-like slivers which detonate the shells loomed larger than all the obstacles contrived by the enemy. It stopped the assault cold even before it began.

Late in the evening of October 28 the chief of Ordnance at Com Z in Paris got the story. It was on the cable within a few minutes. Two days later a pair of C-54s at an airfield in the United States were loading primers. In another forty-eight hours these primers were in the hands of the men who were "pouring it on" the Nazis' crumbling defenses. Air Transport had done its job again.

One World, One Shopping District

From my old friend Technical Sergeant Jim Winchester of the Army's Air Transport Command comes a story which illustrates the fact that many Americans in this war have become citizens of the world:

On his way to the Philippines recently, it occurred to Jim, while waiting in a San Francisco hotel lounge, that a lot of men in uniform are wearing shoes and other articles purchased in many widely different distant lands.

One noncommissioned officer was seated, waiting for his date. When he crossed his legs, his pants were pulled above the ankles, revealing the high-topped Natal or Indian boots that have become almost standard equipment for the Air Corps. In this case it was easy to see that the boots had been purchased in Natal, Brazil, jumping-off place for Air Transport Command planes making the South Atlantic run to Africa. The boots were of a soft light-colored leather and were loose-fitting above the ankle. Indian boots are usually of a darker leather, have thicker soles, and fit tighter. The cost of these boots in Brazil is five dollars a pair; in India it will run from eleven to fifteen dollars.

The officer's bright-colored leather cigarette case had come, obviously, from Casablanca, French Morocco, where such cases have been sold in large quantities to American soldiers.

His aluminum lighter was of a simple design with a pyramid and a palm tree etched on it. The Italian prisoners of war around Payne Field, Cairo, Egypt, have built up a profitable side line making these lighters in their spare time from scraps of wrecked Axis and American warplanes. As a rule, the purchase price of the lighter is paid in cigarettes.

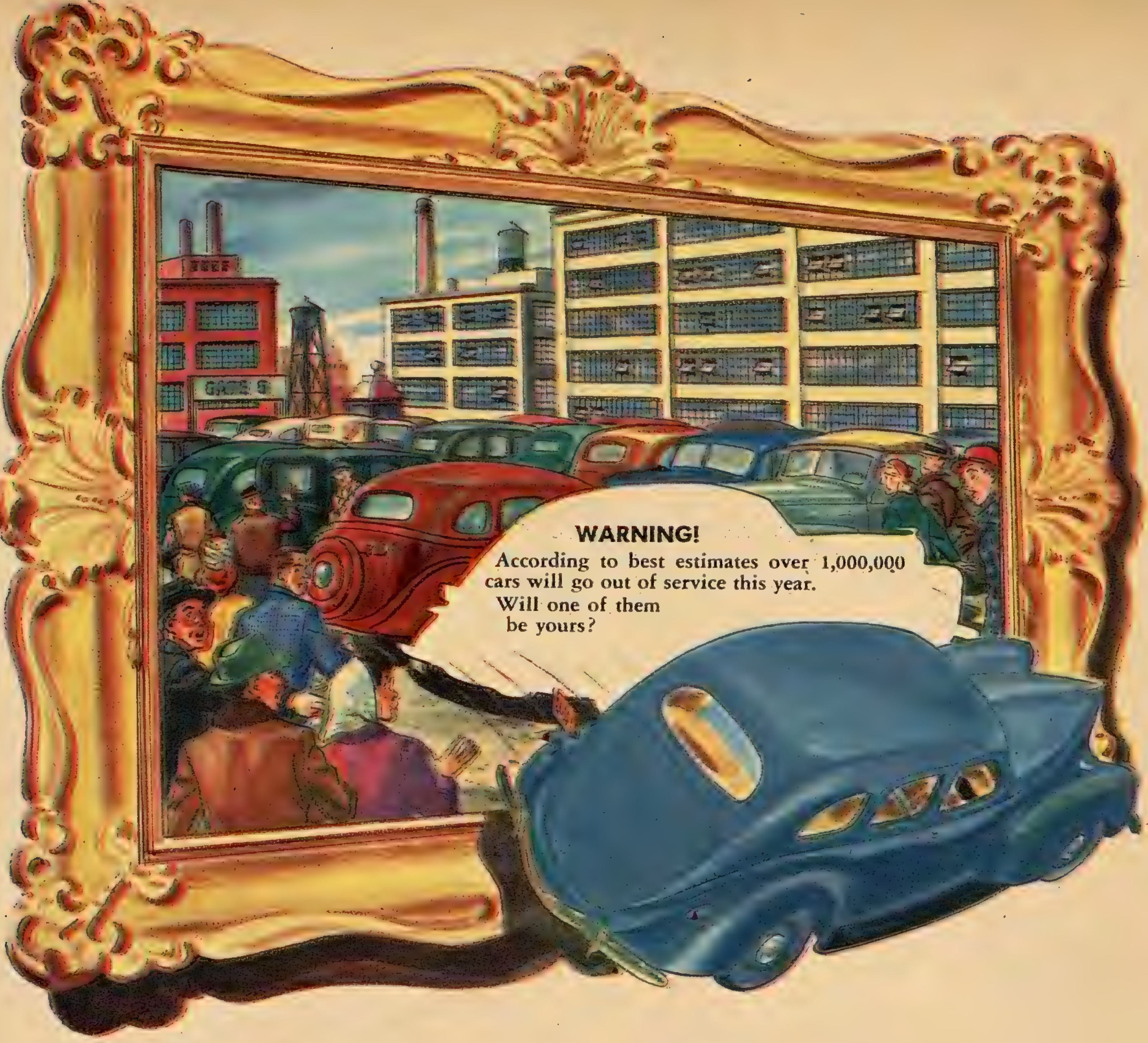
The officer bought a newspaper and paid for it with a dollar bill with the word "Hawaii" stamped across the back. His red leather wallet was of a kind made particularly for the soldier trade in Algiers. His watch, of a typical Swiss make, had probably been purchased in South America, where the price now ranges from twenty-five to thirty-five dollars, or possibly in the Azores, where it is still about ten dollars.

Holding the watch in place was an attractive aluminum metal band. Such bands come from one place only—the Pacific islands, where the art of making the metal of wrecked Jap aircraft into bands has become practically big business. Two or three pesos, Philippine money, or the equivalent in Dutch guilders will buy you one. The Seabees make the best, but that's not surprising; the Seabees make the best of everything.

Many Americans who had never been outside their own country before the war have become globe-circlers. Air Transport Command personnel, especially, drop in on faraway places and feel as much at home as though they were flying in the United States. All this is, of course, making Americans conscious of and familiar with the world at large. The sociological aspects of global air transport are not to be overlooked.

160-Degrees Change of Climate

For Major Clinton S. Courson of 307 Telford Avenue, Dayton, Ohio, the old saying, "Out of the frying pan into the fire," needs to be revised. Major Courson has jumped from the icebox into the flames. He spent fourteen months at the Air Transport Command's Gander air base in Newfoundland, where temperatures often go down to thirty degrees below zero. Then he was transferred direct to an A. T. C. base in the Netherlands East Indies on the other side of the world and below the equator, where temperatures of 130 degrees above are the usual thing. This global flying business certainly has its hots and colds as well as its ups and downs.


WARNING!
According to best estimates over 1,000,000 cars will go out of service this year. Will one of them be yours?
GATE 5

Will your car drop OUT OF THE PICTURE this year?

IT HAPPENS once every twenty-two seconds! Cars are wearing out at the rate of over 1,000,000 a year.

If your car is going to stay in the picture, it *must* have regular check-ups, good care and proper servicing. So keep on driving in to see your Texaco Dealer — regularly.

He has a great line-up of car preserving wartime services: MARFAK, the tough, long lasting chassis lubricant . . . HAVOLINE MOTOR OIL or TEXACO MOTOR OIL, both *insulated* against excessive engine heat . . . COMPLETE CHECK-UP of vital chassis and body points . . . PROPER ATTENTION for tires, battery and cooling systems . . .

Oops! Twenty-two seconds are up — another car just dropped out of the picture.

Better see *your* Texaco Dealer right away!

You're welcome at

TEXACO DEALERS

TUNE IN . . . Texaco Star Theatre every Sunday night starring James Melton. See newspapers for time and stations.

TEXACO

THE TEXAS COMPANY

A great postwar line-up

REST ROOM

REGISTERED REST ROOMS

ALL NIGHT SERVICE FROM COAST-TO-COAST

FIRE-CHIEF GASOLINE

SKY CHIEF GASOLINE

HAVOLINE AND TEXACO MOTOR OILS

Let us MARFAK your car

MARFAK LUBRICATION

Women Without Men

Millions of Russia's men have died in this war, and millions of her women are doomed to lonely lives. Here are some of the ways the Soviets are trying to solve this serious social problem

By HARRISON SALISBURY

IN Moscow today there are young women who talk wistfully and quite seriously about the days when polygamy flourished in Central Asia, and who wonder whether the custom which the Soviets so thoroughly stamped out should not be revived.

Such thoughts are natural in a country where the losses of the war, probably two thirds of them men, have been so great. It is hard for you and me to understand, but it is as if America, suffering comparable casualties, had lost some eleven to thirteen million lives.

In Russia today, many families no longer exist. They have been wiped out to the last three-month-old baby. In the nearly eight months I spent in Moscow as United Press correspondent, I never met a Russian who had not lost a brother, a sister, a father in the war.

At a steelworks in Leningrad I met a chubby blonde-haired girl with a pretty smile. The director of the plant said she was one of his crack workers. She was the only survivor of a family of five. Her father died of starvation during the siege winter of 1941-42 when 250,000 Leningraders froze or starved to death. Her mother died of pneumonia. Her brother was killed in the Leningrad trenches. Her sister was hit by a bomb.

This girl has never had a boy friend. When the war began, she was too young for one, and now there aren't any boys left in Leningrad. I asked her what she hoped to do. She said she'd like to go to the Polytechnic Institute, learn engineering, and then go out to Siberia or one of Russia's other vast undeveloped areas and make a career.

I talked to a twenty-four-year-old youngster and his wife from White Russia, a handsome blond young couple.

"We really are museum pieces," he said nervously. "So far as I know, we are the only Jews from our part of the country who are alive. My father, my mother, my brothers, my two sisters and their families, my four uncles and aunts and all their families are dead. There is only one reason why we are alive."

And he pointed grimly to the blond hair and Nordic features which had enabled him and his wife to escape the Gestapo, the SS, and the Nazi Feldpolizei.

There was one extraordinary thing about this couple—they still have each other. That is not too common in Russia today.

What of the hundreds of thousands of wives whose husbands will never return? What of the millions of girls whose sweethearts have died, and the millions now growing to maturity who seldom if ever talk to a boy?

I have seen such women in the factories of the Urals, row on row of them at their machines—deep-bosomed vital women turning out Russia's weapons of war. Here and there on a vast assembly floor you would see just one man, a middle-aged technician, or a teen-age mechanic—specks of masculinity in a great feminine sea.

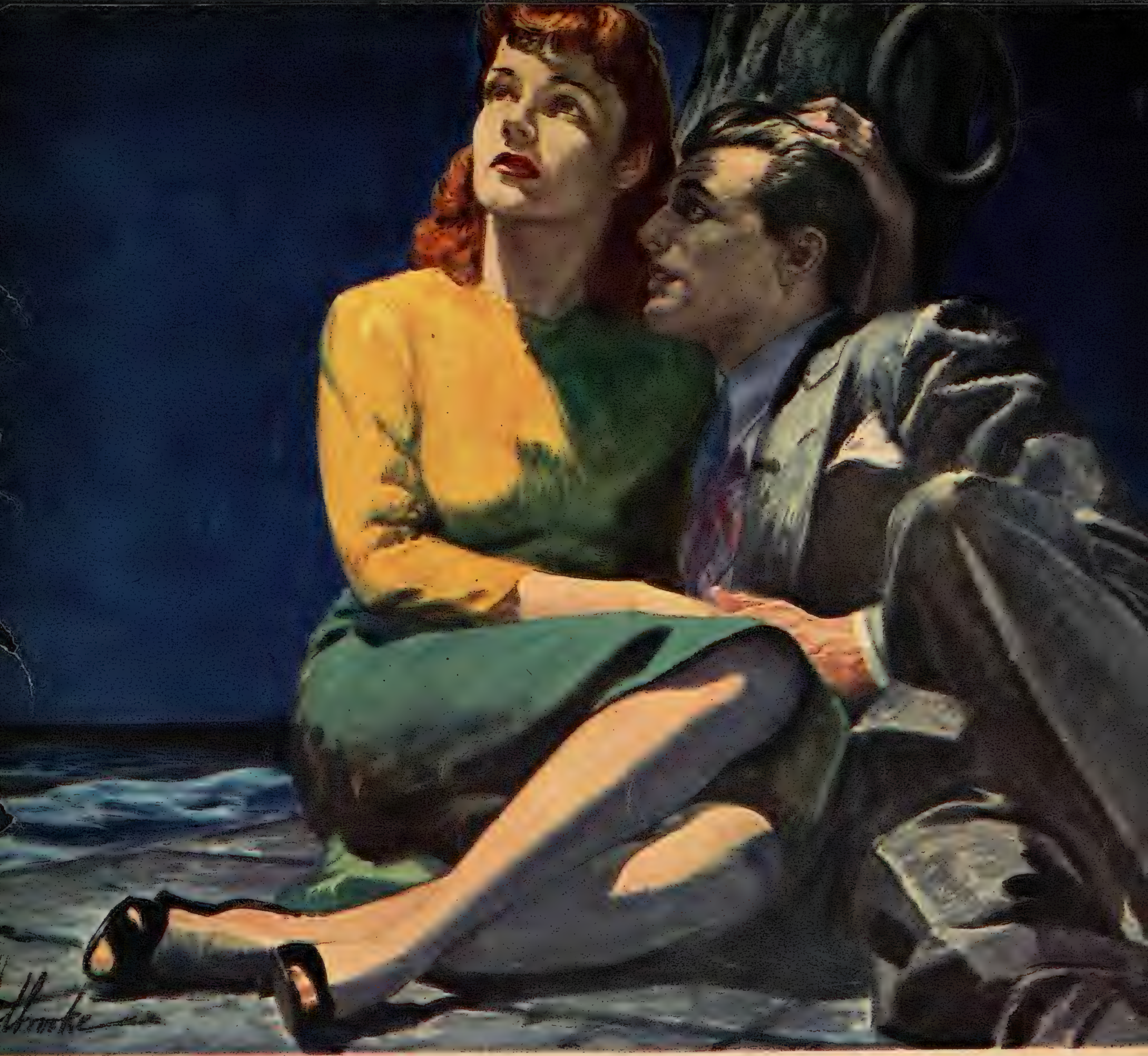
Looking at these women in their drab factory smocks, faces grimy and hands smeared with grease, you do not feel their problem so deeply. That comes later, when work is over and you stand on a street corner in Magnitogorsk or Omsk or Novo-Sibirsk and watch the crowds of girls and women strolling in the early evening. Hundreds of girls swing by in little groups of three or four, their eyes roving to those few lucky ones whose husbands or sweet-

(*Continued on page 61*)

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

PHOTO FROM SOVFOTO

Many Russian women, like these young university students, will never have a sweetheart or husband. They will work for the state.



"Listen, Rickey—" Suddenly his grave, young voice became hoarse with passion. "I don't react and feel like other people. I feel too much."

THE CANDY CANE

BY JAMES ASWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

NOEL had no preparation for it when it came. Nothing had armed him or braced him. It exploded in his face. Like this: You walk in from a New Orleans street uptown, off Claiborne, a shabby, sleepy little street of two-family houses.

And your friend Dick, your new swell friend, says, "This is it." And it's *it*, all right, although you don't know quite yet. And you feel good because the gutters are running with a benediction of October sunshine and you have been with Dick in the St. Charles bar drinking two zombies while he sipped a sherry—concession to a considerable occasion, remembering the fact that he has been on the wagon five years.

Thus you walk right into it. You are excited with the zombies and with having found a guy who has thought some of your thoughts and considered important some of the things you consider important, and you set foot on the stair ahead of your host. You blink with the new darkness and scent of faint must that hangs forever over all passageways in New Orleans.

One step, two, three, and you look up.

And there she is.

There she was for Noel Williams, after four years. At first he thought it was a trick of the light, a trick of the heart. But he climbed on toward her and she did not change into the anonymous nice girl who would be Dick Stample's wife. She remained Rickey.

"This is Louise," Dick was saying gaily. "This is the wife, nicknamed Rickey."

Nicknamed Rickey. He had called her that for the first time himself.

They were all in the living room now; a neat modest apartment of dining room, living room, and the inevitable screened porch. Down a hallway lurked, presumably, sleeping quarters and the bath.

Noel mumbled the necessary things while Dick took his hat down the hall.

Noel drew in his breath, said, "Well!" Then he looked full at her; he couldn't keep from it any longer.

He couldn't really see her very well, but the essential magic burned again around him in the room. Long legs, pert body, a brown bloom of hair, and the palest, greenest eyes trying valiantly to be blue.

Ten steps to the hat rack, ten steps back—ten full beats of the heart, with Dick gone and them together again.

"Hey, Nopey," she said, so low and swiftly that he could not be sure she had said it at all, before, more loudly, "I'm glad to meet you in the flesh. Dick has talked about practically nothing else but Noel Williams for a week."

There was a radiance of candles over a maple table laden with ham and stuffed eggs and salad and long green pickles. Dick was back and had Noel by the arm.

"I told Noel how much we enjoyed his broadcast from the plant Thursday."

Noel bowed. With a twinge he remembered it hadn't been his best work. There had been the night before, the night of numberless shabby honky-tonks; the night of odd, greedy, disheveled characters met, quick unremembered friendships and enmities; the New Orleans tourist night. But he had got to the microphone before the thousands of workers gathered in the big hall and put on the show. He had always his famous slow golden voice. The boss, giving ear to the monitoring back East, would be satisfied; Madge, sitting home with Tip and Flora, would be relieved.

"Let's eat," Rickey said.

"No," said Dick. "I want to show off Butch first."

"That the baby?" Noel inquired politely. He had had too much training to let his voice falter, ever. And he knew Rickey was looking at him.

Once they had been lovers. Meeting again, they found they still were. But there were marriage vows to consider now . . . and there was the welfare of a child they both loved

Noel looked down at the baby and fought so many emotions at once that he thought he would strangle before he said the only possible thing, asked the only possible question. Beautiful child. How old?

There was silence, brief as the space of a drop falling in a cave.

"Three—about."

They filed back down the dingy hall. Dick. And then Rickey. And then Noel. Midway she reached back, grasped and squeezed his hand, then let go discreetly.

He had been all gone and trembly. The contact flooded him with a surprising warm steadiness, a grim intention. For the second time in more than twenty years he remembered the candy cane.

Such a small episode—so long ago; but it had wounded forever the heart of a child; and now once more it flickered along the tips of his nerves. He said soundlessly as they marched into the dining room, "Not this time, brother. Not again. This time I get the cane."

THIS was how it was; the trivial, lost, everlastingly-remembered matter of the bright curved cane with the gay barber-pole stripes and the stingy, sweet, evasive taste, the taste he knew from one ecstatic lick.

He was on a boat, the Staten Island ferry, and he held to the candy cane with one hand and to his father with the other, for he was six. It was Christmas Eve—he had no overcoat and he was shivery and his hands were blue, but that was how it was supposed to be at Christmas—and there was much wind and dark water, and his father was reasonably sober. Such a wonderful Christmas! He was with his father again—and his father had bought him the candy cane. And the ferry ride too. All the way to Staten Island and back.

Of course, later, his father would deposit him with his uncle, fourth floor rear on Sullivan Street, where he slept in the corner of the living room with the five others; and his father would go away again. But this was the here and now.

"Daddy, can I eat the candy now?"

"Sure, my lad, my bonnie Shropshire lad. Eat to your heart's content."

Noel peeled the glistening paper away from the head of the cane. He took a long lick, sliding his tongue with affection along the curved inner side.

Now, sitting at table with Rickey and her husband, Dick, he remembered clearly all of it and in perspective: he saw two ragged figures, a man and a boy; and the man was only reasonably sober and the boy was unreasonably happy. Hapgood "Happy" Williams, successively Shakespearean actor, burlesque comic, and Bowery bum, with his son, Noel.

Noel was gay and garrulous here in the yellow twilight of the candle blooms. He could rattle on this way at a microphone too; ad lib with half his mind.

"You carve that ham too expertly, Dick. I have a surgeon friend in New York who carves a roast with that sort of obscene delight and facility."

Dick and Rickey laughed. Rickey said, "You silly. You haven't—" She was going to say "changed a bit," but she didn't. She finished, "—any consideration for my appetite."

But a North River Christmas wind was blowing through Noel Williams. And he was holding on to his candy cane as he and his father entered the ferry-boat cabin.

They dropped down next to a woman and a child who were, if anything, worse clothed and more forlorn-looking than themselves. And the woman was sick. She was leaning forward on her knees, coughing at intervals. A girl of perhaps five sat beside her, dirty, ragged, and frightened.

Hapgood "Happy" Williams considered the pair under lowering brows and with pursed lips. He got to his feet. He touched the woman on the shoulder.

"Are you ill, madam?"

The woman moved her lips silently.

"Let me get you a drink of water."

The tall grotesquely-shabby figure then wove across the cabin and returned with a paper cup, moving with the utmost care against the movements of the boat and his own intrinsic unsteadiness.

The woman took a sip and let the cup and its remaining contents fall to the floor; she collapsed again into a leaning position and continued her coughing.

Suddenly Hapgood approached his son and took the candy cane out of his hand before Noel knew what was happening. With a deep bow he presented it to the little girl, who had begun to cry. The child took hold eagerly.

Noel watched in mounting horror.

His father said, "Never mind, son, I will buy you another. I will buy you fifty canes."

Noel let out a little gasp of pain.

Hapgood Williams, still standing, turned and addressed his fellow passengers. In the ethylated echo of a once-splendid voice he declaimed:

"'My purse, my person, my extremest
    means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.'

"Or, as the Bard has otherwise intoned:

"'. . . He partly begs
To be desired to give. It much would
    please him
That of his fortunes you should make a
    staff
To lean upon.'"

A murmur went along the row of seated passengers. Two college boys rose and applauded loudly and then fell upon each other in spasms of laughter.

Noel did not get fifty canes. He did not get one cane. He waited for his father for an hour outside a place with white frosted windows and then walked nine blocks home. He never saw his father again; he didn't care; but he never forgot the candy cane.

Oh, sure, he forgot it. Consciously. It was a trivial thing, but he never wanted anything quite so badly again—until he met Rickey.

"Let's go out on the porch and have our coffee," Dick said.

Dick led the way. Rickey gave him a wink as she and Noel followed. Immediately the old beholdenment began to charge his blood like soda pop—he had once told her she gave him a kind of romantic bends—he looked away and they proceeded to the porch. Lilac, the part-time Negro girl, brought coffee.

RICKEY settled herself in a deep deck chair and motioned Noel to another. Dick went over and put his arm around her shoulder.

"You like my baby?" he asked Noel.

"I like her fine," Noel said.

Rickey was giving him a rather elfin smile. She's enjoying this, he thought. But he could handle her this time.

Dick went on, "Rickey may not think I'm any romantic house afire, but I'm good for her. Aren't I good for you, darling?"

Dick Stample was a short, earnest little man with a pug nose.

"You're very, very good for me," said Rickey. She reached up and patted his hand. "Without you I might go all to pieces. No telling what I'd do." She kept on holding eyes with Noel.

Dick took a seat opposite Noel.

"Now I want you to go on telling about your experiences overseas. I remember that broadcast from Anzio. Boy, what a job. We could hear the guns."

"I was scared to death. You see, we recorded the thing on wire and it was flown back to London for broadcast. France was more of the same. Fear, noise, a lot of work and a lot of confusion."

Suddenly he was overcome by a desire for confessional.

"I'm a fair war correspondent—at the front," he said. "That's why they've kept me there so long—because in the forward

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We Are Coming Back!

BY FRANK LYNN

We have all heard a great deal of talk about the "returning veteran's problems." But most of the talk has come from people who are only guessing. None of us seems to know much about what the veteran feels, what he expects from us, or how we can best help him readjust to a civilian life changed considerably in his absence. Here's what one ex-serviceman thinks about these things. Here, too, are some pertinent suggestions on how to act when your boy comes back.—The Editors.

BOB SMITH held his honorable discharge in one hand and his mustering-out pay in the other. That Saturday twenty-seven other men were being discharged with him. Each held the coveted paper which would return him to civilian life within the next twenty-four hours. Bob Smith still couldn't quite believe he would be a civilian once more. He had joked about it with the others, but now those jokes seemed a little pointless. They were dulled by repetition. Throughout the country hundreds of other Bob Smiths were being promoted from Private First Class to Poor Frightened Civilian. They had been sweating this thing out for months, but now that it had become a reality they were not so sure it was what they wanted.

I held my own honorable discharge in my hand, but this wasn't a new experience for me. In 1919 I had held a similar document. I must admit that on both occasions I experienced a sudden pang of uncertainty. Yet, though I was a little unsure of myself this second time, I wasn't quite so frightened as the others standing in line. After all, I was forty-five years old and had been through it before. I knew, though, what these men were thinking and how they felt about certain matters. I had been with them for three years, lived with them, eaten with them, and fought beside them. I had heard the same rumors they had about what to expect on return to civilian life—and those rumors were terrible.

First, we heard that some people at home believed that a "chasm" existed between the members of the armed services and civilians. This was interesting to us, for we knew of no such "chasm." This propaganda is the very worst kind of fifth-column activity. In the first place, it spreads doubts and fears where none should exist, and in the second place, it is untrue. As far as I can learn, this twaddle is the work of a few writers and politicians. It can, if continued, lead to serious consequences.

It was my experience after the last war that the so-called veterans' problems had a way of settling themselves, and I find no reason to believe that they will not settle themselves after this war. The various veterans' organizations have had experience dealing with them. I am referring to the Veterans Administration, the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Disabled Veterans of America, and the American Red Cross.

Naturally enough, adjustments will have to be made both by veterans and civilians. If some people wish to call these adjustments "chasms," that is their privilege. I don't believe they are anything quite so dramatic. However, what we do about them is important. Suppose we lay our cards on the table and see just what this is all about.

THE majority of the men and women in the armed services today do not consider themselves a permanent part of them. They are civilians who have been compelled to drop their usual occupations and take on a particularly disagreeable job. Today's fighting man was the butcher, baker, or candlestick maker of yesterday. He was the good-looking kid who delivered your groceries after school; he picked up your laundry and brought it back; he sold you your shoes; he was the neighbor you invited in for a hand of bridge or a couple of drinks. The girl now in service was your nurse when you had your appendix removed; she was the typist you never noticed; she was a schoolteacher or professional woman. These very same men and women are going back to their old jobs or better ones after this thing is washed up.

They are glad the fighting is over there instead of over here. They are glad their friends and families do not know the horrors of bombings. They are intelligent enough to realize that the average civilian gets a general idea of what it is all about from newspapers, movies, and radio broadcasts. But these do not convey the emotional horror of today's battlefields.

I was talking about this very thing the other day with Technical Sergeant Haney who lost a leg on the Normandy beach. He won't be able to go back to driving a coal truck, but already he's enrolled in a school, learning to be a machinist. When he qualifies, he's going to work in a war plant.

"Well," he said, "I guess the folks are pretty well fed up on the war. They get it twenty-four hours a day on the radio, in the papers, and on the street. We got tired of those orientation films in basic, remember? The folks here at home have had so much, it just don't register—and there's the danger. It keeps them from being war-conscious, keeps them from putting a little more effort and time in their work so this damn war can be finished a little quicker."

Haney is set; but what about other men holding medical discharges, especially those thousands of men classified as psychoneurotics? In the last war men who broke

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Can Contact Lenses Help You?

BY JANET EVANS

Here's the story of a girl who hardly dared cross a street alone until she got herself a pair of contact lenses. In this sparkling article she tells you all the things you've always wanted to know about these invisible glasses.

THE most impressive feature about my contact lenses to most people is that they can't see them, while to me their outstanding advantage lies in the fact that I can't see without them. At least not much. Every night when I go to bed, the small case containing the precious bits of plastic is near my bedside. When the fire alarm sounds, other people may think first of the family silver, the jewelry, or that new twenty-five-dollar partially elastic girdle. But when the call goes out in my dwelling, grandmother's pearls and all else will have to take their chances. My contact lenses will be clutched tightly in my hand.

Many of the approximately 35,000 people in this country now wearing contact lenses use them for vanity's sake only, or, as the trade says, for cosmetic purposes. Small wonder, at least as far as the women are concerned. While undoubtedly many cases of true love have flowered when a girl fluttered her lashes under her plus-seven correction glasses, probably not even the most nonchalant young woman could say that her spectacles aided the cause of romance. It may be, of course, that it's all Dorothy Parker's fault: if she hadn't put it into the heads of young men not to make passes, they wouldn't have started looking for girls with 20-20. That goes for Ogden Nash, too, who gave passing thought to the solemn truth that the girl who is bespectacled very seldom gets her nectacled.

Of course pixie-shaped frames in gay colors have to a very large degree removed the stigma. A pair of these perched on her nose can make a Ph.D. look like a merry imp up to heaven knows what, while a naturally merry imp resembles a character from the Oz books. But even with these improvements on the old black owl-shaped horn rims, there's nothing like having your glasses invisible. Then a man just never knows he's making passes at a girl who wears glasses.

In defense of American feminine virtue and uprightness, let it not be implied here that young ladies welcome or even permit passes. But they don't want their glasses to be the reason that none come their way.

Contact lenses for cosmetic purposes only are being discouraged for the duration, because the few highly skilled contact technicians are so busy making the lenses for civilians who really need them and for members of the armed forces.

I am one of those who really need them, because I have conical cornea—keratoconus. Without contact lenses my world suddenly becomes a crazy place, not unlike the funhouse in the amusement park. Figures are distorted, mustaches sprout from foreheads, and noses grow on necks. In traffic, the multiple vision is particularly trying as cars race by three or four abreast and streetcars or buses bear down on me in terrifying numbers, even though I know there is only one of them. So much alike are they, that sometimes it is impossible to decide which is a shadow bus and which is the real one until it has almost struck. Curbings and steps are another problem; there are so many of them. I formed the habit of inching my way carefully down steps as my ninety-year-old grandmother does. Even now, when I can see very well indeed, the old faint terror of steps and curbings at night has not entirely left me.

Ordinary spectacles, you see, do not correct conical cornea. They improve the sight to some extent, but blurring and multiple vision persist. In other words, with spectacles you may be able to read the 20-20 line on the Snellen chart, but there may be anywhere from five to ten of those charts reflected on the ceiling or the wall.

What causes this peculiar affliction is as yet unknown to the medical profession. The cornea of the eye has been pushed out of shape into a point not unlike a cone—hence the name conical cornea. My own "cone," as the refraction is called, was discovered in 1941. In my advertising job I used my eyes constantly, and of course wore spectacles at work, but so did almost everyone else in the office. I stoutly maintained that I needed them only for reading and work. I could always tell my mother from my father, even across the room, and I had no difficulty detecting the difference between noon and midnight. Only occasionally would I confuse a cow with a horse.

Once in a while, having been escorted out for an evening of innocent fun and merrymaking, I would emerge from a

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PHOTO BY DAVE ROSENFELD.

Far simpler than any cosmetic chore is the insertion of invisible contact lenses.

Night Boat to Norfolk

BY CY FEUER

ILLUSTRATED BY RAPHAEL DE SOTO

It takes an intrepid traveler to get where he wants to go in wartime. But Harry was a little too intrepid for his own good

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT STORY

"HAVE you got that straight, Neillas?"

"Yes," said Harry.

"I don't want this bungled, because the company has gone to considerable trouble to arrange the appointment."

"Don't worry about it," said Harry. "Tomorrow morning at ten sharp I'm to see General Calhoun, Chief of the Planning Division, Norfolk, Virginia."

"Right. And remember, this is the most important job we've handled to date. Good luck."

"Thanks," said Harry, and hung up.

After jotting the information onto a slip of paper, Harry walked across the hotel lobby to the desk. "Where can I make a train reservation?" he asked.

"Where're you going?"

"Norfolk, tonight."

"You haven't got a prayer," said the desk clerk. "Too many people here in Washington with the same idea."

"How about a plane?"

"Not a chance."

The story of my life, thought Harry.

"Say!" said the clerk.

"What?" said Harry.

"Why don't you take the boat? It leaves here at nine tonight and it'll get you there about eight tomorrow morning."

"That's a good id——"

"You can get a good night's rest on the boat, you know."

"Not a bad id——"

"You won't even be able to get a seat in a coach train."

"Appreciate the id——"

"The trip is prettier by boat, anyway."

"Idea," said Harry.

"What was that?" said the clerk.

"Idea," said Harry. "Thanks for it."

"Not at all," said the clerk. "Want your key?"

Harry went up to his room, kicked his shoes off, stretched himself out on the bed, and prepared to make a phone call of inquiry. He discovered: that the nine-o'clock boat to Norfolk would be approximately one hour late; that a very heavy passenger list was the cause of the delay; that these weren't normal times; that he wasn't the only person the information girl had to give information to; that who did he think he was anyway; that there was a war on and that yes, sir, we have space for you.

It was seven thirty and the boat didn't sail until ten. That allowed horizontal Harry ample time for a short snooze. He rolled over on his side and was asleep by the time the receiver was back on the hook. But the nap resulted in a minor nightmare. He dreamed that he was undergoing a typical third degree completely equipped with lights shining in eyes, tantalizing cigarette, and rubber hose. "I won't talk," he mumbled.

"You'll talk," snarled the desk clerk.

"O. K.," gulped Harry, "you win."

But each time he started to talk, the clerk would interrupt with, "Why don't you take the boat, why don't you take the boat, why don't you take the boat?"

He wakened to find that it was all a dream, and nine thirty. I'll give myself ten seconds, he thought as he stared at his watch, before I start getting panicky.

As the sweep second hand brought his respite to an end, Harry bounded out of bed and swept his toilet articles into a bag with one motion. He stepped into his shoes without tying them, slapped his hat on the back of his head, grabbed his tie and jacket in one hand, his bag in the other, made a wild dash for the elevator, punched the down button—and nothing happened.

He continued to press the down button and reflected how all of the satisfaction of elevator-button pushing had departed this life since the elimination of the buzzer system.

The door finally opened and Harry entered the car, only to be subjected, after a short descent, to the grueling experience of waiting for the inexpert operator to get the car level with the floor. After six tries she opened the door, and Harry charged into the lobby like the Green Bay Packers entering the Polo Grounds. There was no waiting at the cashier's window so he settled his bill in a very few seconds. As he ran across the lobby he looked up to see the desk clerk nod and smile affably.

He shuddered and entered the revolving doors.

A CAB stood conveniently at the curb and Harry hurled himself into it. "Get me to the Norfolk Pier on Main Avenue!" he yelled.

"Are you in a hurry?" asked the driver.

"Yes," Harry stated simply, "I am in a hurry."

"Oh," said the cab driver reflectively.

"What are you waiting for?" yelled Harry. "I have to catch a ten-o'clock boat!"

"Y'see," said the cab driver, "I'm not supposed to make a trip unless the cab is filled. All we need now is two more passengers."

"Look," said Harry desperately, "I'll pay you for the other two passengers. Just get going!"

"It ain't a matter of gettin' paid," said the cab driver. "It's a matter of there's a war on."

"Believe me," said Harry impatiently, "when I tell you that the reason I have to catch this boat is important to the war effort. If through any fault of yours I miss it, you can consider yourself a second-hand saboteur!"

"I can't do that," said the driver. "I got a brother in the Marines."

As they pulled up to the dock, Harry could see the tall old-fashioned boat sitting at the slip with its rails lined with people.

The throaty whistle was blowing frantically and the crowd on the pier waved to the crowd on the boat.

Harry had the cab fare in his hand as they stopped. He handed it to the driver. It included a generous tip.

"Thanks," said the driver to nobody at all, because Harry, by this time, was racing toward the ticket window. He lost by a nose to a small man whose pleasure it was, at that particular moment, to inquire about rates to Charleston.

The whistle blasted again, and Harry became aware of something that sounded suspiciously like the pounding of maritime engines.

"They'll be glad to give you that information at the information desk," said the ticket agent. "Next, please."

"Harry Neillas!" blurted Harry Neillas.

"What about him?" said the ticket agent.

"My reservation!"

" 'Neillas,' " said the ticket agent.

"Hurry," said Harry.

" 'Neillas,' " said the ticket agent. "Here it is, round trip."

After paying for the ticket, Harry rushed toward the boat. The people outside extended all the way down to the end of the pier. The crowd gave way reluctantly before Harry's elbows; he had a tough time hauling himself through the mob. The whistle was going full blast. Harry glanced up and saw that the boat was definitely in motion. He renewed his elbowing efforts to the consternation of those nearest him, causing a couple of "What's the rushes" and one or two "Stop pushings."

Completely disheveled, with coat and tie still clutched in his left hand, Harry pushed his way through the outer circle of the crowd. He was utterly dismayed to find a three-foot void between the end of the dock and the stern of the boat.

With no hesitation whatsoever, Harry heaved his suitcase across the opening and backed a few steps from the edge to prepare for the leap.

The people chattered excitedly.

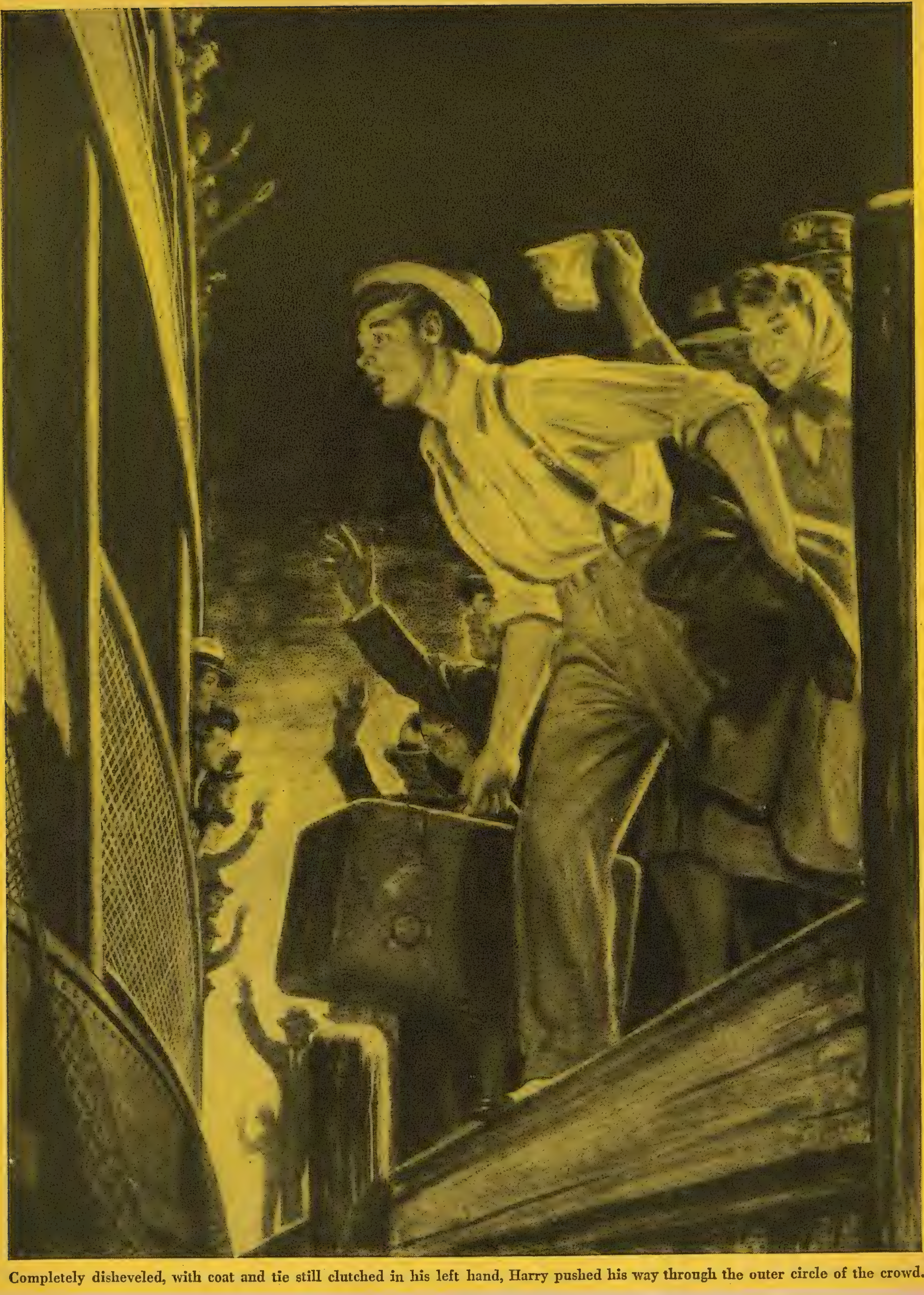
FILLING his lungs with air, he held his breath before exhaling. With left leg forward and knees slightly flexed, he shifted his weight from foot to foot as he gauged his distance.

The crowd became quiet—waiting and watching.

With desperation in his eyes and his heart in his throat, Harry tensed himself for the jump—only to be punctured by the booming voice of a boatman leaning against the upper-deck rail:

"What's the matter, bud, can't you wait for the boat to dock?"

THE END



Completely disheveled, with coat and tie still clutched in his left hand, Harry pushed his way through the outer circle of the crowd.

SICK CALL
0830 And 1500
Ear, Eye, Nose & Throat
CLINIC - 1300
Emergency's Anytime

A Navy Mob (mobile hospital) in the South Pacific, where war-weary jungle fighters recuperate from mental and physical wounds.

Mob 5

In the Pacific, Mob means Mobile Hospital Unit. To the wounded it means clean sheets, good food, a bath, pretty nurses, adequate care. Here's a firsthand report on one of the Navy Mobs which is following our boys right to Tokyo.

BY MARJORIE BARSTOW GREENBIE

MOB 5's full name is U. S. Navy Mobile Hospital 105, South Pacific Command. There are, as you may surmise, a Mob 4, a Mob 6, a Mob 7, etc., and the coconut grove in which you last saw your favorite Mob spread out is not the place where you are likely to meet it next.

Navy men always mention a Mob with grateful affection, almost as if it were a person. A man says to you, "Mob Eight was up there with us on Guadalcanal," or "Mox Six was down in Auckland. They'd fixed themselves up right pretty down there. But they're gone now—somewhere up in the islands."

For hundreds of thousands of American boys, just the sight of the Mob, just the knowledge that there is a Mob somewhere about, is infinitely reassuring. A Mob is a place where there are clean sheets and a bath, and ice water, perhaps. It is the heaven to which you are sent, not only when you are wounded but when months of living in a foxhole wears you down. The day may come when you can't stand shells screaming overhead and having to kill Japs any longer, and, in a desperate moment, you "go off your nut." Then you are sent back to the Mob to be treated for "combat fatigue."

There are several other institutions which relieve the hell of jungle warfare. Station hospitals are to the Army in the islands what the Mob is to the Navy and the Marine Corps. And, like the mobile hospitals, the American Red Cross field directors and the Red Cross girls move forward with the fighting men toward Tokyo. But the Pacific is largely composed of water, and the places where men fight are largely islands. Hence the Navy and the marines are very much in evidence. And their Mobs stand behind them.

I met Mob 5 when I landed from a transport carrying replacement troops up to various points on the islands. We had sighted some blue mountain peaks that rose spectacularly from the sea, and we had been sent ashore with some half dozen Army officers to wait for the Navy plane that would pick us up and carry us on over the ocean. Once on the island, we were told that the officers would be quartered in the old French hotel. But it wasn't a fit place for a lady. So the Mob would take us in. "Mob Five is the only place that's decent enough for a woman."

A station wagon marked "Comsopac" drew up. Comsopac means South Pacific Command. The sailor-chauffeur carried us out along a good highway through the old French town, which looked like a run-down section of old New Orleans, and on past hundreds of the round, gray-painted tin houses the Navy lives in.

Soon we were driving by some hopeful-looking vegetable gardens, through a heavy traffic of jeeps, military trucks, and ducks—those queer amphibious things that sail on the sea and waddle around on wheels on land. Suddenly, from a general vista of Army drab, we emerged into what looked just like a neat little cottage settlement on the shores of Florida. This was Mob 5.

On one side of the American-built highway white sand ran down to a summer sea. The waves creamed peacefully on the sand, and two brown young men in shorts lay face down in them, sun-bathing. On the other side of the highway there were big and little gray cottages strung out along sandy roads which wound through a coconut grove. All the cottages had flower gardens and bits of fenced-in lawn.

Though they are prefabricated temporary metal structures which can be taken apart and packed on trucks or boats, the cottages had a snug and settled look. Small houses with verandas, on which stood one or two cane or canvas chairs, were officers' quarters or offices. The offices were marked with inconspicuous signs such as Officer of the Day, Commanding Officer, etc. Long rectangular houses, from each of which sounded a low-tuned and familiar radio program from the States, were wards. There were a malaria ward, a dysentery ward, a psychoneurotic ward, and various others.

Sick call at a Mob. Doctors and nurses here figure their patients have earned a lot of pampering—and do their best to see that they get i

A substantial-looking building with a wide screened veranda was the officers' mess and club. Another of similar appearance some distance away was the nurses' home. In front of it were neat graveled walks bordered by rows of flowers which looked like the original jungle mother of our garden phlox. A huge barnlike temporary-looking structure was the enlisted men's clubhouse. Here half a dozen games of table tennis and pool were being played. Several of the players had some part of their anatomy done up in bandages. But they were playing cheerfully just the same. Two trim and smiling Red Cross girls were dashing about, each trying to be forty glamor girls and maids-of-all-work in one. On one side of the clubhouse was a huge outdoor motion-picture theater.

IN one place two sheep and a lamb were nibbling at the greenery. A young deer in an enclosure came up and tried to butt us through the fence. A sailor stopped us and asked us to check in with the officer of the day. He volunteered the information that the animals were the food reserve of Mob 5. "And did you see our corn?" he asked, pointing to some good American fodder in a fenced garden. "There's tomatoes there, too," he said. "You're lucky to come here. It's the only halfway decent mess around here."

Before we reached our quarters, half a dozen other friendly informants had volunteered further information about food. We discovered that the Mob had located some chickens and were going to have a flock of their own. We also learned that they'd started a farm up in the island and that two servicemen were running it. We were told that the ice-cream machine had broken down, but they were fixing it now, and soon we'd be able to have four kinds of ice cream: vanilla, chocolate, strawberry, and black walnut. They had steaks, too, twice a week, and plenty of good butter from New Zealand. It was wonderful, the way New Zealand supplied food.

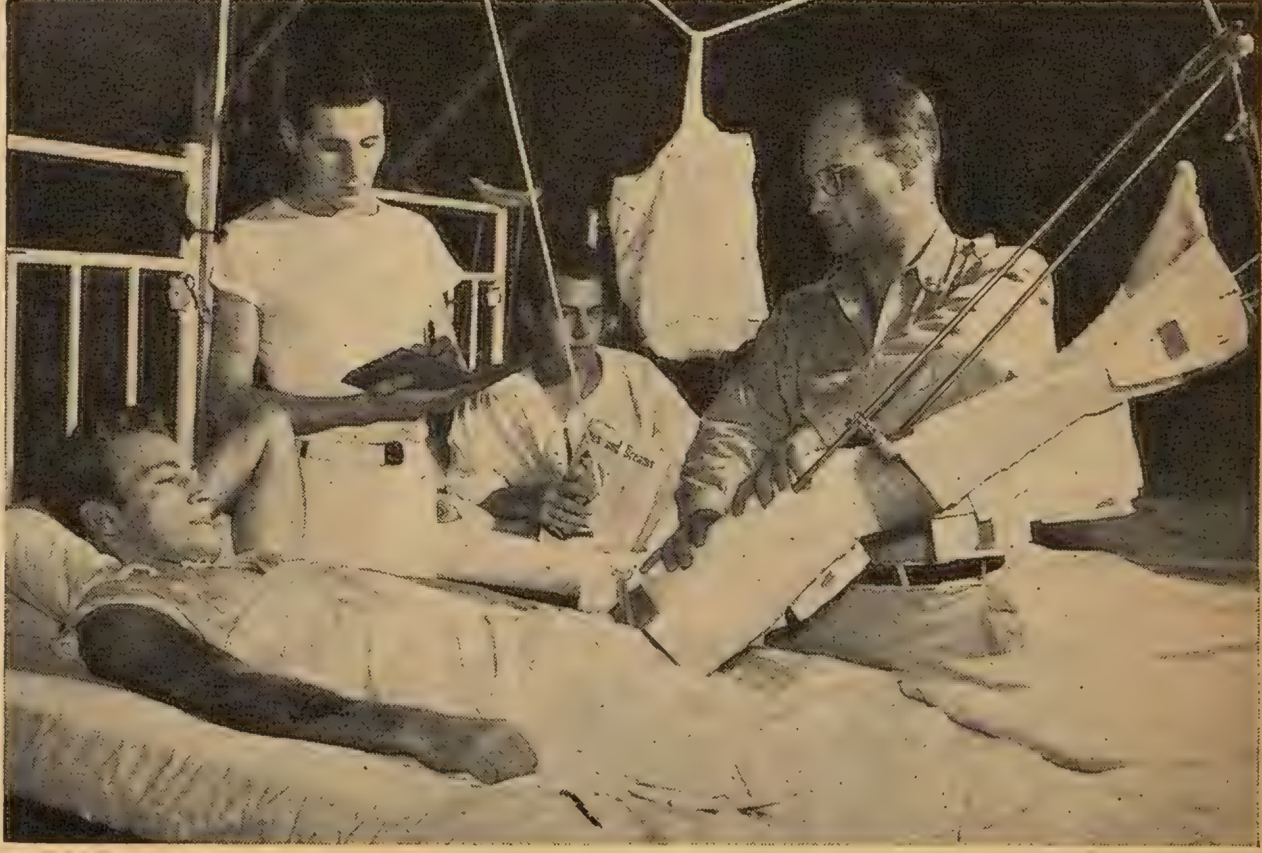
Only after we had been reassured concerning their larder did they get down to finding out what part of the States we came from. Then they volunteered what to us was the most interesting information: that the wounded marines from the battles of Saipan and Guam were coming in. "You'll find us pretty busy looking after them," they said. "We hope you won't mind."

After lunch in the officers' mess, we judged from the general stir that the wounded men were arriving. Some tried to warn us: "You won't like it. They look pretty bad." Others said, "They don't want sympathy. They're all feeling pretty good. They're out of the fight now, and most o them will never have to go back."

One convalescent lad said soberly, "There's a let-down coming to some of them later, when they find that they're banged up for life. But at first, when you're hurt, you don't think of that. You think you're awful lucky."

The grounds were astir with patients who were out to see the new men arrive. Some rolled along the graveled roads under the palms in wheel chairs. Some were on crutches. Most of them looked well enough, with no visible signs of disability. The Red Cross ambulances rolled

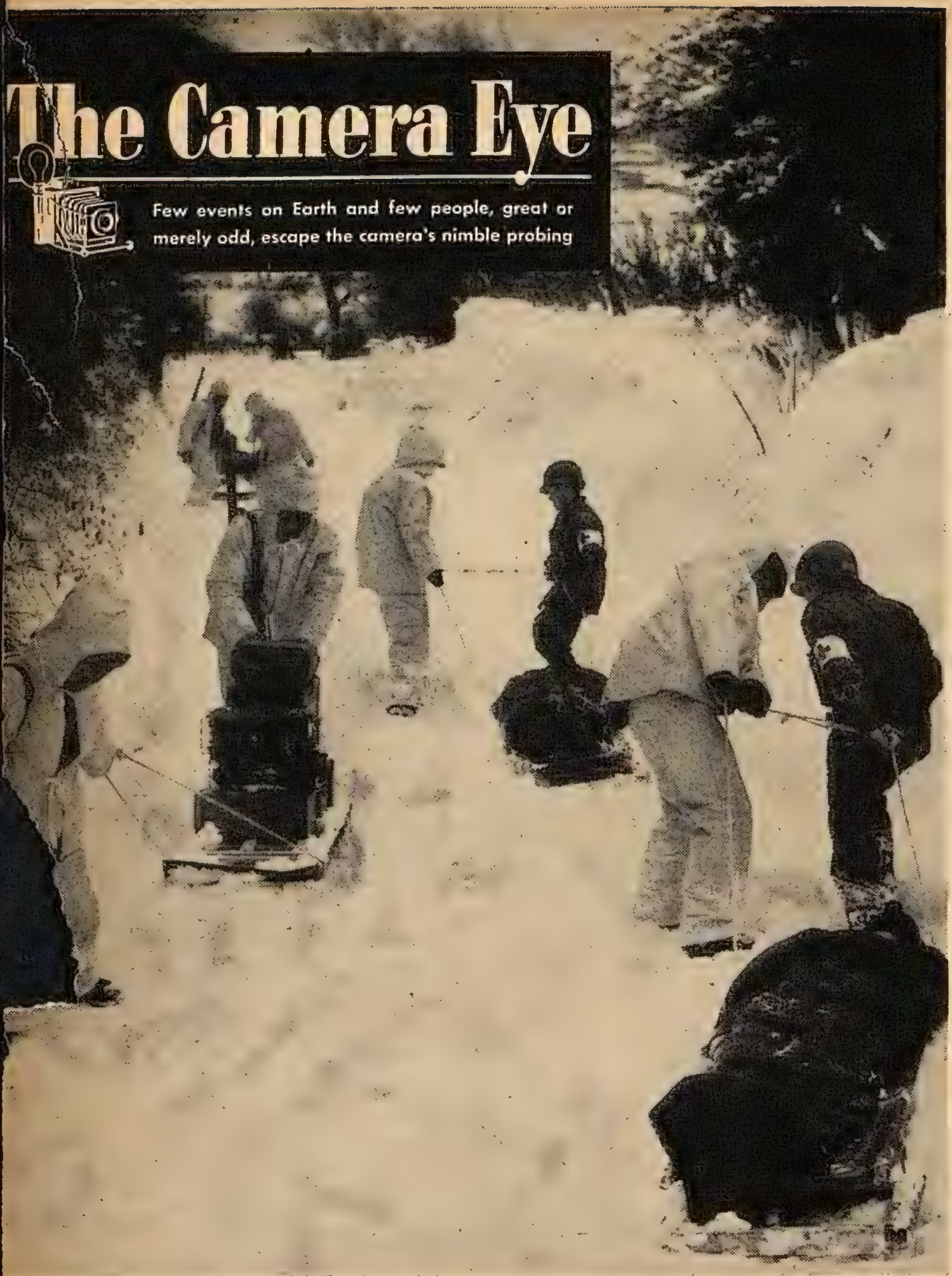
(*Continued on page 56*)



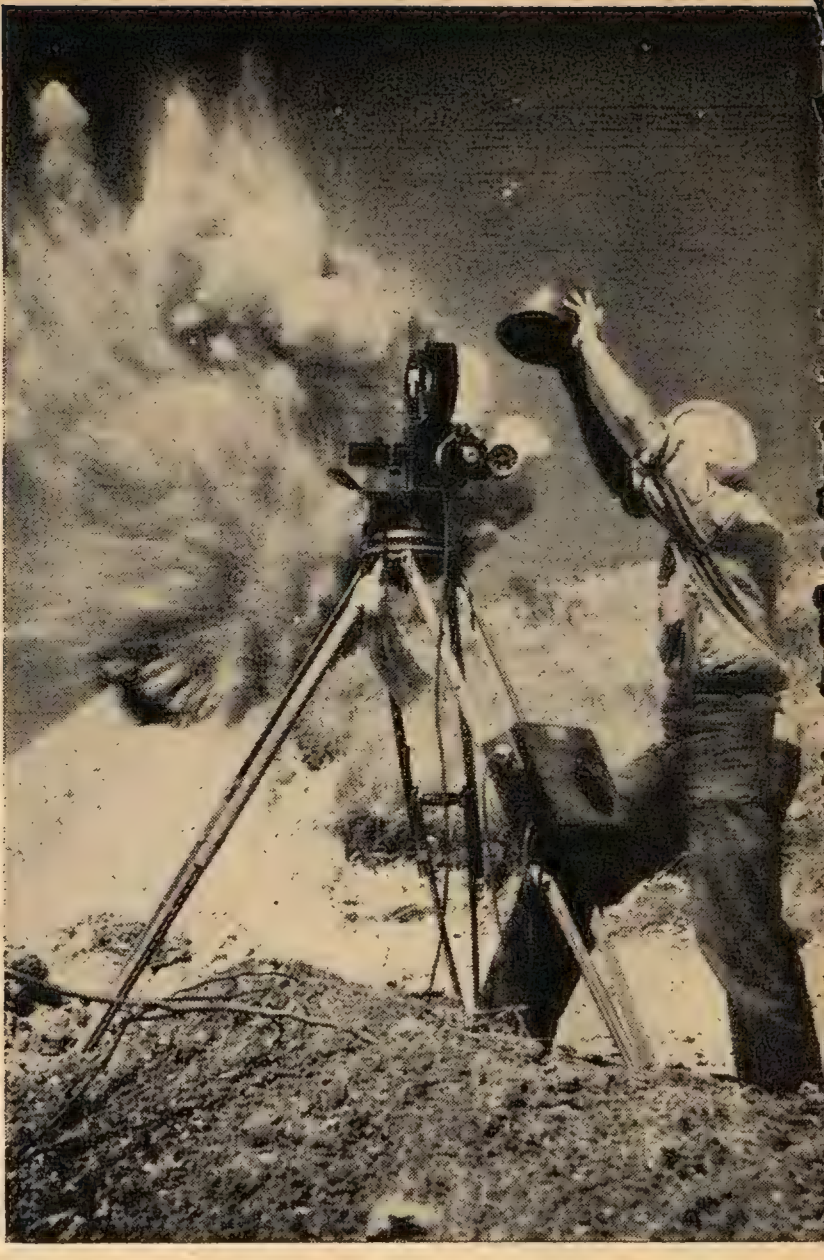
Mob medics are proud of the way they are saving limbs that hitherto had to be amputated.

The Camera Eye

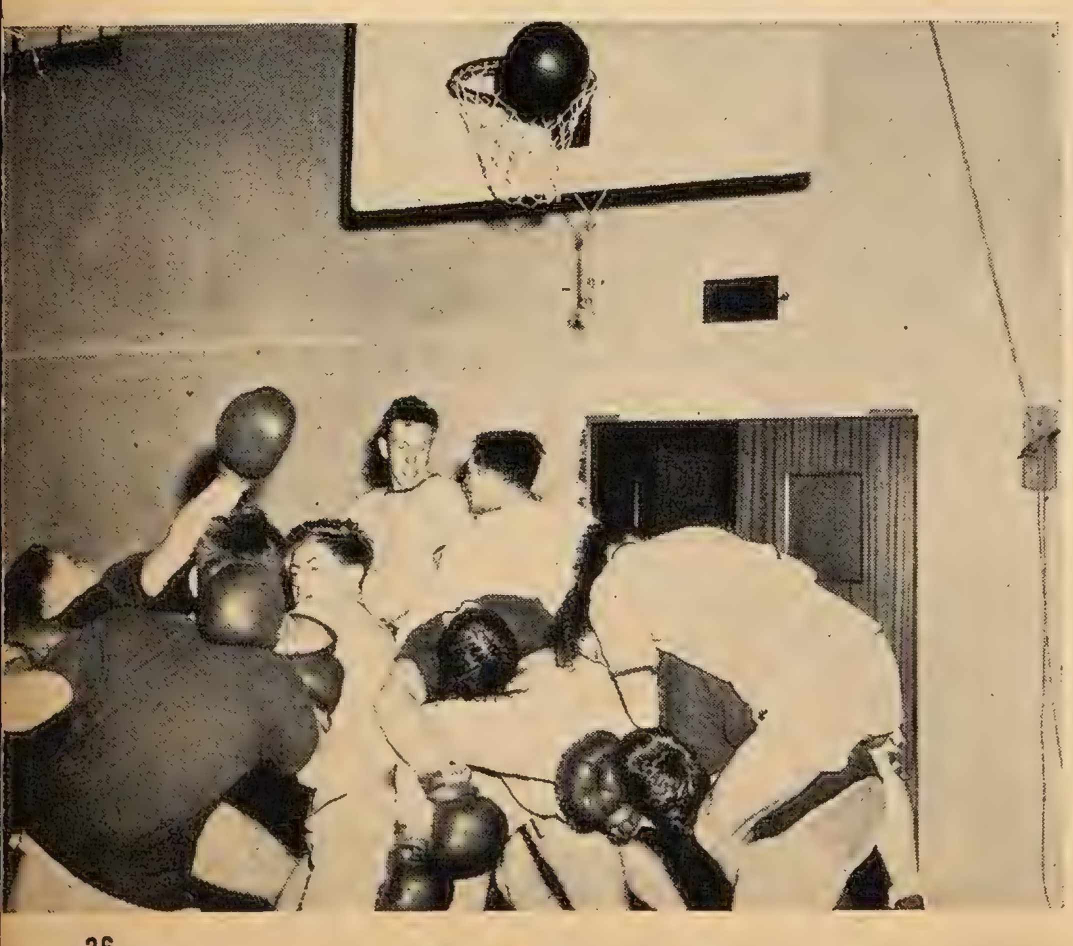
Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing



WINTERSET—Deep snows have caused American troops in the Ardennes sector of the western front to improvise new transport. Battle casualties and supplies hauled by hand go back and forth by sled along the same route.



ACTION—CAMERA!—This alert Navy photographer thinks of his camera first when a demolition charge goes off. He's clapping his steel helmet over the machine.

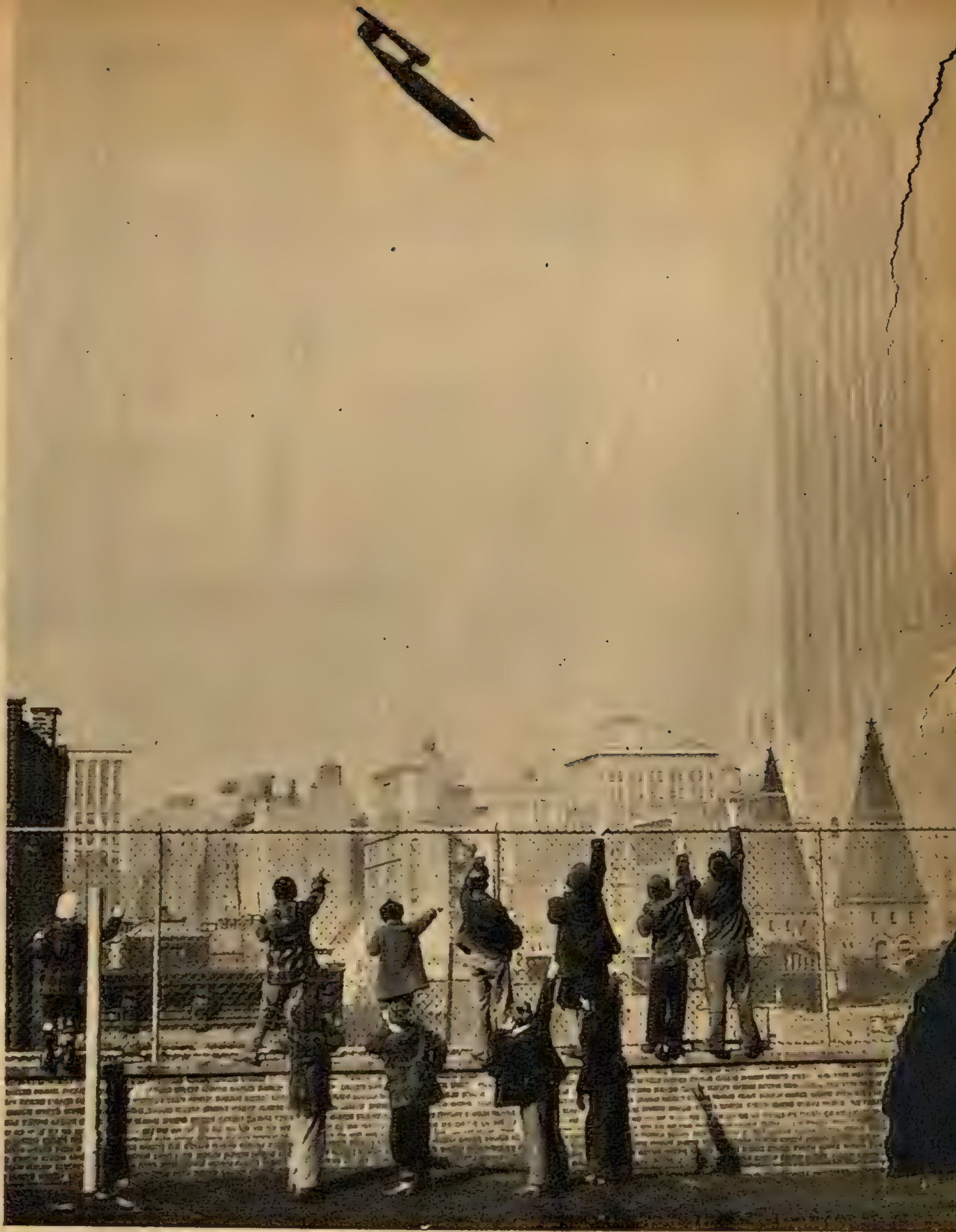


WHERE'S THE UMP?—Missing, of course. He wouldn't stand a chance here. Ordinary basketball wasn't rugged enough for these Navy trainees at U. C. L. A., so they've added boxing gloves for extra excitement.

DOUBLE TAKE—No, it's not *really* two Betty Grables, but it's the next best thing—Betty and June Haver, in costume for their roles in the film The Dolly Sisters.

SYNTHETIC VENUS—Jan De Swart of Los Angeles shows a new art form—sculptures in plastic. This one has a figure of $3,000 set on it. Nice figure, too.

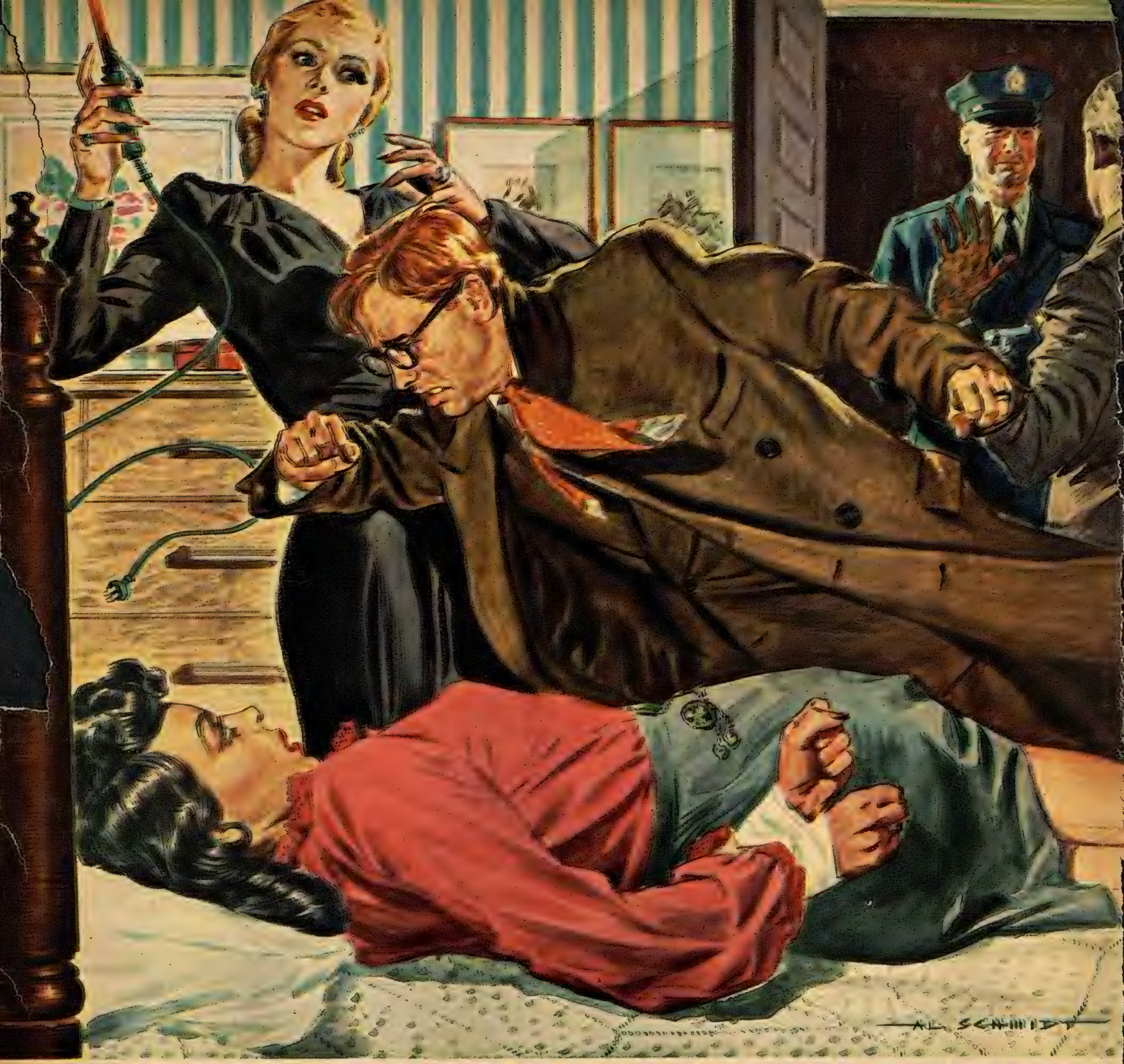
MAN WHO CAME BACK—Corporal Ralph Brown, 28, of Cleveland, Ohio, lost his legs and right hand in France. Busy making plans for his future, he's proof you can't keep a good man down.



ALEUTIAN ANGLERS—don't even have to bait a hook. Like Pfc. John Burroughs of Jackson, Miss., they can sometimes just reach into a stream and pull out a 2½-ft. salmon.

LOOK OUT, NEW YORK!—But don't worry, folks, it isn't real. That buzzbomb diving for the Empire State Building is a cut-out made by Wallis Rigby, who flew it for Madison Square Boys' Club kids.

BURMA SURGEON—Lt. Col. Gordon Seagrave got this enthusiastic welcome when he returned with conquering Yanks to the mission hospital at Namkham, Burma, from which the Japs had driven him.



Lee was on the bed, her hands and feet taped together with adhesive. Mrs. Smith was standing over her, a red-hot curling iron in her hand.

BY HUGH PENTECOST

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

Max Chandler's instructions were specific: "If I ever disappear, wait seventy-two hours before you call the cops." But long before the time was up, certain things began to happen—things that spelled T-R-O-U-B-L-E

MAX had been missing for thirty-six hours. For thirty-six hours anxiety had mounted to a point where it was almost unbearable. Just sitting and doing nothing was torture. We had to sit and do nothing because we had the strictest kind of orders from Max himself.

I was headed into my fourth year of working for Max Chandler. My connection with him began just after Pearl Harbor. He had been broadcasting the early stages of the war from overseas. When we got into it he hotfooted back home to get into the armed services. To his dismay, the powers that be refused him the right to enlist. He was needed to fight the battle of the home front: the black markets, the undercover traitors, the homebred Fascists. About then I became his assistant and general handy man. All this time he had been broadcasting to the American people twice a week. The tall figure of Max Chandler was as familiar to the American public as any movie star.

Along the way, Lee Ames became part of our entourage—lovely Lee Ames, with her deep violet eyes. She became Max's secretary, and she fell in love with him as only a woman like Lee can fall in love. There was no time for romance in Max's life. He seemed to be unaware of what she felt. And she knew that, at least till his job was done, there could be nothing between them. It seemed to be enough for her to be with him, to share his dangers.

And there were dangers. That was why his absence now filled Lee and me with a kind of helpless terror, helpless because he had told us over and over again what to do under such circumstances.

"There may come a time," he said, "when I won't turn up when I should. I don't

Traitors' Trail

want you two running to the police until I've been missing at least seventy-two hours. I might be on the trail of a story which would be spoiled if the police messed in. I'll try to reach you if I can, but if I don't, you're to sit tight for at least seventy-two hours."

We were sitting! We were in Max's apartment on Washington Square. It was a quiet third-floor rear of a remodeled brownstone.

Thirty-six hours ago, Max had left us to have dinner uptown with a man named Gerard Devens, publisher of a newspaper syndicate. Devens wanted Max to write some pieces for the syndicate. Max's car was outside the house and he planned to drive uptown in it. He left us with instructions. Lee had typing to do. I had some photographs taken on our last trip to file and annotate. He would be back about eleven, he said.

We waited for him to come back. He never did. About two in the morning I went downstairs to buy some beer. Max's car still stood in front of the house.

"He must have changed his mind and taken a cab," I told Lee.

"Of course."

We were both trying to make everything seem natural but by four we had the jitters good.

"I'll probably get my ears pinned back," Lee said, "but I'm calling Gerard Devens."

She did. Mr. Devens was sore at being waked up at 4 A. M. He was doubly sore when he heard who Lee was, because Max had stood him up for dinner.

Lee and I sat there in the apartment, not daring to say to each other what we were thinking.

"Why doesn't he call us!" There was anguish in Lee's voice.

"He can't or he would," I said.

"Rod, something's happened to him!"

I tried to sound casual. I didn't feel it. "Sure, it has," I said. "He's got on the trail of something. He'll call when he can."

It got to be six o'clock. Lee made coffee and eggs. We drank the coffee and smoked cigarettes but neither of us felt like eating. I must have dozed off. When I came to, I found Lee had put a blanket over me. She had gone into Max's bedroom and was asleep on his bed. It was two o'clock in the afternoon.

Lee woke about an hour later, and I went out to get some food for us and to pick up the afternoon papers. There was nothing in any of them that gave us any kind of hint about Max.

Along about dinnertime Lee cracked up for a minute or two. "I can't stand it, Rod! I don't give a damn about instructions. I'm going to call Sullivan." Sullivan was a police lieutenant we knew.

"Take it easy," I said. "We can't do anything but wait, baby. You know that."

I sat down beside her on the couch and put my arm around her.

Finally we had dinner. We were confronted with another night of waiting. The telephone never rang once—not even for a wrong number.

It was a little after nine the next morning that the doorbell rang. A strange woman stood in the hall when I opened the door.

"Mr. Buchanan?" she asked.

"Yes."

"I have a message for you." She began fumbling in her purse.

"Come in," I said. She was about thirty, blonde, and very slick.

"I'm Mrs. Brendon Smith," she said then. "I'm a friend of Max Chandler's."

I had never heard of her, but I didn't know all of Max's friends and acquaintances. I introduced her to Lee. Mrs. Smith produced a piece of paper from her bag.

"I had the strangest experience this morning," she said. "I was having breakfast in the dining room of my hotel. The waiter came over and handed me this note." She passed it to me. Lee looked over my shoulder as I read it.

"Dear Mrs. Smith:

"I'm in something of a jam, and I wonder if you'd do me a favor? Will you go to my apartment and contact my assistant, Rod Buchanan, and my secretary, Lee Ames. Will you ask them to join me at Lilac Lodge, Beachcomb Road, Bradford, Long Island. Some day I'll explain what all the mystery is about.

"Yours sincerely,
"Max Chandler."

Lee sounded excited. "This was handed to you this morning?"

"Less than an hour ago," Mrs. Smith said. "I looked around for Mr. Chandler, but I didn't see him. I questioned the waiter. He said a tall blond man had given it to him, but that he had left."

"At least he's all right!" Lee said.

A cold finger of anxiety ran up and down my spine. "How well do you know Max?" I asked Mrs. Smith.

"Not at all well," Mrs. Smith said. "I've met him at one or two parties. I was astonished at the note, but I know the kind of work he does. I suppose I was the only person he saw in the dining room that he knew. It all sounds exciting."

Lee was calling Penn Station to find out about trains to Bradford.

I got the name of the hotel from Mrs. Smith, and a description of the waiter. Lee came back from the phone.

"There's a train in thirty-five minutes," she said. "We can make it if we hurry."

"It's all so mysterious," Mrs. Smith said. "Haven't you any idea what it's all about?"

"None," I said.

I was wondering what to do. That note was all wrong.

We left the house together. There was a cab waiting outside, evidently one which had brought Mrs. Smith.

"I'm going uptown," she said. "I can drop you off at the station."

That didn't suit me, but there wasn't anything I could do about it. We rode uptown with the lady and she dropped us off across the street from the station.

AS soon as the cab pulled away I hailed another one. Lee looked bewildered. "You're hotfooting it back to the apartment and staying there," I told her.

"You're crazy! It says in the note Max wants me to—"

"The note's a phony," I said.

"Rod! I saw the note. It's in Max's writing. I—"

"Did you notice the signature?"

"Yes, of course I saw it. I—" She stopped, her eyes slowly widening.

Max Chandler had two signatures, his legal one and the one he used for signing autograph books. He did this because there is always danger of some crank with an autograph book or paper making use of your signature in some way. The autograph signature was a phony.

"Max certainly wrote that note," I said, "but I don't think he wrote it of his own free will. I think he used that autograph signature to tip us off."

"But Rod, why—"

"Someone wanted him to write the note and he had to do it, but it was under duress."

"Then we can go to Lieutenant Sullivan."

"Not for another thirty-odd hours," I said. "You're staying at the apartment in case there's a real message. I'm going to Bradford, Long Island."

"But if the note's a phony, why go?"

"Because not to go would point out to someone that we suspect something. Somebody wants us in Bradford, so I'll oblige. But we're not both walking into it."

"Rod, do you think Mrs. Smith is a phony, too?"

"It's possible she isn't," I said. "But if you were handed such a note and had to go way downtown to Washington Square, wouldn't you phone first to find out if anyone was there?"

"Probably, but—"

"It was important for us to see that note so we'd recognize the handwriting. Of course, they didn't know Max had crossed them up with his autograph."

"Rod, who are 'they'?"

"I haven't the faintest idea, baby."

(*Continued on page 68*)

By FRANK NUGENT

Ten years ago she was a nobody, going nowhere. Today the lovely Lena Horne is one of our top entertainers. But you'll never catch her whipping up spoon bread and spirituals in an Aunt Jemima rig, because

LENA HORNE, the gal with the flashing smile, the tawny skin, and the voice that makes the "I love you" songs sound as though she really means you, reluctantly decided the other day that she finally needed a secretary. It was another milestone, and not an unimportant one, in the career of a girl who only ten short years ago was a skinny sixteen-year-old kid from Brooklyn making twenty-five dollars a week in the chorus of Harlem's Cotton Club.

Today Lena's Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer pay check is $1,000 a week, forty weeks a year. She supplements it with personal appearances in theaters and night clubs at $6,500 a week plus a percentage of the gate. Sometimes that percentage mounts up to $3,500 more. She did a dozen radio shows last year at $1,500 to $2,500 apiece. Royalties from sales of her records would keep a few families going.

Forgetting (if you can) the financial side of it, let's look at the personal angle. Ten years ago Lena was a nobody, going nowhere. Now she is the nation's top Negro entertainer, and not in any Uncle Tom or Aunt Jemima sense. Her working dress is an evening gown, not a Mother Hubbard. Hollywood's casting directors are an impudent lot, but they've yet to suggest posing her in the doorway of a rickety plantation shack whipping up a mess of spoon bread and spirituals. Lena is nobody's mammy.

Her movie fan mail stacks up with June Allyson's, and Walter Pidgeon's at Metro. She's so popular with G. I.s that she has appeared a dozen times on Command Performance, the Army's radio show, besides her regular stint for Jubilee, the all-Negro Army broadcast. Requests for her pin-ups are by no means confined to men of her own race, although she is a combined Betty Grable, Hedy Lamarr, and girl-back-home to our 800,000 Negro soldiers. They've named their planes, their jeeps, and their daughters after her. There is even a Lena Horne Lane on an Italian mountainside. It leads to the camp of the 332d Fighter Group, composed of four Negro pursuit squadrons. (See the March 10 issue of Liberty.)

If all this doesn't add up to fame and fortune, then something has gone wrong with the arithmetic of success. Yet Lena hadn't fully realized how far she had come until the day she returned from her latest camp-and-hospital tour and saw the stacks of mail waiting for her.

"I never thought I'd need a secretary," she said ruefully, "but this is getting beyond me. Of course it's wonderful the way they write. Some of the letters just break me up. You can't turn letters like that over to the fan-mail department. They're not fan letters. They're—well, they're letters you have to sit down and answer yourself."

She's that kind of person.

In a town where the OPA has managed to control every kind of inflation except that of the ego, Lena still has no trouble with her hat size. Christmas before last, the Hollywood Canteen had several entertainers cancel their promised appearances and faced an embarrassing talent shortage. Lena had been singing there regularly week after week. The Canteen's program director was apologetic when he called: He knew this was short notice, that she must have made other plans, but . . . Lena didn't let him finish. "Are you sure the boys aren't tired of me?" she asked. Half an hour later her incandescent smile was brightening up the Canteen and the Christmas of hundreds of soldiers. It was after midnight when she returned home, to the remnants of her own Christmas party.

"Glamorous" and "exciting" are the two words most frequently used to describe her, but Lena obviously doesn't regard herself as either. When Cabin in the Sky was released, she got a kick out of sneaking into theaters and watching the effect on audiences of her rhythm-happy, rhythmic-hipped, bubble-bathing Georgia Brown. It was like a small girl's relish of the shock she produces by pinning her hair up, smearing her mouth with lipstick, and wrapping herself in something slinky from big sister's wardrobe.

LENA is anything but rhythm-happy. She is about as close to the jungle as a girl born on Brooklyn's Chauncey Street would be. She never has had a bubble bath in her life, except for movie purposes; she doesn't smoke and rarely drinks. At the risk of disappointing the street-corner crowd, it also must be noted that she doesn't wear red-heeled shoes, slit skirts, or peekaboo blouses. That Lena Horne is strictly a movie creation.

The offscreen, out-of-the-spotlight Lena Horne lives with her two children, a housekeeper, and a maid in a small rented house in the Hollywood hills, north of Sunset Boulevard and not far from the Little Trocadero, a now-shuttered night spot where she made her West Coast debut early in 1942. The house is on Horn Avenue, a coincidence to which she attaches proper unimportance. The Humphrey Bogarts are, or were, among her neighbors. It is unlikely either ever had occasion to borrow half a cup of sugar.

She was on closer terms with a French family which lived next door for a while. Greta Garbo frequently visited there, and once they called Lena in to meet her. As Garbo had long been her favorite actress (Ingrid Bergman rates next), she was as pleased as a schoolgirl. She doesn't remember much about the meeting, though, except that Garbo was "all eyes and had the most beautiful bones." Lena has a knack for descriptions like that. Someone once asked her what she thought of Wagner. "He's awfully tubby," she replied. "His music is big-and-fat-sounding."

Her own tastes, by the way, are not exclusively popular. Although she has built up a notable collection of what the connoisseurs call "le jazz hot," stressing the recordings of New Orleans clarinetists Sidney Bechet and Edwin Hall, she has begun to develop an appetite for symphonies, mostly those of Tchaikovsky and Stravinsky. She admits her appreciation is elementary, apologetically points out that she was exposed for ten years to nothing but "you and blue," "love and above."

Like almost everyone else, she enjoys curling up with a book—not necessarily a good one—and listening to a concert over the radio. She reads gory murder stories for relaxation, biographies for instruction. At the moment she is boning up on Thomas Paine.

Her children take up most of her spare time. By the terms of her divorce last year from Louis Jones, advertising manager of the Negro Cleveland Gazette, whom she married in 1937, she has year-round custody of their daughter, Gail, who was seven in December, and part-time custody of the boy, Teddy (Edwin), who is five. Both children have her light skin. Teddy is much more impressed by her eminence than Gail. In taxicabs—Lena is afraid to drive a car herself—he is apt to bang on the window to get the driver's attention, then shriek, "I betcha don't know my mother's a movie star, I betcha!"

Lena spends more evenings at home than she does out. She rarely is seen in any of Hollywood's night spots. Most of her public appearances are limited to such quasi-official functions as studio parties and previews. She gets invitations aplenty, but experience has taught her to be chary of accepting: she has run into too many celebrity hunters who invited her because it seemed a daring thing to do. She has, of course, a number of friends in the movie colony. They include Metro producer Fred Finkelhoffe and his singer wife, Ella Logan, song writers Ira Gershwin and Harold Arlen, producer Arthur Freed and director Vincente Minnelli. But most of her friends are of her own race.

Closest of these is Hazel Washington, who once was Rosalind Russell's personal maid and now has a leather-goods business. They met at a party in Harlem five years ago, renewed acquaintance when Lena came to Hollywood. Mrs. Washington stands in no awe of Lena, exercises an intimate's privilege of criticizing her dresses and trying on her hats. She is a celebrity by relationship herself, being the aunt of Kenny Washington, former famous U. C. L. A. halfback.

Kenny used to date Lena before his marriage. He and his wife remain her friends. Dorothy Nicholas, wife of one of the dancing Nicholas brothers, is in the set, too. Katherine Dunham always looks Lena up when her troupe comes to town. So does Cab Calloway. Cab is probably her oldest friend. He is in the I-knew-her-when class, for he was the headliner at the Cotton Club when she first began Suzy-Q-ing in its chorus. He also is responsible for the great Lena Horne mystery, which has been puzzling producer Andrew Stone ever since he made Stormy Weather.

"WE were shooting the title number," Mr. Stone recalls. "Lena sang it all right, but there was no warmth, no emotional quality. I did everything I could to break her down. I spoke to her about her mother, her kids. No go. Well, we shot it, but when I saw the rushes I knew it was bad. No emotion. So next day I tried again, tried for hours, still getting nowhere. Then Cab came over. 'What's the matter?' he asked. I told him. He said, 'Leave it to me.' He walked up to Lena, whispered two words in her ear. Just two words! I never saw such a change in a person. She was wonderful! Real tears in her eyes, a sob in her voice. When she finished the number, she had hysterics, cried for ten minutes. Naturally I asked Cab what he had said. He wouldn't tell me. I still don't know."

Lena won't tell either. "Cab just said something to tease me," she says. "He got me mad, that's all." But she won't say what it was. It's still a mystery.

Could be, of course, that the mysterious two words were just a name. Ethel Waters was singing Stormy Weather when Lena had yet to cut her teeth on her first microphone, and the song has always been closely identified with Ethel. Gossip has it that the weather rarely has been stormier than when the two were brought together for Cabin in the Sky. The words "Ethel Waters" certainly could have done the trick. It's surprising Mr. Stone didn't think of it himself.

Yet Lena is not temperamental and, if anything, is likely to underrate her own singing. She knows it was her looks, not her voice, that rescued her from the Cotton Club, sent her on the road as vocalist with Noble Sissle's orchestra. Sissle didn't demand much. He was satisfied if she "just kidded around" at the microphone. There was no question of abandoning a career when she decided to get married. She simply quit the band without a backward glance and forgot all about singing—except lullabies—for the next three and a half years.

When her marriage failed, she returned to Broadway. Her voice had ripened, and Lew Leslie put her in his Blackbirds of 1939. It was an ill-omened bird, which folded its wings after nine performances But Lena emerged from it with considerable credit, if no cash. She toure for a time with Charlie Barnet's orchestr then came to the attention of swing enthusiast John Henry Hammond, Jr. H convinced her she ought to do a singl and booked her into Barney Josephson's Café Society Downtown. Barney changed

(Continued on page 52)

. . She's Nobody's Mammy

To Negro servicemen, Lena is Betty Grable, Hedy Lamarr, and the girl-back-home.

When a mother is gone, the ties holding a family together often go, too. So it seemed to Benjy and his stepfather, until events taught them that heart kin are sometimes closer than blood kin

THE smell of breakfast woke Benjy, as usual. Whiffs of sizzling bacon and the sound of Alec beating up pancake batter were enough to draw a guy right out of bed. Especially a guy who was, as Mom used to say, growing so fast he probably had another inch to feed by morning.

Benjy grinned as he reached for his clothes, then the grin faded. Sight of the new blue sweater lying across the chair did that. Made him remember all he'd felt the night before, when he'd jerked it off and pitched it there.

Uncle Frank and Aunt Dot had brought that sweater when they came yesterday in their big black car. After all these years, they'd showed up and turned everything upside down. Maybe it was fine of them to offer to take Benjy after they'd lost their own boy, but they spoiled it by what Uncle Frank said when they talked with Benjy alone.

"You don't belong here, Benjy," and, being a lawyer, Uncle Frank had made it sound like gospel. "Alec is only your stepfather. It was decent of him to keep you on after your mother died, but you're past fifteen now. It's not right for you to go on living off another man upon whom you haven't any claim."

"We need you, Benjy, and Alec says he really doesn't," Aunt Dot put in gently. She had fair curly hair like Mom's, only she was plump. "I honestly think it would be a burden off him. We talked to him before you came home."

Benjy was sick with shame, then, for not seeing before that he had no right to stay. He sat on the edge of the bed and ran his fingers through the sun-streaked mop of his blond hair. Uncle Frank had told him to think the matter over, but—darn Uncle Frank, anyhow!

"Hi!" Alec called from the kitchen. "Expectin' your breakfast in bed, son?"

Benjy yelled back, "Sure!" and reached for his clothes. Alec's voice, so natural, made things right again. Of course Alec wanted him, needed him. This was home, wasn't it? . . . and a guy belonged home till it was time to go out on his own. Benjy hadn't been quite three when Mom, a widow, had married Alec and brought him here.

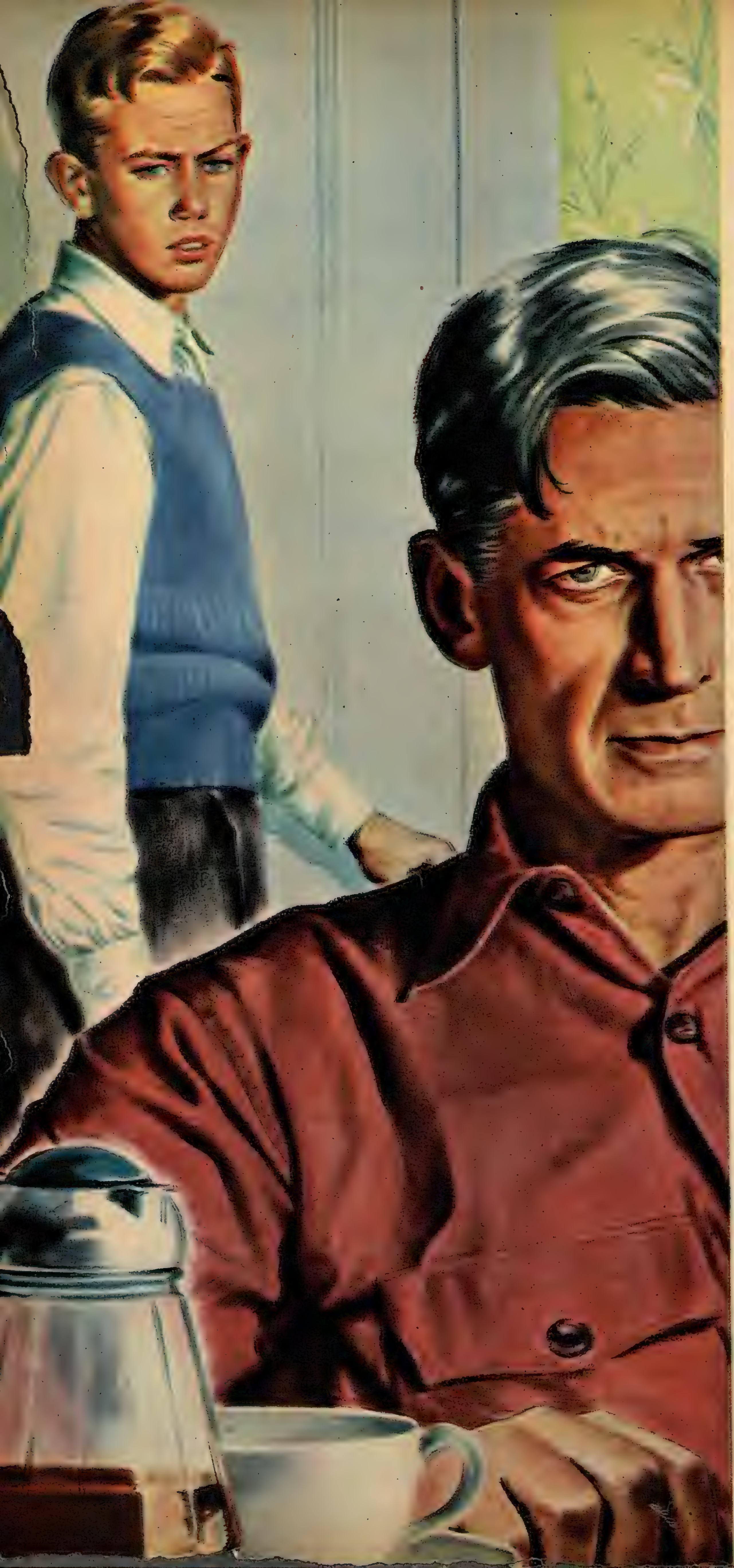
EATING, Benjy forgot about it till he noticed that Alec wasn't doing much with his breakfast.

"Look!" Benjy shoveled more cakes onto his plate. "About Uncle Frank! I may's well make up my mind right away. After all—" He stopped. Alec's face had gone sort of grim.

Alec finished for him, without looking up. "After all, they're your own folks, Benjy."

All at once Benjy pushed his plate back. "Don't suppose there is more work here than a guy can do alone."

"That's right."



"I don't want your money!" Benjy croaked. "I don't want anything of yours. I just want to get away!"

Cold Spell

BY ISABEL WAY and RUBY THOMSON

ILLUSTRATED BY LARRY KRITCHER

Benjy felt tight-throated. And for the first time he felt mad at Alec's constant good humor. If Alec wanted him to go, why didn't he come right out with it? Benjy heard himself saying, sort of shrill, "Well, they *are* my kin, and you—"

Alec looked up, and his jaw set like he meant to get through with it, quick. "That's right, Benjy. There's not a thing to keep you here." Alec's gray eyes had always looked silver-light against his tanned face and iron-gray hair, but they were as dark as storm clouds now. "You can phone your uncle from Bellamy's and start for Portland tomorrow. It'll be best done that way."

"Sure, get it over with, quick," Benjy mumbled.

Alec went on: "Your mother's trunk is in the tool shed. And I'll see you don't go with empty pockets."

"I don't want your money!" Benjy croaked. "I don't want anything of yours. I just want to get away, fast!" And he made for the door.

Benjy stopped as he heard a gasp behind him. Turning, he saw that Alec, halfway up from his chair, had been caught by pain. His hands gripped the table.

Benjy, his face as gray as Alec's, helped him to an easy chair and did his awkward best. Then all at once Alec relaxed. "All—right now! You can get on with your packing," he said.

"But gee, Alec, I can't leave now!" Benjy tried to make his voice natural so Alec wouldn't know how scared he was, but it only sounded sharp. "Cripes, you can't get along without me now!"

Alec looked up. "This isn't going to interfere with your plans. Not at all."

Benjy swallowed the lump in his throat, then he burst out, "I'm going to call doc!" and he stalked to the door, broke into a gallop as he crossed the road to Bellamy's. He was so breathless when he got there that Mrs. Bellamy made him wait on the porch while she phoned.

NITA BELLAMY came out to sit there with him. Nita was only two months younger than Benjy, but she looked like a kid in the pink ruffled pinafore thing she wore, and with her dark hair in two short stubby pigtails. Benjy used to call her the Pest, but now he thought her cute, and he took her to the movies every Saturday night.

She said, "It must have been nice, seeing your aunt and uncle last night."

"Yeah." Benjy's jaw set, and he told her, "They want me to come live with them. I'll be going before long."

"Benjy, you're not! Not with Alec sick!"

"They're my folks, aren't they?" he demanded hoarsely. "And I'll—I'll have a car of my own."

There was silence, then Nita burst out, "Benjy Sales, if you go just for that, I'll hate you forever!"

"Aw, skip it!" Benjy croaked. He couldn't tell her that Alec was running him off; *that* was his own private shame. "Alec's got no claim on me."

"Oh, you—" Nita drew away from him, sputtering for breath to voice her fury, but her mother pushed open the screen.

"Dr. Wheatley'll be right out," she said. "And don't worry, Benjy. Have Alec keep quiet, and let me know if I'm needed."

"Thanks." And Benjy strode off.

He went home through the grove—the rows and rows of glossy-leaved orange trees. Benjy had helped plant some of those trees when he was pretty small, and he'd helped take care of them until they seemed as much his as Alec's. But from now on—

He stopped a minute, then whirled, hustled up to the house. "Doc'll be right out," he told Alec.

Alec said, "The key to that trunk's in my bureau."

Benjy laughed hollowly to hide how hurt he was, then he set his jaw stubborn fashion. "Fat chance I got to pack today! With us getting the water tomorrow—and the weather like it is!"

Alec nodded, frowning a little. "That's so. Well—if you want to do it—guess a few days more won't make any great difference."

Benjy scuffed at the dry earth on his way to the grove, and a bit of comfort seeped in. The feel of the warm earth to his feet, the hot California sun on his shoulders—it was all good.

The grove, at least, needed him. It was a man-sized job furrowing out, but he'd do it. Do it alone. Tomorrow there'd be the soothing flow of water through the ditches, the smell of it mingling with the dry soil.

DR. WHEATLEY came. When he left, Benjy cut through the grove to stop him.

"It was a heart attack, Benjy," the big man said in his brisk way. "Just keep him quiet, son, and see that he carries out my orders."

"Sure," Benjy said hoarsely. "Sure, Doc!"

But when he went up, a bit early, to get their lunch, Alec had made his own plans. "Soon as the irrigating's done, you go into the Association," he said, "tell them you're leaving, and I'm out on my feet, and they've got to find me a man to take over."

Benjy nodded, but he didn't go near the Association. Knowing he wasn't wanted made it hard to stay, yet he did, and lied outright to do it.

"Sure I saw 'em!" he told Alec later. "But they can't just reach up and pick a man off a tree. Guess we'll have to make the best of it till they find one."

The lie rested heavy, made Benjy feel more pushed-out than ever. Nita didn't help, either. That first Saturday night, when he stood on the porch wondering if she'd expect him to take her to the movies as usual, he saw her leave with two girl friends. So that was that about their Saturday-night dates.

He'd have missed Nita a lot if the grove hadn't kept him humping too much to think. Unexpected things, like the searing desert wind that lasted three days and baked every bit of moisture from the earth, and the tiny red spider that came from nowhere, bent on destruction. And the usual run of work that dogged at Benjy's heels, keeping him on the run.

The lie dogged him, too. If he fell down on the ranch work, he'd be to blame for all Alec would lose. It would be a lot worse than just living off him.

A month passed. Two months. School started, and football, and double trouble. He had to lie again: tell Alec he'd failed to make even second string, when he'd stood a darned good chance at first. But a guy couldn't play football and run a ranch too.

He felt almost too old for football anyway, and for all the things that had seemed important last year. He didn't even mind it—much—that Nita came out at the last minute to catch the school bus, instead of waiting with him as she'd always done.

NOW and then a letter came from Portland that put him on a spot. He didn't know how to answer, so he let it slide.

Sometimes, to head Alec off, Benjy grumbled about the Association not finding a man. He really wanted to say, instead, "Look, Alec, you need somebody now, and it shouldn't matter about me not being your own son!"

But he couldn't talk to Alec that way. They were like strangers. Alec puttered about the house, but he looked gaunt, older, day by day. He took little interest in the grove, except that first time they got the water, after school started.

When Benjy got up early, ready to hit for the grove, Alec curtly ordered him to get to school; told him John Bellamy was looking after the irrigating.

Benjy might as well have stayed home. His mind wasn't on any books. His lies were going to turn out pure useless if Alec wasn't going to need him anyhow.

But Benjy still found enough to do. He set out the black-stacked orchard heaters, using what fuel oil they had on hand as far as it would go. He phoned an order for more oil to the Association, so Alec wouldn't get in touch with them.

The first rain came early: only enough moisture to dampen the topsoil. Benjy went over the orchard afterward, banking spots that might wash if a good rain came. But it was almost Christmas before the clouds gathered heavily.

Benjy felt good as he came in for supper that Friday night. There was peace in his very bones—the peace a groves man knows when his trees need rain and rain is on its way.

Alec felt it, too. After supper, Benjy chucked a bole of eucalyptus into the fireplace and Alec brought a pan of apples. And Alec talked.

"Your mother could pare a whole apple without breaking the peel."

"I remember. I'd sit on a stool, with her in the rocker and you by the fire."

"Men don't forget women like her," Alec said, and went on, telling things that Benjy had been too small to remember.

It was a good evening. Once more the familiar walls hugged about Benjy like a home. When Alec got up Benjy got up too, and stretched his gangly six feet and yawned.

"Well, it can rain all it wants to! We're ready for it!"

(*Continued on page* 58)

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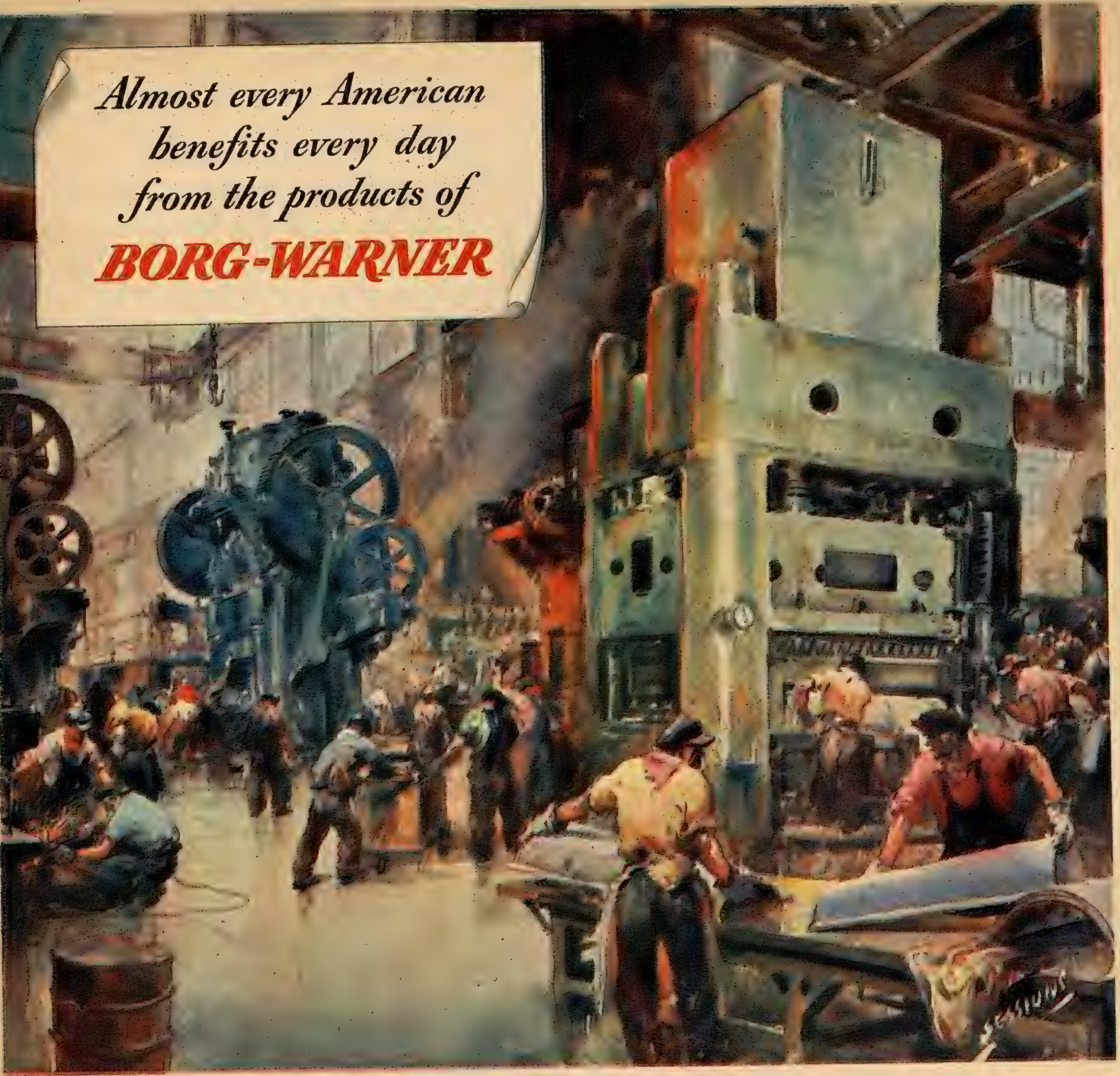

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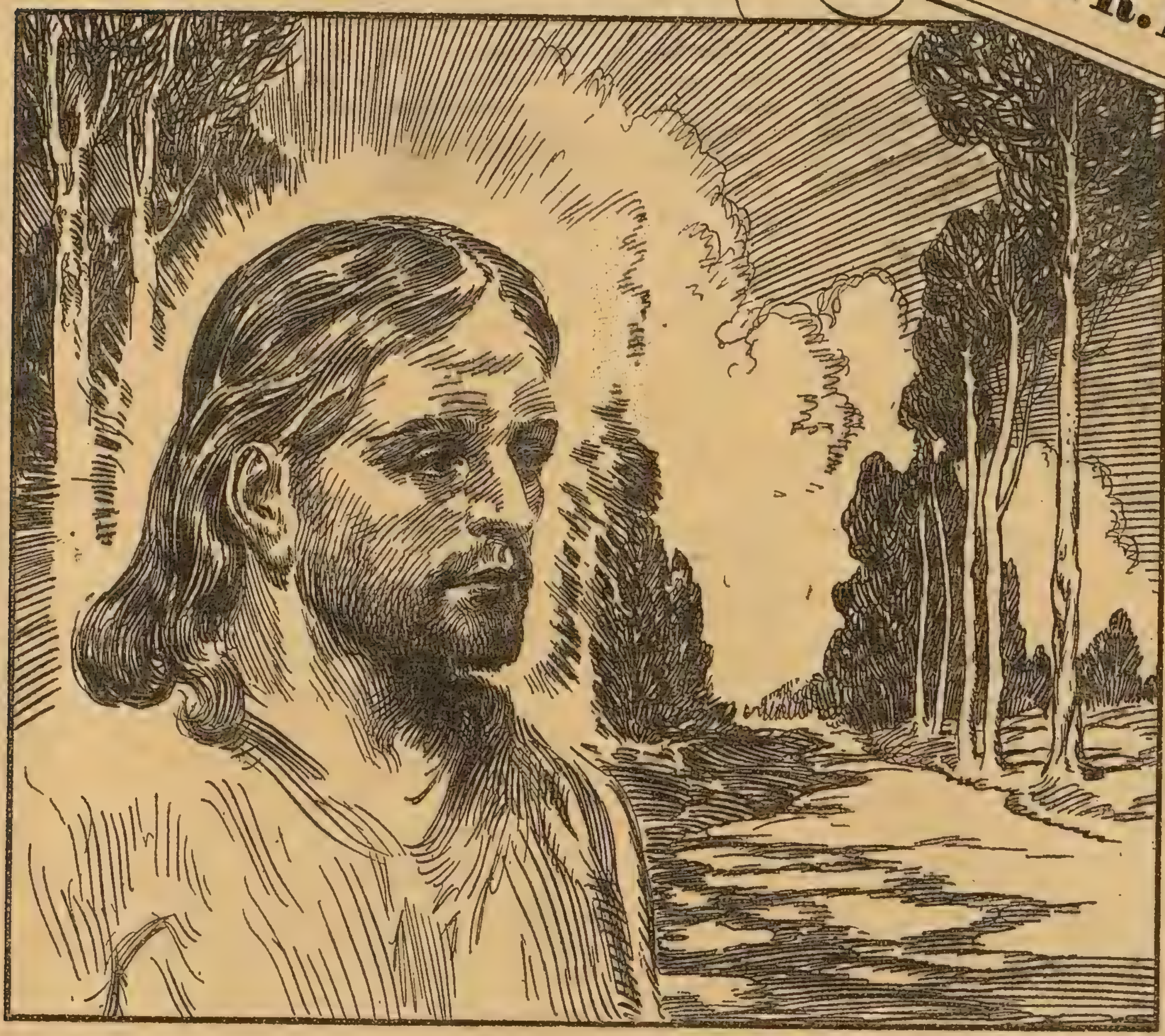
The Emperor's Physician

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION
READING TIME ONE EVENING

BY J. R. PERKINS



This story of a spiritual adventure scored an overnight hit. More than 250,000 copies are now in print (including the People's Book Club). Its success is rooted in its deep sincerity, making the life and times of the Healer as vivid as today's headlines.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

THE letter to me from Emperor Tiberius Caesar was tantamount to a command; the one from my former teacher was imploring. Each importuned me to join a medical mission the Emperor's physician was about to undertake throughout Rome's border possessions—a mission authorized in reality by the Senate. For the spread of many diseases, especially through Palestine, was giving birth to alarming social problems.

I was instructed to present my credentials to Lucius Vitellius, Governor of all Syria—who had been apprised of the mission—and place myself at the disposal of Sergius Cumanus, the Emperor's physician, as soon as he reached Caesarea.

I held a nominal adherence to Judaism—the religion of my mother—and I knew something of the land and the people, and of the ceaseless conflict between them and their conquerors. It was this knowledge that I was to place at the disposal of the Emperor's physician, especially in things pathological. So I set my house in order, turned over my heavy practice to a young physician of the city of Corinth, and went down to the coastal city of Caesarea.

I took quarters in a famous inn, known as Strato's, well up on the cliff that shadows the lower city. North of the inn, and on the same cliff, was the old palace of the first Herod, now the official residence of Lucius Vitellius, the Governor of all Syria. When I put in my appearance he received me with joy, for there was sickness in his household and no physician in Caesarea had been able to help him. His twelve-year-old daughter Julia had been ill for several years with a skin malady and had recently grown worse.

"I WILL take no more black potions," the girl all but screamed when we approached her.

"I do not give black potions to little girls," I said. I bent over her and peered at her hands as she gripped the bedcovers. In the light of a close-held candle I continued

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my examination. I felt the questioning eyes of the Governor upon me as we turned from the bed.

On returning to the study, there came a query that I knew to be inevitable.

"Julia's affliction couldn't be leprosy, could it?"

"Excellency," I began as hopefully as possible, "I would want to know the history of your child's case before I expressed a definite opinion. So when the Emperor's physician arrives, he and I together—"

"Enough, Luke Galen," the Syrian ruler interrupted sadly.

He got up and paced the tiled floor, and I went to the window and looked down on the harbor of Caesarea. Two ships—one setting sail and the other coming in—curtsied to each other on either side of the long mole, and I found myself praying that the one soon to dock would have the Emperor's physician aboard. "A great ship is coming in," I announced to the Governor.

He joined me at the window. "She looks like the Castor," he said. "But it might be the Pollux, a twin ship. It was on the latter that the Emperor's physician was supposed to sail. If it is the Pollux, it is many days overdue."

We turned from the window. A servant brought wine and nuts and cakes and we refreshed ourselves, speaking but little. Then, with startling suddenness, the Governor cried, "Oh, Luke Galen! Tell me—is my child a leper?"

My rejoinder was straightforward: "Yes, Excellency."

He stifled a groan, and said, "I have suspected this, but I did not have the courage to ask the physicians of this city. Anyhow, they would have lied to me as long as possible." Dropping into a chair, he stared at the floor.

A servant entered and said, "Noble ruler, a Roman is down in the atrium. He has just come from a ship and says you are expecting him."

"Conduct him here at once," the Governor commanded. Then to me he added, "Fortune may have brought me two great physicians in one day. And how I need them!"

With quick firm tread, Sergius Cumanus, the Emperor's physician, entered the room. He was a magnificent well-groomed Roman of thirty, just ten years my junior. An intellectual face of pure patrician outline, a muscular body of remarkable symmetry, and a poise, unstudied but impelling, revealed a personality of marked charm and power. But his eyes—the eyes of one who saw all things and too well—held doubt. They seemed to penetrate past all exteriors and see to the core of reality. Still, I saw that now they were friendly and their smiling was not yet destroyed.

The day waned while we three discussed the medical mission which had brought us together, and while the Emperor's physician and I determined upon the treatment to be given the sick child of our host. Finally, after accepting the Governor's invitation to dine with him that evening, Sergius Cumanus and I left the palace and I conducted him to Strato's Inn.

The terrace was deserted except for the figure of a woman standing in silhouette against the sunset at the top of the stairway. As we climbed toward her, she looked down upon us with languid interest. She was a woman of remarkable beauty, with hair like the setting sun. She wore a purple robe, close fitting, revealing a body so beautifully proportioned that two certain physicians, quite accustomed to the outlines of the female form, stared in open admiration. A shawl, dull gold in color, was pulled tightly across her shoulders and a jet-black band across her forehead kept a wealth of red hair out of her eyes.

It was her eyes that held our attention. They were strangely luminous, restless and distrustful. They darted from the face of the Emperor's physician to his well-shod feet and back again, taking in every item of his rich garments. Still, while her glances were appraising, they were not covetous. Her face, for all its beauty, held a pallor that denoted uncertain health, yet her beauty was so startling and the interest of my companion so obvious that I wondered if our mission, at its very beginning, was about to be handicapped by this chance meeting.

A sudden imprecation just behind us broke the spell of the scene, and a massive ugly fellow in a somber caftan brushed past us and took the girl by the arm.

"Go to your room and make ready for the evening performance," he commanded. He pushed her toward the portal of the inn, shooting a look of resentment in our direction.

"Quite a contrast in beauty and beastliness," the Emperor's physician remarked as we followed them into the inn. "Who is that beautiful woman with the flaming hair—the one who just entered with that big sour-looking fellow?" he asked the innkeeper.

"Ah!" the man exclaimed, smiling. "She is Mary Omri, the famous dancer from the village of Magdala over on the Sea of Galilee; and the man—her keeper—is Malchus, captain of the Temple Guard at Jerusalem and head servant of the High Priest. She is dancing in this city and Malchus is making a small fortune out of her."

WE DID not see the dancing girl again until, at the end of our second week in Caesarea, we joined a camel caravan for Jerusalem, seventy miles into the interior.

At the hour of its departure we stood saying farewell to Lucius Vitellius, who had come to see us start, when we noticed the girl and the burly Malchus mounting camels near ours. They seemed to be disputing. I saw her put her hands to her temples several times and each time she did it he growled in displeasure. Once he shouted, "Fool! Obey me, obey me!"

"I would like to go and kick that fellow away from her," the Emperor's physician snapped.

At that instant, uttering a wild scream, the dancer pitched from the back of the camel to the dust of the road. We hurried to her and started to lift her up, when the giant Malchus roared, "Let her alone! She is demon-possessed. I may have to beat her to drive them out!"

"Strike her and I will beat the demons out of your own big hulk," my colleague cried, suddenly stepping between the man and the woman on the ground. "She is ill and I am a physician, and I am going to attend her."

Malchus jerked a dagger from the folds of his smock. "Touch her and I'll give you this!"

Sergius Cumanus struck swiftly, catching Malchus cleanly on the jaw. He dropped to one knee, but got to his feet again. A sharp command from Vitellius projected the guards into the fray, and Malchus found himself ringed by broadswords.

"Now attend the woman," the Governor ordered grimly.

We both knelt. "Epilepsy, eh?" I whispered to my companion.

He nodded. He worked swiftly, skillfully, until she opened her eyes, stared at us in bewilderment, and began to moan.

"We are physicians," my colleague said quickly, "and we have soothing medicines for you." He supported the flaming red head in the curve of his arm.

At length the girl sat up, and taking a comb from her dress, ran it through her hair—a sure sign that the crisis had passed. The Emperor's physician lifted her to her feet and helped her mount the camel. Then he confronted the scowling Malchus.

"The woman is able to travel now," he said. "But I shall ride near her throughout the journey, and if she needs further medical attention we will give it."

Malchus started to retort, but checked himself and stalked to where the girl sat.

"I told you the demons would torment you for dancing so poorly last night," he growled at her.

"I was ill before I danced," she declared wearily, "but you would not heed me." Then to Sergius Cumanus—for he had drawn closer—she said, "But he is right. I am tormented by evil spirits—seven of them. For my sins are many—so this man accuses."

"There is no such thing as an evil spirit, or a demon who can enter you and rule you," the Emperor's physician stated, so loudly and scoffingly that many heard and wondered. "This belief is nothing more than a crude superstition—though if there are devils, they must be in your keeper," he concluded. And turning his back on the enraged Malchus, as the people howled with laughter, he strode away.

A warning signal from the head camel driver caused all caravan travelers to scatter and mount, for many of them had pressed close to the scene, and my colleague and I, bidding farewell to Lucius Vitellius, mounted our own beasts. And so we moved away from the walls of Caesarea, down the great highway that led to Egypt.

THE next afternoon we came in sight of the towers of Jerusalem, a full hour before the going down of the sun. As we began the ascent of Hill Scopus we came upon a singular sight—a healer at work.

He was a fine Semitic type of trim but solid physique and, I judged, about the age of the Emperor's physician. The men with him were as young as himself, and they were in sharp contrast not only to the healer but to one another. One was a stockily-built fellow with aggressiveness stamped all over a bold countenance, and the other was a gentle-looking man with the face of a mystic. But the face of the Healer, now turned toward us with luminous, questioning eyes, was startling in its cast of majestic and intellectual power. He turned and walked away from the curious caravan.

"What is the meaning of all this?" my colleague called.

"Jesus of Nazareth has just healed a cripple," was the reply.

"And who is Jesus of Nazareth?"

"One who forgives our sins, heals our diseases, and brings us salvation," was the confident rejoinder.

"Quite a series of accomplishments, eh?" Sergius Cumanus remarked to me in the Latin tongue. Then, speaking again in Aramaic, he asked, "Do you mean the man is a physician?"

In tones that admitted of no argument, the stocky fellow said, "Jesus of Nazareth is the greatest physician in the world."

The Emperor's physician smiled cynically.

WE ARRIVED without further delay at Jerusalem and were quickly installed as guests in the palace of the Procurator Pontius Pilate.

"When are you to begin your work in the province I rule?" he inquired at dinner on our first evening.

But before either of us could reply, his wife, Claudia, spoke up: "I desire the physicians to accompany me to the theater tonight."

They were a peculiar pair, both in looks and temperament. She was thin, even bony, superstitious, beautifully dressed, and incessantly chattering; he was fat and flabby, cynical and blunt, and highly impatient with ideas not wholly consonant with his own. He strongly disliked and distrusted most other Romans in the official life of the Empire's borderlands.

Pilate spoke sharply to his wife.

"Your presence at the theater the night before the Passover will give the religious rulers another opportunity to berate me before Caesar."

"Let them berate," the woman snapped. "I am going to the theater especially to see Mary Omri of Magdala dance, and the High Priest and Caesar together could not prevent me!"

That led to our telling of our chance meeting with the dancing girl. Pontius Pilate listened indifferently at first, but manifested deep interest at the close.

"The Emperor's physician has made a bad start in Jewry, for Malchus has the mind of an assassin and the memory of an elephant, and he always works in the dark," he declared. "You both should arm yourselves. I will give you permission to do so." He paused and then added to my colleague: "If you go to the theater tonight you will be seen by Malchus—probably the back of your head."

"I would like to see the dance," Sergius Cumanus said.

So we went, though Pilate sent with us Titus, the captain of the barracks, and a dozen of his orderlies. There was much whispering and the nodding of heads as we seated ourselves and looked toward the stage, which was close enough to our stall for us to see the eyes of the actors.

Perfect silence reigned as the dancing woman of Magdala, wrapped in a robe as black as midnight and with her flaming hair concealed, swayed into the light of the oil cressets. Pausing momentarily, she stared straight into the marble stall where we sat, and across the space I thought her burning eyes and those of the Emperor's physician met and held. Then she began to dance.

Slowly, rhythmically, she moved to the edge of the stage, as the tempo of the percussion instruments increased. Then she began the most amazing dance that was to be seen in an empire. The sensual and the sacred blended astonishingly, even beautifully.

But there was an unexpected denouement. While spinning like a top, until she appeared to be a tapering pencil crowned with a wildly-burning torch, she came to a full stop, clutched at her throat, gave an unearthly scream, and fell to the stage. The audience, believing that the scene was a portion of her dance, stood and cheered thunderously.

But we knew the truth, and the Emperor's physician vaulted the balustrade of the stall and in half a dozen strides was on the stage. I turned to Captain Titus and said, "Follow me with your men; there may be trouble." As we reached the stage I saw the master of the dancing girl emerge from the shadow of the backstage pillars.

"Watch Malchus!" I shouted to Captain Titus.

The Emperor's physician took Mary Omri in his arms and, lifting her up, he strode backstage. I followed with Captain Titus and the orderlies. Malchus was at our heels, cursing at every step.

The captain said, as we walked along, "The young physician must be careful: Malchus is a murderer at heart. Your friend should not present his back to that fellow too often, and never in the dark."

"Captain Titus," I began in low tones, "something tells me that you are to be trusted in all things, so I am going to tell you a secret: my friend is Sergius Cumanus, physician in private to Emperor Tiberius Caesar."

The Roman officer gave an exclamation of surprise, but said, "Malchus would strike even Caesar's back with a dagger—in the dark. I will guard your secret—and the Emperor's physician as long as he is in this city."

That night the Emperor's physician asked me if I would have any objections if, before we left Jerusalem, we located the dancing girl of Magdala and persuaded her to return to her home.

"None whatever," I said. "But do you suppose you can find her?"

"I am certain that Captain Titus can," he answered. "I have asked him to try."

MY COLLEAGUE and I sat next morning on a balcony, watching the Passover crowds thronging the Temple area, and talking over our plans for the remainder of the week. Suddenly Sergius Cumanus pointed to a little knot of men sauntering toward the Porch of Solomon where the money-changers had set up their tables.

"If my eyes do not deceive me at this distance," he said, "that is the Healer we saw the other day."

Straining my eyes, I finally made out the figure of the miracle worker, and replied, "Yes, I see him now. Why not go down into the court and note what he is about?"

Hardly had I spoken when the man bounded up the steps of the great granite portico, followed by his friends, struck one of the money-changers with a whip and over-turned his table of coins. In a twinkling men were shouting and striking one another.

Then came a fanfare of trumpets, and the Temple Guard, headed by Malchus, came running from the stone guardhouse. The crowds were too much for them, and a general riot call had to be sounded. Titus and fifty soldiers swung out of the barracks below.

We left the balcony and made for the scene. The cashiers of the Temple Bank were making frantic search for the precious half-shekels that had rolled down the pavement. Titus, surrounded by his men, was kneeling beside a wounded soldier. As soon as the commander saw us, he beckoned us to him.

We had the wounded man carried into the barracks and did what we could to make him comfortable. I was alarmed because the wound, instead of bleeding, had assumed a bluish cast.

Titus, who had followed us, asked, "Is there any hope for my soldier?"

"We are uncertain as yet," Sergius Cumanus replied.

Captain Titus stared at us and seemed about to speak but, changing his mind, he went on to the cabinet of Pontius Pilate, for the Procurator had sent for him to hear his report of the riot. We followed.

Pilate sat at a marble desk slumped down in his chair, his face dark with vexation. A guard appeared and said that Malchus desired an audience.

"Tell him to enter," Pilate ordered. We rose to leave, but he waved us back into our chairs.

When the captain of the Temple Guard entered the room and saw us, he stopped short and snarled, "I will say nothing until these physicians leave!"

"Then say nothing, for these physicians are guests in my household," the Procurator said.

Malchus turned and started to leave the room, then wheeled and cried, "The riot in the Gentile Court was caused by a band of Galileans—just as usual. You may have heard of their leader—a certain Jesus of Nazareth. He is winning fame by healing the sick and casting out demons. But he stirs up the multitude by speaking treason against Caesar and ridiculing the High Priest."

"If this is true," Pilate said, "why did you fail to seize him?"

"That fellow is in league with Beelzebub, and this prince of devils spirited him away," declared Malchus.

When the swaggering fellow left, the Procurator accosted Titus, who had remained strangely silent. "You saw this Jesus of Nazareth. Now make diligent search for him."

Titus bowed and departed. Finding Pilate's mood surly, we left also.

We decided to go down to the barracks to visit the wounded soldier again. We found him unconscious, his breathing labored, and no color in his face.

Captain Titus entered and came to the bedside. "Is there nothing more physicians can do?" he questioned.

My colleague made sharp retort. "Yes, there is. We can perform a bloodletting operation."

It was after sundown by the time we finished doing so, and then the Emperor's physician gave orders for a hot bath every hour.

NEXT morning we hurried from breakfast in the Praetorium to the quarters of Captain Titus.

"The soldier is much better," he told us. Then he informed us that Mary Omri had been located at a small inn near the theater.

"I knew you would not fail us, Captain Titus," my colleague said warmly. And I knew his chief interest was in the dancing girl and not the condition of his patient.

"Did you find any traces of the Galilean Healer?" I inquired.

"Yes," he replied, then added a remark that puzzled me. "I knew just where to go to find him."

"Is he a prisoner in the barracks?" I questioned regretfully.

"No," the commander returned. "He isn't a prisoner anywhere."

It was my colleague's turn to put a question. "Weren't you ordered by Pontius Pilate to apprehend and imprison the man?"

"Yes," he answered frankly. "But I had no intention of doing so."

We looked at him in questioning surprise. "But those were the orders of the Procurator, weren't they?" my colleague asked. "What made you act that way?"

"My conscience," was the calm answer. "Besides, he had performed the mission for which I brought him to the barracks last night—he healed the wounded soldier."

"And now that the soldier had taken a sudden turn for the better, you conclude that the presence of the Healer had something to do with it," my colleague said with a sarcasm that bordered bitterness. "Conduct us to the man's bedside," he added.

Captain Titus obeyed gladly, and we followed him to the soldier's bedside. One glance at him was sufficient for us to realize that a decided change had taken place since the bloodletting. He was conscious, quiet, and looked at us with interest in his questioning eyes. The bluish cast of the flesh around the wound had disappeared, and the gash itself appeared less ugly. His body was warm and the color had returned to his face. He told us that he felt very well, and asked if he might have food.

"Captain Titus will attend to your wants," Sergius Cumanus said. He surprised me now by a sudden change of manner. "Captain Titus," he said, "Luke Galen and I have decided to make an inspection of the conditions in Galilee after the Passover ends. We wish to take the dancing girl with us, for her home is at Magdala. If we can persuade her to return and get beyond the reach of Malchus, her health will be greatly improved. Will you assist us?"

"In every way possible," Captain Titus promised.

"Then have someone guide me to her, and I should be able to do the rest," my colleague said.

It was clear from his remarks that he did not wish me to accompany him, so I did not volunteer. But I felt I should warn him to stay clear of Malchus if possible. "He may have Mary Omri under surveillance most of the time," I said. "Or he might even be at the inn when you arrive."

But Captain Titus spoke reassuringly: "Malchus is on duty at the Temple, so I think the Emperor's physician can go and come in safety. But to make doubly sure, I will accompany him and have a guard trail us until our return."

I left them and went to the Praetorium. Ascending to our living quarters, I sat down to bring my diary up to date. I was still at work two hours later when Sergius Cumanus bounded into the room.

"Mary Omri will go with us into Galilee the morning after the Passover!" he cried. "I have just talked to her. She has an aged aunt at Magdala and is anxious to return to her house."

The day the Passover came to an end found us in secret consultation with Captain Titus. We were to leave Jerusalem by caravan. After we discussed the details for getting away next morning, the commander told us frankly that the Galilean Healer and his friends were to leave the city under cover of the night after the eating of the Paschal Supper.

"It is eaten after sundown," he explained, "and, aside from the lighted candles in each home, the whole city is in darkness. Sometime between the close of this supper and midnight Jesus of Nazareth will leave through Gate Gennath, going the hill-country route to Capernaum."

DAWN was bringing Jerusalem into soft outline as we left the Praetorium and went out the Street of the Temple, toward the Sheep Gate, with two porters bearing our luggage. There was no sight of Captain Titus as we passed the barracks, and the guards at the entrance paid no attention. Both of us were more anxious than either would have admitted, for the whole situation was not without its gravity. We had connived to spirit the dancing woman out of the city; and we possessed knowledge—tantamount to guilty knowledge—that Captain Titus had disobeyed the Procurator's orders and permitted the Healer who had caused the riot in the Temple to escape into Galilee.

"Pontius Pilate may crucify us before this is over," I whispered to my colleague as we trudged after our porters toward the Sheep Gate.

"It will be worth it if I can get Mary Omri beyond the power of Malchus," he declared.

There was quite a crowd at the gate, for many were to journey in the Jerusalem-Damascus caravan. After having the porters place our luggage on the backs of the camels we were to ride, we stood beside them and waited. Presently we saw Captain Titus and a woman, heavily veiled, closely followed by his guard, emerge from the gateway. Paying no attention to us, the barracks commander assisted the dancing woman to mount the camel that knelt just behind the one the Emperor's physician was to ride, and then, with his orderlies, drew apart and waited for the starting signal.

When it came—a high-pitched cry from the mouth of the head driver—Captain Titus, without a sign of recognition, turned and stalked toward the Sheep Gate.

Mary Omri ignored us as completely, and not until the caravan was descending the rocky road to Jericho did she lift her veil and smile at the Emperor's physician, who kept turning and looking back. By the time the caravan swung northward from Jericho, traversing the western side of the Jordan River Valley, those two were calling to each other repeatedly. Now and then their laughter rose above the *crunch-crunch* of the hoofs of plodding camels. For they were young and the day was beautiful. The Jordan, on our right, was a silver ribbon twisting southward to the Dead Sea; on our left an irregular line of cliffs, green with pines and firs, ran northward nearly to the Sea of Galilee.

The day of wearying travel passed uneventfully, and in the morning we resumed our way soon after sun-up. As we advanced, the scene grew wilder and we saw increasing numbers of haggard creatures who cried from every hilltop. We knew that we were traveling deeper and deeper into the most diseased portion of Palestine, a land of lepers and lunatics, of the blind and the lame. And there were none to pity.

In late afternoon we reached Tiberias. We told Mary Omri we would stop there for the night. "And we would like to have you remain too," my colleague spoke up.

She shook her head. "I am anxious to see my aunt; but I hope the noble physicians may find time, while at Capernaum, to visit Magdala and my household."

"We will make it a point to do so," Sergius Cumanus said warmly, as we prepared to leave the caravan.

When, a day later, we were passing through Magdala on our way from Tiberias to Capernaum, I noted that he stared at every flat-top house in sight and paid no attention to the interesting mills and dyeworks that lined the beach.

AFTER our first breakfast in Capernaum we sought out a man to whom Pontius Pilate had given us a letter of introduction. Chuza was his name. He had been in Pilate's employ, but was now Herod's steward.

The innkeeper had told us where Chuza dwelt. "But," said the man, "Chuza's son is very ill and none except servants are permitted to come and go."

My colleague assembled medicines and instruments, saying, "The child's illness may prove our fortune."

Chuza greeted us with warmth and sincerity. He was a fine Greek type—almost noble in look and bearing.

"It is providential," he said, "that two of the Empire's most illustrious physicians should come under my roof at this hour. For my son is ill and we are beginning to fear the outcome."

"We will attend your son at once," the Emperor's physician said as we crossed the court. Chuza's wife Joanna came, her eyes red from weeping. She was tall, with smooth olive skin, fine glossy hair, black and severely combed, and a mouth that was at once expressive and tender.

"The Lord God has sent you," she cried on being introduced, "for I have prayed hourly for help!"

She led the way to her son's couch—a wan little fellow who was too ill to notice when strangers entered the room. He did not even look at the Emperor's physician as he bent over him.

My colleague gave orders to the servants, who moved swiftly and intelligently to obey.

"You do not need guests in your house," he said to the parents, "so Luke Galen and I will go for a stroll and talk things over. We will return in two hours and repeat the medicine."

The grateful steward followed us from the house and down into the garden. He said that he would be pleased to discuss our mission to Galilee if we wished to do so, but Sergius Cumanus shook his head. "Tomorrow," he said. "Your son is too ill for you to spend any time with us today; besides, we have already begun our mission in your household."

As we left the garden the Emperor's physician said, "We have no difficulty in securing patients in this country, do we, Luke Galen?"

"No," I replied. "And how fortunate we have been, for each experience has opened doors that might have been closed to us for all time. Had you thought of that?"

"I am thinking of it," he replied as we walked toward the city.

A messenger from Chuza came for us early the next morning. We hurried to the house. The parents met us in the court and Chuza cried, "Our son may be dying!"

We went at once to the sickroom. The child was unconscious and breathing with difficulty. But we set to work and did what we could. Joanna, with a mother's intuition, sensed our hopelessness, and wept. A maid who entered just then placed an arm about her mistress.

"Jesus of Nazareth heals the sick, nor does he ever fail," she said.

The steward and wife exchanged startled glances. "Would the noble physicians be offended if I sent for this Galilean Healer?" Chuza asked hopefully.

As it was evident that my colleague would not reply—for he had a look of cold disdain on his face—I told the steward that he must do whatever he thought best.

Calling sharply to the maid, who had started to leave the room, Chuza asked, "Do you know the whereabouts of this Healer?"

My colleague spoke then: "Luke Galen and I have seen this Galilean Healer. He was in Jerusalem yesterday. We were told that he started for Cana last night." He could not forbear to add, "The Healer is a curiosity to me. He is a shrewd and calculating opportunist. And I am sure he will come to the bedside of your child if you inform him that two physicians are already on the case."

"I will go with you," I told Chuza, and together we hurried out. We raced to the stables.

"Out with the black stallions and Herod's road carriage!" Chuza shouted to the stablemen. They sprang to obey.

Chuza drove the twenty miles at a mad pace, so that we arrived in Cana at the supper hour. We drew up beside a group of men at a well in the center of the town. I recognized Jesus of Nazareth in the center. He was travel-stained and weary, as were his friends, and it was evident that they had just arrived.

"What do you want?" a stockily-built fellow questioned when I asked to speak to the Healer.

"We want him to go with us to Capernaum to see a sick child," I said.

"Capernaum is far, night is at hand, and the Master is weary," was the discouraging reply.

Then I erred in saying, "But the sick child is the son of Chuza, the steward of Herod Antipas."

There were muttered imprecations and the men grouped about the Healer moved restlessly.

"Then let the child's father send for Herod's physician—he has plenty of them," the spokesman said.

"I know nothing about Herod nor his physicians," I replied, "for I live at Antioch in Syria, and I am a physician myself."

"Then why don't you heal the son of Herod's steward?" the man asked contemptuously.

I replied that I had attempted to do so but failed. "And at Capernaum with the sick child is another physician and I think he has failed also."

"And who is he?" the fellow inquired in tones of mild interest.

"He is a Roman, Sergius Cumanus by name," I answered. "And he is the personal physician of Emperor Tiberius Caesar," I added, as impressively as I could.

Suddenly Chuza rushed forward, dropped to his knees before the Healer and cried, "I am Herod's steward and it is my child who is near death. Come with me and heal him, or he will die."

The Galilean gazed down on the man kneeling in the dust of the road and said, "Are you like the others who seek signs and wonders before they will believe?"

Here was no mere miracle-monger, eager to exhibit his magic; instead, here was one who was attempting to make clear to Herod's steward that he would satisfy no vulgar curiosity nor be moved by his rank and position. Chuza's cry rang out once more: "Sir, go down with me or my child will die!"

The manner of the Healer changed at once. Stooping, he lifted the steward to his feet, saying, "Return to your house, and as you journey have faith that your child will live. For all things are possible to one who believes in me."

The Galilean started to turn away. Realizing that he had decided not to accompany us to Capernaum and that I was about to lose a great opportunity to put his reputed powers to a test and observe his methods once more, I pressed forward and added my plea to that of Chuza's.

But to all my overtures the Galilean Healer gave a negative reply, though his manner was friendly—deeply so. He invited the steward and me to go with him to the house of a man called Bartholomew, and rest and refresh ourselves with food before starting on the return journey.

"Have we time to visit with these men?" I inquired of Chuza.

"We need not return to Capernaum until tomorrow," he answered. "The road is robber-infested. Besides, I have faith that my son will recover."

SOME of the men were curious concerning the presence of the Emperor's physician in Jewry. So I made a full explanation, emphasizing that the Roman government had sent him to discover, if possible, why the land was filled with the diseased and the outcasts and the very poor, and that I had been chosen to assist him.

None made any comment, but all, when I ceased speaking, fixed their gaze on Jesus of Nazareth and waited. He sat with his eyes looking into my soul. He said nothing.

When I revealed that we knew Captain Titus of the Jerusalem Cohort and admired him very much, the men gave little exclamations of satisfaction. Then I felt that I should tell of our connections both with the Syrian Governor and Pontius Pilate. The name of the former seemed vague to them; but that they disliked and mistrusted the Judean Procurator became so obvious through their murmuring that the Healer rebuked them.

It was late—late for Galilean peasants—when Chuza and I departed and sought an inn for the night. An hour after sun-up we drove out of Cana, waving our farewells to the Galilean Healer and his friends. Chuza was in no hurry whatever. More and more did his manner baffle me, for he was a man of some education, of common sense, of a certain cultural background. He was no provincial type, nurturing superstition. Still, here he was, serene and even happy, driving slowly toward—what?

Even as I asked myself the question, I saw a courier galloping toward us from Nazareth. Leaping from his horse, he dropped to one knee as Chuza drew quick rein. "Your son lives!" the man cried. "The fever has left him, and he has taken food."

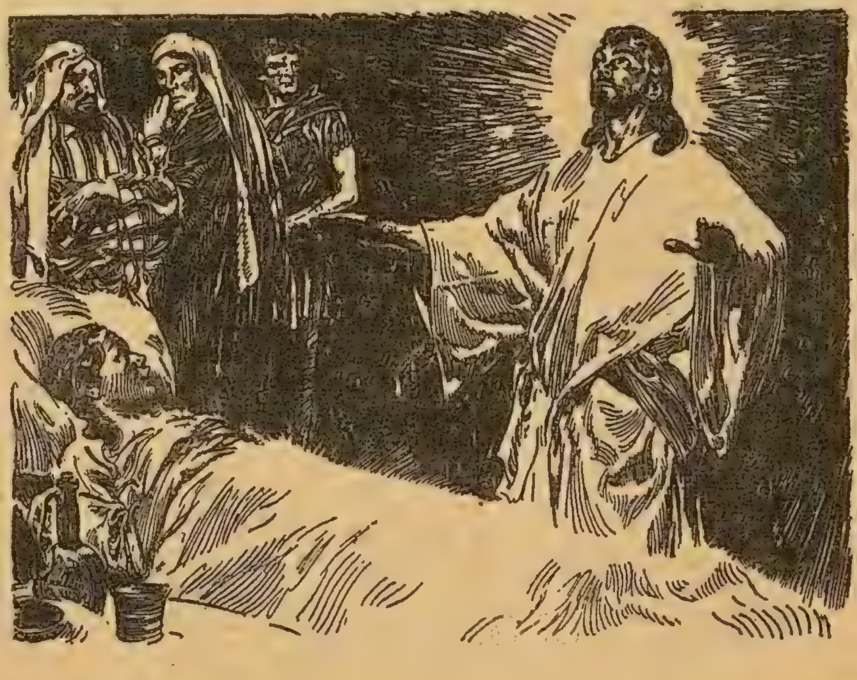
Instead of asking questions, Chuza burst into loud praise of God, while I managed to ask, "When did the fever leave him?"

"Yesterday," the courier replied. "At the going down of the sun."

THERE was an outcome to the Cana-Capernaum incident on which no one had counted: the healing of the son of Herod's steward by Jesus of Nazareth brought the Healer to the attention of the wealthier classes. His fame spread into official households, no longer being confined to the common people of Galilee. Capernaum was stirred more than any other place, not only because it was the home of Chuza and Joanna, but for the deeper reason that the Healer had come to this city to dwell.

From the lovely Joanna we learned of his presence in Capernaum. We were greatly interested. His mother came with him, and they were in a house on the outskirts of the city. Joanna sent them fruit, vegetables, milk, and cheese. She informed us that other women—all of whom she said had been healed by him—likewise sent many gifts.

My colleague believed that these women were simply under the spell of the Healer's magnetic personality. But he was willing to do one thing that pleased me: keep close to the Galilean and cultivate him and his friends whenever possible.



To do this, we decided one morning to stroll down to the beach near where the Healer and his mother were staying. The curving pebbly beach was alive with fishermen working at their nets. Offshore the boats were scudding in every direction, and at the end of the longest dock we saw a boat nearly twice as large as the others.

The occupants saw us approaching, climbed out of their boat, and stood on the quay smiling a welcome.

"Where is Jesus of Nazareth today?" I inquired.

"Yonder comes the Master," said one of the men.

We turned and saw the Galilean, accompanied by half a dozen other men. He smiled a welcome. When I presented my colleague, the Healer simply said, "We should never forget that the sick, not the well, need a physician, nor forget the saying, 'Physician, heal yourself.' "

"He is a phrasemaker," Sergius Cumanus remarked as the Healer and his friends got into the boat and made ready to push off.

"How would you like to go down to Magdala today?" I asked as the boat moved out from the quay.

"The very thing," he replied with animation. "And I sense adventure."

We returned to the steward's house, and two beautiful pacing mares were placed at our disposal. We rode down the curving beach road which afforded a full view of the sea the entire distance to Magdala. As the day was clear, we felt that we could keep in view the boat that held the man we were really following. But a sudden squall came just before we reached Magdala and we lost sight of it. So we rode on into the town and found an inn. After lunch the innkeeper sent a porter with us to the home of Mary Omri's aunt, and there we found the dancing girl.

The truth about ourselves and our mission had to be revealed. When Mary Omri learned that Sergius Cumanus was no ordinary medical man, she grew shy and began to avoid his eyes. At her suggestion, we three left the house and walked along the curving shore until we were all but out of sight of the town.

The squall had blown itself out and the sea was clear, but great combers were rolling in, and at times the spray came to where we sat in the sand. While my colleague and the dancing girl talked, I gazed seaward. The Emperor's physician was discussing Mary Omri's illness, and she was intent on every word.

"My dear Mary Omri," he was saying, "you have symptoms of being an epileptic and I believe Luke Galen and I—if you will become our patient—can do a great deal for you. But as for being possessed of devils—well, you must rid yourself of all such notions. There is no such thing."

I believe they would have sat on the sands and conversed until the going down of the sun, if it had not been for the Healer's boat heading for us.

The girl stood and watched every movement of the Healer as he got out of the beached craft and, motioning the others to follow, came toward us. She moved restlessly and I heard her breath coming in short gasps. Before I could reach out a hand to catch her, she cried out as if in great pain and fell to the sand, moaning and beating her breast. The Emperor's physician—who had been absorbed in the approach of the Galilean Healer—wheeled.

"Fetch drinking water from your boat if you have any!" he shouted. "This woman is ill."

The Healer reached the spot as Mary Omri cried, "Merciful Jehovah! The demons—they tear me—seven evil spirits torment me." She lost consciousness again and all but writhed out of our hands as the Galilean bent over her.

"By the living God," he cried, "I charge you that torment her to come out. Out, out!" His voice rose commandingly as the dancing girl opened her eyes. Then he gazed into them, spread his hands above her, and lowered his voice and said, "Daughter, be of good cheer and fear not. For those that tormented you will torment you no more. Rise up and follow me; it is the will of my Father."

The eyes of Mary Omri lost their strange fire; a calmness seemed to possess her. She sat up, brushing away the hand of the Emperor's physician as he started to assist her; then she got to her feet and, as if we no longer existed, followed the Galilean and his band into Magdala.

THE Emperor's physician broke the long silence that followed their departure. "I have learned one thing about this Healer that I suspected: he knows the fine art of touching the emotions of women," he said.

"Did you learn nothing else?" I demanded.

He turned on me angrily, crying, "Surely you don't believe that this Jewish sorcerer has permanently cured Mary Omri of congenital epilepsy."

"Jesus of Nazareth is far more than a sorcerer," I argued. "Live with an open mind toward all phenomena. Your father would."

He gave me a startled look and his manner changed. "Yes, he would," he said softly. "And I shall. Pay no more attention to my rude ways. I am a Roman, you know."

One evening shortly after this we dined with Chuza and Joanna. Before we started back to our inn, Chuza, accompanying us to the garden gate, said quietly, "I did not want to speak of it in the presence of my wife, but I am under suspicion from certain of the court of Herod Antipas at Tiberias. When he returns from Rome—he is now on the high seas—I may have trouble."

"Why? What have you done?" I questioned.

"I have befriended Jesus of Nazareth and—the Emperor's physician," he answered. "Malchus had been plotting to destroy the Galilean for causing the riot in the Temple, and the Emperor's physician for spiriting Mary Omri out of Jerusalem."

"Having a common enemy," my colleague remarked, "the Galilean and I should be friends."

"Having a common enemy, who may represent both the High Priest and Herod Antipas," I said, "you and the Galilean should get out of Jewry."

The Emperor's physician laughed contemptuously. "Not until I conclude my mission and kill a certain man," he growled.

On learning from Chuza that the Healer had returned and was occupying his house in Capernaum, we lost no time in calling, for my colleague was eager to see Mary Omri and warn her against Malchus. But we found only the Healer's mother, who told us that the younger woman had gone down the beach toward Magdala. So we left the house. When we came to some rocks that marked the beginning of a reef, we sighted the redheaded girl. With her, much to our alarm, was Malchus.

My companion was about to scramble across the line of boulders. I seized him by the arm. "Wait," I begged. "Something tells me that the meeting was not by appointment."

So we crouched behind the rocks. While we could hear nothing they said, we saw that Malchus was making some emphatic plea. Suddenly Mary Omri sprang to her feet and started running up the beach. Malchus leaped up and with long strides he overtook her.

The Emperor's physician leaped over the rocks and ran toward them. As he ran he cried, "Jackal! Release her. I am going to kill you!" And out came his sword.

"So!" Malchus screamed. "The fool Roman again." He jerked out his own sword. "This is the hour!" he yelled.

I ran forward. Mary Omri slipped to the shelter of my arms as the swords clashed.

"God have mercy!" she exclaimed, and I knew it was a prayer for the Emperor's physician.

The sound of the surf, of the oaths of the fighters, of metal against metal intermingled. The end came as suddenly as the beginning. Side-stepping a bull-like lunge of Malchus and darting in with a speed that caught him off balance, Sergius Cumanus struck his foe's sword from his hand. Malchus, defenseless, turned to flee. He slipped and fell. Up came Sergius Cumanus' sword to cleave the skull of the beastlike fellow. "Mercy!" he screamed, as he tried to shield his head from the blow.

"Mercy!" cried Mary Omri, breaking from the shelter of my arms. She caught my colleague's sword arm and clung to it.

The Emperor's physician stepped back, and the Idumean scrambled to his feet.

"Have no blood on your own soul," the girl pleaded. "You are too noble for that."

Then I saw my proud colleague pick up Malchus' sword and throw it into the sea, crying, "Now slink away, you dog, before I slit your throat and throw you where your sword has gone."

Malchus backed away, then turned and ran. When he was at a safe distance, he stopped and shouted, "Jerusalem will nail you to a cross some day! And with you will be Jesus of Nazareth."

"Excellent company in life or death, this Jesus of Nazareth," the Emperor's physician shouted in return.

I looked at Mary Omri and she at me, and when our eyes met we smiled our happiness over his words.

HEROD ANTIPAS returned from Rome with a new wife and a suspicious skin infection. Chuza, who had been down to Tiberias in consultation with his master, came to our inn with this news.

"He is a sick man," Chuza declared and gave us a troubled look. "He wants you both to attend him at once. He seemed to know all about your presence in his realm and your association with me."

"Through Malchus, do you suppose?" I questioned.

"I am not sure," Chuza replied, "but if not through him, then from others equally unfriendly. You must either obey what amounts to a royal summons or get out of his realm at once."

"Why should we flee?" the Emperor's physician said. "Besides," he went on, in tones not wholly devoid of sarcasm, "we will recommend the Galilean Healer."

Chuza looked startled. "I hope the Galilean never goes to Tiberias," he said. "I pray he may never be summoned to enter the Tetrarch's presence."

"Why?" my colleague inquired.

"Because Herod is the only ruler in all the land that the Healer has criticized. He always speaks of Herod as 'that fox.' This may have come to the ears of the Tetrarch. And if he learns that I have befriended the Galilean—well, my household will be in danger."

"You are right, Chuza," I said. I turned to my colleague. "My intuition tells me to get out of Herod's way, but I will defer to your wishes."

"Then we go to Tiberias," he declared.

We did so, and Chuza accompanied us, for his position as overseer of the Tetrarch's estate on the north shore of the Sea of Galilee gave him easy access to the place.

WE FOUND a bloated-looking man in middle life, very dark, even to his restless eyes. They came to rest on the face of the Emperor's physician with a questioning stare as Herod said, "I have a skin disease—one I noticed the second day I was out at sea on my return voyage. It has grown worse rapidly."

My colleague and I bent down and began our examination.

"Is—is it leprosy?" Herod Antipas all but whispered.

I shook my head. "It may be elephantiasis," I stated. I addressed my colleague: "What do you think, Sergius Cumanus?"

"It is elephantiasis," he replied, and he seemed to enjoy saying it.

Tetrarch Herod's upper lip broke out in sweat.

"I command you physicians to remain here and heal me."

We gazed at the purple-clad ruler, who had sat up in his silken bed, and we both knew that the moment was at hand when the wrong word might terminate our medical mission then and there. I confess that I was at a loss for words, but the Emperor's physician was not.

"Of course we will remain with you, noble ruler, and we will, I believe, treat your disease successfully. But we must go and secure our instruments and medicines," he said.

Herod Antipas lay back on the bed and stared at us. His roving, suspicious eyes included his steward.

"Chuza, I will hold you responsible for the return of these physicians to Tiberias."

He went on, "It is rumored that you and your household have befriended a fellow who stirs the multitudes in Galilee—a worker of miracles who is in rebellion against the religious rulers at Jerusalem as well as my authority in Galilee. Is this so?"

Chuza surprised us by the calm dignity with which he gave a simple, forceful recital of all his dealings with the Galilean Healer, omitting nothing. The Tetrarch paid close attention.

"Perhaps it would be well to have this Healer test his skill against Caesar's young physician. Yes, that is what I wish." He turned his dark brooding eyes on his steward.

"Chuza, I command you to bring the miracle worker to me. You will return with him in company with these two physicians day after tomorrow."

Out on the road between Tiberias and Magdala we discovered that we were of one mind: none of us had any intention of returning to the walled city of Herod Antipas.

"We've got to get out of Galilee," I declared.

"Yes," Chuza said sorrowfully. "I now know that I must flee with my family. Malchus has told more than we realize."

"Including many lies," my colleague blurted with an oath. "How I wish I had killed him!"

"Where will you go with your family, Chuza?" I inquired, hoping to get my colleague's mind away from the head servant of the High Priest.

"Perhaps Pontius Pilate would give me and my family shelter and protection," the steward answered. "If so, then I would take my family to the old Maccabean house in the Wilderness of Bethhaven between Jericho and Jerusalem, just within the borders of Judea over which Pilate rules. Perhaps the noble physicians would go with us and continue the medical mission in Judea, making that old stone mansion new headquarters."

"An excellent idea," the Emperor's physician spoke up. "But shouldn't the Healer and his household get out of Galilee also?"

I knew his anxiety was over only one member of the Galilean's household—Mary Omri. But before I could express an opinion, Chuza said, "They must accompany us, for the Tetrarch's wrath will fall upon them before many days."

So we returned to Capernaum, and the Emperor's physician and I sought our inn.

MORNING brought us an unexpected visitor—Matthew Levi, chief collector of revenue for the Capernaum district and the most despised publican in Jewry in Rome's employ. And what he had to say was startling.

First of all, he told us that he was about to resign his position and would never collect another penny for the Roman government, and when we inquired as to his reasons, he simply said, "Jesus of Nazareth has called me to follow him and I can resist him no longer."

Next, he revealed a plot against the lives of the Galilean Healer, Chuza, and the Emperor's physician, and Malchus' plans to enslave Mary Omri. He had secured the consent of Herod Antipas, whose subject she was, to force her to marry the head servant of the High Priest and renew her dancing career.

"Is the Tetrarch already a party to all these evil things?" I questioned.

"If not," was Matthew Levi's quick answer, "he soon will be. For Malchus was in touch with him the day he returned to Tiberias, and as soon as the Tetrarch has time to investigate the persons Malchus has named, I do not doubt that they will be included in the ruler's wrath."

"Preposterous!" I said. "What have these men done that a ruler marks them for death? And on the testimony of an assassin like Malchus?"

Matthew Levi gave a characteristic shrug and I went on: "Jesus of Nazareth is a beautiful spirit and is guilty of nothing save the highest good; Chuza is above evil of any kind and has served the Tetrarch faithfully; while the Emperor's physician—if he will permit me to say it—is one of the best medical minds of all time and devoted to his science."

"None of these things will deter Herod Antipas," Matthew Levi declared. "His heart is full of hate and jealousy and lust."

"Well," I said, "Herod Antipas may murder the Healer and his steward and his act be not called in question; but if he takes the life of the Emperor's physician, Rome will crucify the Tetrarch of Galilee and scatter his household."

"Granted," Matthew Levi replied. "But all this will not bring the Emperor's physician back to life." He turned to my colleague. "You must get out of Herod's realm," he urged.

"I shall do so," Sergius Cumanus said, "but only for the sake of the others. Some day I shall return and search out Malchus, whether he be found in Herod's realm or Pilate's, and I will kill him as I would a wolf."

"In that day you will have my consent," I told my colleague; "but for the present we must remember that we are on a mission for the Roman government and it must not end in a brawl. So go ahead and apprise Matthew Levi, a new and unexpected ally, of our plans."

The Emperor's physician revealed our plans to the man who, just yesterday, was considered our foe and a friend of Malchus. Matthew Levi nodded his approval and said that he would go with us. "Wherever the Galilean goes I will follow," he added.

AFTER the publican took his departure, we went to the home of Chuza and told him this news. Neither he nor his wife needed urging; indeed, they had already perfected plans to escape the clutches of the Tetrarch: they intended to take Herod's own horses and vehicles.

"We will only borrow them," Chuza explained. "It has been our privilege ever since I have been the Tetrarch's steward to make journeys in his vehicles, so we will excite no suspicion. And we must take as much luggage as possible, for we shall never return to this place."

"Why not borrow a sufficient number of horses and vehicles for the use of the Galilean Healer's household and his fishermen friends?" I suggested. "For if our destination proves to be Caesarea—and I think it will—Herod's horses can be returned to him under a military escort. Lucius Vitellius, the Governor, will co-operate with us in all things—of this I am sure."

Chuza agreed and we formulated our plans, deciding to leave Capernaum at night.

My colleague and I, accompanied by Joanna, then started for the Galilean's house, leaving Chuza to his task of making ready to abandon Herod's estate. Jesus of Nazareth and his friends had just returned from a mission of mercy, and after we presented our plans, agreed to go with us.

Sergius Cumanus and I packed our luggage the next day and wandered restlessly about the town. How far out of the orbit of our mission we had spun! Or had we? For the Healer was constantly in my thoughts throughout the day and, as I reviewed the past weeks, I could not, medical scientist that I was, reconcile myself to the belief of my colleague that the Galilean was a fakir and charlatan. But did he really heal? The testimony of my senses was compelling me day by day to admit something my medical philosophy cried out against.

AT CHUZA'S house the five vehicles were ready; the horses were in the traces; Chuza's luggage was packed in the lead carriage and to it came Joanna and her little son, stealing out of the shadows. My colleague and I got in the rear vehicle and he took up the reins, for driving was not an accomplishment of mine; and so we moved out of the Tetrarch's stables and took the shore road. A mile beyond the last suburb of Capernaum we beheld the shadowy forms of the Galilean and his group, and we rejoiced that, thus far, our plans had not miscarried. There were no loud salutations as the two groups joined; only whispered instructions.

At dawn we crossed the last range of hills and rolled down onto the great Plain of Esdraelon. After fording the River Kishon we ate breakfast. An hour after sunrise we toiled up the foothills of the Mountains of Carmel, and by noon reached Sharon Plain. Across this rose-filled plain was Caesarea, the capital of Rome's Palestinian possessions, and when within a mile of its walls we halted for a final conference. The Emperor's physician gave it as his opinion that the Galilean and his household, together with Chuza and his family, should go to Strato's Inn until further arrangements could be made.

So we drove on to the inn above the sea. The innkeeper was astonished to see us, especially escorting the famous dancing woman of Magdala. If it had not been for her wealth of red hair, her plain garments might have concealed her identity for a time from prying eyes. But we offered no explanation. Having secured accommodations for all our party, my colleague and I, accompanied by Chuza, drove to the palace of the Syrian Governor.

"MY HONORED friends the physicians!" Lucius Vitellius cried as he greeted us with outstretched hands in the audience chamber of the palace. "And Chuza of Capernaum, Herod's excellent steward," he hurried on, even in greater surprise. "Of course you know that the Tetrarch and his bride, Herodias, were here not long ago, en route to Tiberias from Rome."

He stopped short, frowned, and added, "And what a storm was brewed by his marriage! Small wonder that his former wife has been able to persuade her father, the King of Arabia, to declare war. How is his marriage being received in his provinces?"

"Not well, Excellency," Chuza stated frankly. "The priesthood of Jewry and even the miracle men are denouncing this marriage. One of them, known as John the Baptizer, harangued the multitudes in the wilderness near Tiberias and sent word to Herod that he had no right to take his brother Philip's wife from him. Herod threw the exhorter into prison, and probably will execute him." Chuza paused and seemed to be measuring the Syrian Governor. "John the Baptizer is a kinsman of the man who caused a riot in the Temple at the Passover last spring," he concluded.

"Oh, that fellow!" the Governor exclaimed. "Pontius Pilate told me of his escape into the hill country of Galilee. I would like to get my hands on him. I hear he is stirring the multitudes against the rulers as well as the Temple."

I looked from Chuza to the Emperor's physician, but the latter did not hesitate.

"Well, Excellency," he said, "you should have no difficulty in laying hands on this fellow. For we brought him with us to Caesarea."

The amazed Governor stared at all of us. "What are you keeping from me?" he demanded. "And what brought you to Caesarea so suddenly? And why are you consorting with rebels and rioters? Speak, one of you!" he thundered.

The Emperor's physician spoke—spoke for all of us, and he was calm in the face of the rising wrath of the ruler. In tones that were steady, my colleague unfolded all our experiences to the astounded Vitellius who, at the conclusion, said, "But only a god could perform such miracles."

"I did not say that the Galilean healed," Sergius Cumanus reminded the Governor. "For I do not believe he did. I only included him in the story of our experiences because, somehow, he became a part of them. He is a great opportunist, Excellency."

The Governor's reply to my colleague's declaration surprised and heartened me, for he said, "Your appraisement of the Galilean Healer, Sergius Cumanus, does not seem to explain everything. I would like to hear more of this matter, but not now. Just now I am thinking of my own leprous child. She grows worse. Come and see her."

Our presence at the girl's bedside scarcely caused the flicker of an eyelid on her part. Our treatment had been carried out to the letter during our absence, both in medicines and diet, yet she was dying by inches.

"We will hold a consultation at once," I said when we had returned to the audience chamber, "and decide upon further treatment; that is, if you wish us to do so. But thus far we have failed."

My heart bled for the despairing father.

Chuza, listening, could restrain himself no longer. "I pray the noble physicians will forgive me if I appear to undervalue their skill, and I hope the Emperor's physician will try to understand me when I say I believe with all my heart that Jesus of Nazareth healed my child when all else apparently failed. So, noble ruler, why not send for the Galilean?"

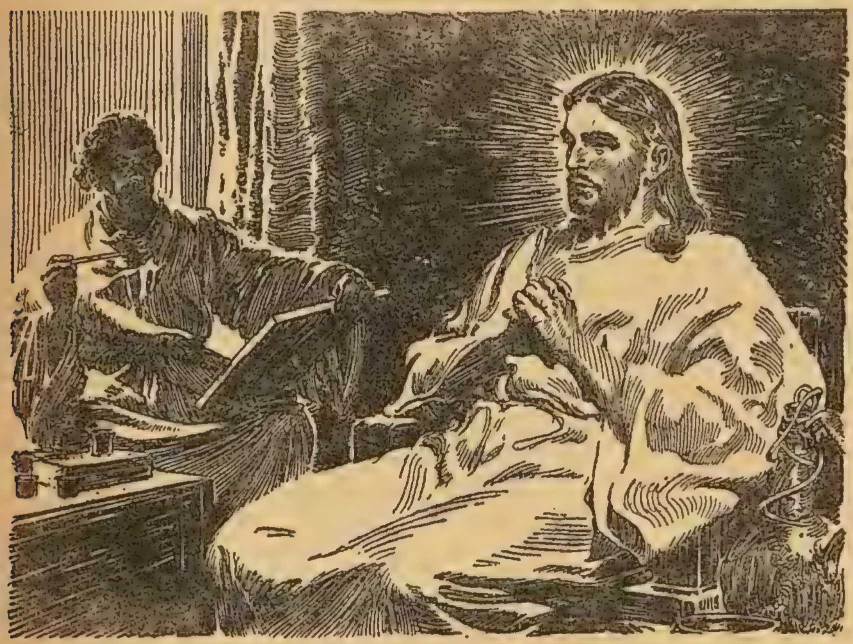
"Would it offend you physicians if I did so?" Vitellius asked, looking from my colleague to myself and back again.

"It would not offend me," the Emperor's physician replied, for the Governor's question had been put to him more directly than to me. "But it would be a concession to superstition if you did so."

"Julia is your child, Excellency," I said, "and if I stood in your place I would turn in any direction for help. My reason may cause me to agree with my distinguished medical friend, but my heart prompts me to urge you to do as you wish."

"Very true," Sergius Cumanus said agreeably, slipping into one of his contradictory moods. "We do not hold our professional pride above the life of your child."

"You are noble in spirit—both of you," the Governor said brokenly. "I shall never forget your services to me and my house. I shall remember always that except for you, my child might now be dead. Why," he burst out in greater praise, "except for you, the Galilean Healer would not be in this city."



Chuza took up the same words of praise, saying, "And except for them, noble ruler, the Galilean Healer would not have known of my child." Then he added something that gave me pause: "I am not a learned man, but the belief grows in my mind that the Lord God works through all skill and in all circumstances to heal his children."

Neither my colleague nor I could controvert this simple wisdom. In the midst of our silence Lucius Vitellius said, "Go and bring the Galilean under my roof."

THAT evening we dined with two families—that of Jesus of Nazareth and that of Chuza—in a room overlooking the sea. Mary Omri was beautiful in a simple white stola, designed after the Greek fashion. On her half-bare arms were ebony bracelets; her feet were shod with black sandals. Across her forehead was a black band that held her mass of red hair, and it was let down over her shoulders like a flaming shawl. She outshone the many candles, but she would have outshone the moon above the sea, especially in the eyes of the Emperor's physician. His eyes were upon her constantly.

We had agreed that Chuza should reveal the plight of the Governor's child. Near the close of the meal we signaled to him with our eyes, and he began the story.

The Galilean listened closely. When Chuza came to the part wherein the Syrian Governor had expressed the wish that Jesus of Nazareth attend the leprous child, he said quietly, "The Roman ruler is not likely to believe unless he sees signs and wonders. An evil generation seeks such, and it shall be denied. It all reminds me of those who say that a shower is coming because a cloud is rising in the west, or who, when the south wind blows, say that there will be heat through the day. Such wisdom! How is it that they know how to read the signs in the sky but cannot decipher the signs of the times?"

There was gentle irony in the tones of the Galilean—irony that revealed how well he understood our pretentious generation.

But I was afraid he was going to refuse the Governor's request, so I said, "The leprous child of the ruler has been a patient of the Emperor's physician and myself and, apparently, our medical science has failed. Thus, Lucius Vitellius implores you to help him."

The Galilean, although I had spoken, fixed his eyes on the impassive face of the Emperor's physician, saying, "You must have faith in God and a physician must heal himself before he can heal others."

Angered, my colleague blurted, "You might try your faith on the Governor's child and let us know the result."

The Galilean nodded. "I shall ask my Father in heaven to heal her through me," he said, unperturbed by my colleague's manner, "and if it be his will, the child will live."

The Emperor's physician smiled cynically. "So!" he exclaimed knowingly. "You place all the responsibility on the Deity, and if the child is not healed, then it is no fault of your own. Is that it?"

The Galilean's answer may have been an evasion, but it was food for thought.

"The things which are impossible with men are possible with God." He looked across the table at Chuza. "Go and tell the ruler that I will come to his house, and tell him not to be faithless but believing."

"And when shall I tell the noble ruler you will enter his house, Master?" Chuza asked.

"Just before the going down of the sun tomorrow," was the reply.

MARY OMRI came the next afternoon and said that we, with the Healer and herself, had been invited to the Governor's palace for the evening meal. "It will be after sunset; after the Master heals the leprous daughter of the noble ruler," she explained, in a manner so artless and believing that we could only murmur our thanks.

We could not help wondering about the Governor's invitation, especially the inclusion of the former dancing woman. I felt reasonably sure that Jesus of Nazareth had something to do with it, and surer when she told us that he would go to the palace after we arrived.

The three of us reached the house of Lucius Vitellius half an hour before sunset, and the mood of each was one that led to silence.

The Roman ruler greeted us calmly. He suggested that we wait in the atrium until the Galilean came. We discovered that Mary Omri had been in consultation with Vitellius, and what passed between them had left him humble about the visit of the Healer. While awaiting the arrival of the Healer, the Governor said, "I am not worthy to have Jesus of Nazareth come under my roof."

The sun was about to drop into the sea when the Galilean came. He paused in the doorway of the atrium and simply said, "Peace!"

"Welcome to my house," Lucius Vitellius cried, bowing low, not giving the Roman hailing sign. "Thrice welcome to my house and to all I possess," he added fervently.

Ignoring the greeting, the Galilean said, "Do you believe that I am able to make your child whole?"

"I believe," Vitellius answered humbly, "and may the Lord God help my unbelief." In his cry—for cry it was—I knew he had traveled an immeasurable distance beyond an outworn pagan creed. And so he led us to Julia.

The wan girl turned her head slightly and looked up into the face of Jesus of Nazareth. As her burning eyes met his own beautiful and luminous ones they held like a magnet. Then, with a gesture that was both gentle and kingly, the Galilean spread his hands above her wasted body. "Daughter," he said, "be of good cheer, for I have come to make you whole. And according to the faith of your household"—there was a slight pause—"so shall it be done unto you."

We watched closely. We saw the Galilean suddenly lift his head; his lips moved, but we heard no words; yet I knew he was at prayer; I knew that he was invoking that great central source of all life.

But my colleague was curious and, as the Galilean turned away from the bedside of the diseased child, the Emperor's physician took his place. I watched him carefully as, from head to foot, he made his examination. He was the cold man of science, alert, thorough, unhurried. By the time he concluded his work the Galilean and the Governor were gone, and with them had gone Mary Omri.

I waited patiently, wondering whether my colleague expected to find some change in the girl, not through a miracle but as the direct result of our own therapy.

But there was no change. Julia Vitellius lay as she had lain for months. Not so much as by the flicker of an eyelid did she manifest the slightest interest in our presence nor in my colleague's minute examination. But I had noticed that her eyes had followed the Healer from the room and I had heard a deep sigh well up from her as he vanished from her sight.

THE meal in the great dining hall of the palace is among my lasting memories, certainly not because of the food, for it was surprisingly simple—too simple for the gold and silver dishes on the table and for the marble room with its tessellated floor and beamed ceiling of Lebanon cedar. There was no sheep cooked in sweet wine; no antelope seethed in milk and sprinkled with anise and cumin. But there were pyramids of fruit and wheaten bread and goat's milk; there was a large fish for each one of us, broiled with leeks, and every vegetable that the soil could grow.

But the conversation—here was rich food, and it was served up, strangely enough, by a Jewish provincial whose education, if rumor were true, was in carpentry and not in the arts and sciences. For the man was a matchless storyteller, fascinating us with tales from the folklore of his race; but more than this, he was the philosopher who transcended the schools and penetrated, so I thought, to the core of reality.

And then, near the close of the meal, he surprised us by his sparkling wit and humor, and the room rang with laughter. But the wit sometimes carried a sting and the humor pointed a moral.

When we had finished eating, and after we had discussed with the Galilean the growing danger of his position in Jewry, he spoke of a proposed journey northward to the Syrian cities of Tyre and Sidon. The women, we learned with relief, were not to go.

After the Galilean and Mary Omri left the palace, Lucius Vitellius said, "I shall see that no harm befalls Jesus of Nazareth, no matter where he may go in Syria, for I have great faith that my child is healed of her leprosy."

We were silent in the presence of this ruler's humility and trust, though when we took our departure Sergius Cumanus blurted, "Did you ever hear anything so illogical? And from an educated Roman, too! But wait—wait until the leprous child dies. Then what?"

"Do you think she will die?" I finally said.

"Within a month unless—unless our treatment saves her life," he replied. "And that would, of itself, be something of a miracle."

IT WAS the third week of the Galilean's absence in the regions of Tyre and Sidon that Lucius Vitellius summoned us to the palace late one afternoon. As we entered he cried, "My daughter! My beloved Julia!"

"Is she worse?" the Emperor's physician questioned. And his tones were strange—nearly exultant. For Julia Vitellius' condition had improved steadily, though slowly, in the twenty days that had elapsed since the Galilean visited her—so slowly, in fact, that I was puzzled.

"Is she worse?" Sergius Cumanus repeated, for the Governor was staring at him without replying.

"Worse!" he echoed. "Come and see." And the Governor led us to the girl's apartment.

Julia was standing before a mirror, combing her hair. Health was flowing throughout a body which, a month before, was full of decay, premonitory of death.

"Well, Julia," I said, when we had concluded our examination, "you are free of the disease that afflicted you."

"Was I a leper?" she asked.

Her father replied, after we nodded to him. "Yes, my dear child, you were a leper," he said. "But how did you know?"

"I heard one of the servants tell another that no one in our house should be afraid of catching leprosy now that the great miracle man of Galilee had laid his hands on me," she revealed. "But I think the Emperor's physician and Luke Galen must have helped Jesus of Nazareth a great deal, didn't they, father?" she said generously.

There was a moment of agonizing embarrassment, and then the Emperor's physician endeared himself to me and to Lucius Vitellius forever when he said, "We did what we could, Julia; but the Healer did what we could not do."

He wheeled on me. "Shall we go, Luke Galen?"

"Julia's recovery is miraculous," he said thoughtfully as we left. "I do not comprehend all the forces and factors in play, but I am free to admit that some of them are outside any known therapy. Perhaps, ahead of us, Luke Galen, are other experiences which will uncover great laws of healing now beyond our sight. Pray that I may be ready, without prejudice, to receive them. For my nature is skeptical and slow to accept laws not governed by matter. Be patient with me and when my nature is ugly, forgive me."

I could not tell whether his humility was born of faith or love; probably the latter, for the love of a man for a woman works more miracles in the human heart than can be worked in disease-infested flesh.

Jesus of Nazareth and the Twelve, travel-stained but thrilled with new triumphs of healing, returned to Caesarea, and announced another walking journey through Samaria, Jerusalem bound. After some discussion, it was decided that Chuza and his family and the Emperor's physician and I should accompany them.

OUR caravan left Caesarea at the beginning of harvest. The day was cloudless and invigorating. Never had I seen the Emperor's physician so carefree and animated. But no wonder; with him was the Juno-like woman of the flaming hair, and—to the scandal of whoever was rigidly orthodox—it was uncovered. She was mounted on the drollest-looking donkey I had ever seen, and about the laziest.

From Samaria the Galilean led us by a southeasterly route to the great Jerusalem-Damascus highway that paralleled the Jordan River. October was at hand and there was color in the tops of the eucalyptus and the sycamore trees, and the valley was like burnished gold except for the river that cut down through gray-black gorges in its swift flow to the Dead Sea.

We soon found ourselves caught between long caravans ascending and descending this commercial artery, and the dust and the heat increased as we drew near Jericho. The Galilean, without offering any explanation, said that he was going to this ancient city. Once we were there, Jerusalem would be only a score of miles away, and between was the Wilderness of Bethhaven in which stood the old Maccabean mansion owned by Chuza and Joanna.

"I hope the Galilean will consent to go to that place, giving us time and opportunity to learn something of the mind of Jerusalem toward him," I said to Chuza as we trudged down the highway. "I would hate to see him go directly to that city and play into the hands of his foes."

Chuza nodded agreement. "We must do all within our power to persuade him. There his future plans can be discussed and he can conceal himself should the Jerusalem authorities decide to secure him."

I looked back over my shoulder to where the Emperor's physician trudged beside the donkey Mary Omri rode, and suggested that we wait for them to come up and help us simplify the problem. So we waited, but they came up with laughter on their lips and love in their eyes, and I said to Chuza, "We will wait until we get down to Jericho to converse with them. I think we would greatly disturb them now."

"Either that or they would not hear us," Chuza responded with an indulgent smile cast at the lovers.

As we neared Jericho, the heat, for autumn, grew intense, for we were in a tropical area below sea level. Yet, on our right, and within two miles of the great highway, were cliffs that rose to the height of fifteen hundred feet with rounded mountain peaks another five hundred feet above. Deep gorges, rimmed with stunted pines, furrowed the sides of the past volcanic range like enormous gashes on the sides of some great slate-gray beast.

Finding the city full to overflowing, we camped in a palm grove outside the walls, and we might have remained there indefinitely except for a piece of fortune, which was also a great danger, that suddenly projected us across the Jordan Valley toward the Wilderness of Bethhaven and the old Maccabean mansion.

"GOD of my fathers!" Chuza's sudden exclamation, fear-filled and sorrowful, interrupted our discussion as we stood at the edge of the palm grove one evening. "Look!"

The Emperor's physician and I wheeled to look up the great highway. Rolling down it was a glistening chariot drawn by coal-black stallions preceded by armed outriders with red banners flying. At the side of the driver of the chariot stood Herod Antipas, and following were a score of other chariots.

We were in danger. Chuza, fully aware of it, turned back to the shelter of the palm grove. Quickly following, we went to the others and revealed the situation. The Healer's mother was greatly disturbed. She stood and stared at her son.

"Come," he said, looking round at us all. "We will walk to the wilderness yonder." And he pointed to the dark line of the mountains on the western border of the Jordan Valley.

So Herod Antipas and his retinue vanished through the gates of the city and we quickly broke camp and, unnoticed save by a few idlers outside the Jordan Gate, began our journey to the Wilderness of Bethhaven.

Guided by Chuza, after toiling for a thousand feet we entered a rocky trail that tested the nimble feet of the donkeys the women rode. A dark forest of stunted trees stood up the trail. We crept along a ledge path that suddenly ended in a solid wall of limestone. We looked inquiringly at Chuza, who immediately said, "Covered by yonder cluster of bushes is the mouth of a cave. Through it we will reach the hidden valley."

In single file we advanced and entered the thicket. And before us yawned the cavern's entrance. Nature had formed a tunnel, six feet high and seven feet wide, through the limestone wall.

We lighted pine torches and, after assisting the women to dismount, we began the subterranean journey. Midway a gash in the floor of the cave cut across our pathway and we peered into unknown depths. But Chuza, holding his torch close to the wall on our right, felt in a crevice, caught hold of a lever and pulled with all his might. Out of the semidarkness, like some black monster, swung a narrow drawbridge. We passed to the other side.

Chuza led us forward. A walk of only five minutes brought us to the light of day and, emerging, we found ourselves on a broad table rock. Down in the heart of the valley was a cypress grove and through its eternal green we caught a partial view of the house.

"Well, Joanna," Chuza said to his wife, who was gazing down on the scene in deep emotion, "here is your little estate—thanks to your heroic forebears."

Chuza explained as we went along: "There's an abundance of game in the valley. Walnuts and almonds abound here, and there is a spring of excellent water. So you see, even though we were cut off from the world, we would neither starve nor die of thirst."

We entered the cypress grove and got our first clear view of the stone house. There was a great central structure flanked by sprawling wings; the house was towerlike at the center. There was an atrium of noble dimensions, with a wide hearth at one end and a massive door at the other that led to the largest dining room I had ever seen except in the houses of nobles. Beyond the dining room—which also had a huge fireplace—was a spacious kitchen with wall-built stoves, and hanging on a score of pegs were utensils of every sort, and in rows on the floor were vessels of copper and brass—some of them, so Joanna said, older than the house itself. Upstairs and down, especially in the structure's wide wings, were twoscore beds in half as many rooms. The only Roman touch about the house was a stone-built bath with an opening from the kitchen hearths for heat.

MY COLLEAGUE and I were assigned to a room filled with curiously-wrought pieces of furniture, very old, with two low beds made of gopherwood looped with leather thongs.

At our evening meal of dried fish, nuts and dates, cheese and barley loaves, there was laughter and lighter conversation than that in which we usually engaged; for each had a feeling of security and comfort.

Within a week we had settled into a kind of communal life, sharing ideas and experiences as well as food, begetting a fellowship of the spirit which knit us together for whatever lay in the future beyond the strange little world now our own. There were mild tasks for each of us, tasks set by Joanna. Several hours a day I spent over the endless records that were to be compiled and the reports of conditions as we found them.

"I AM about to request Jesus of Nazareth to sit for a portrait. I've already asked his mother if she will permit me to paint her, and as time may hang heavy on our hands this winter, I may do a portrait of Mary Omri."

It was in early November that I spoke thus to my colleague concerning my ambition to return to my long-neglected hobby.

"I suppose you will linger over the portrait of Mary Omri, won't you?" he observed tartly.

"Well," I drawled unnaturally, "to capture the wonderful color of her hair calls for long study and painstaking work with the brush."

"And a great deal of privacy?"

"Of course," I replied. "An artist cannot be bothered with a pining, sighing lover standing round waiting for him to complete the portrait of his beloved."

Then we both laughed heartily and got down to more serious matters to which some of the Twelve had called our attention. Jesus of Nazareth was making ready to leave the mountain retreat for an unknown destination. There was danger in his proposed solitary journey, no matter the direction he might take. So my colleague and I decided that to press the subject of the portrait might prove revealing; and it did, for the Galilean gave a negative reply. Flatly I inquired his reasons.

His rejoinder carried him back into his old mystical manner. "I must work the works of him who sent me while it is day, for the night comes when no man works."

But when we carried the problem to Chuza, he said, "The Healer undoubtedly is going to Jerusalem. The Feast of Tabernacles is at hand and, for some reason best known to himself, he is going and desires to go alone."

"Perhaps it would be well to get word to Captain Titus," I suggested. "He would guard the Galilean with his very life."

"Excellent!" my colleague exclaimed. "And the way to get word to him is for us to go in person and at once. If the Healer goes to Jerusalem, it should not prove difficult for Captain Titus to locate him; if not—well, we cannot be found trailing the Galilean all over Jewry." He paused and eyed me questioningly. "I need to go to Jerusalem, Luke Galen. Will you accompany me?"

"Gladly," I answered.

With only Chuza knowing our destination, we left the mountain retreat early the next morning and he accompanied us through the cave. He revealed to us the mechanism of the drawbridge, which was simple enough after one knew its location, for we did not know when we would return, and bidding him farewell, we descended to the hamlet of Ramah. Gaining the Jerusalem-Jericho road, we pushed on to the capital city of the Jews, a distance of only nine miles. But a portion of the way was through an inhospitable country and we were glad for the many pilgrims along the highway, going to the great feast. They were in holiday attire—provincials for the most part—shouting to one another and singing ballads. But when we came to a wayside inn that was midway between Jericho and Jerusalem, where there was a deep well and plenty of food, we hired two camels and a guide for the remainder of the journey—a steady rise to the walls of the city.

It was high noon before we entered the Damascus Gate, and we lost no time in going to the garrison. In so doing we had to cross a court that separated it from the Praetorium.

"I hope no one recognizes us," I said as I pulled my headpiece closer about my face, "much less Pontius Pilate, if he is to attend the Feast of Tabernacles."

"We are not malefactors," my companion growled, "not yet, at least." But I noticed that he covered most of his own face as we passed the postern gate of the Praetorium.

We gained admission to the barracks, though we had to reveal our identity to a guard, who readily recalled us, and were conducted to the presence of Captain Titus without great delay. His joy over seeing us was sincere, and soon we were at the noonday meal with him.

When we told him of our mission to Jerusalem, he became grave.

"The Galilean may never be safe in this city," he said. "But it will not be difficult to find him if he comes. He sojourns either in the house of Zebedee or stays at a home in near-by Bethany with a man called Lazarus, who has two sisters."

At the captain's suggestion, we went to a small inn not far from the home of Zebedee, and took lodging. Two days later, at the beginning of the harvest celebration, Captain Titus hurried to us with the information that Jesus of Nazareth was a guest in the house of Lazarus at Bethany, two miles from the walls of the city, on the eastern slope of the Hill of Olives. "Malchus cannot fail to see the Healer," Titus declared, "and I shall not lose sight of Malchus."

Strangely enough, nothing alarming came to pass in the week that followed. Even when the priests said that the Healer should be driven from the Temple area or arrested, Malchus made no move. Captain Titus warned him against any open hostility toward the Galilean on the part of the Temple Guard.

"The multitudes think well of Jesus of Nazareth," the Roman commander of the Jerusalem Cohort told the chief servant of the High Priest, "and they will riot if you move against him. If this comes to pass I will not furnish you a single soldier to put it down."

The next day we started home, having parted with Captain Titus with the understanding that a detail of his troops would trail Jesus of Nazareth until he reached the foothills at Geba and began the ascent toward the mountain retreat.

Our return to the old stone house, followed by the return of the Galilean two days later, found me determined to urge him to sit for his portrait; but again he refused and revealed that he, accompanied by the Twelve, was going on another walking journey. And away they went the next day, and were gone two weeks.

Not long after their return I importuned the Galilean to sit for a portrait, and his quick consent baffled me.

Then he told me to work swiftly because he planned to walk again in Jewry and intimated that he might not return to the old stone house. I had been working on a portrait of Mary Omri, making excellent progress, and I felt compelled to make known to her the Galilean's request for dispatch in my portrait of him. She was greatly pleased, saying, "The Master comes first in all things."

SO I began my greatest work of love, though from the first sitting I realized, poignantly, that I was about to portray the features of a man who was deeply troubled; yes, even ill. And the shock of my discovery led me straight to my colleague.

The Emperor's physician listened in grave silence; no longer was the old cynicism to the fore, as I told him what I thought I saw in the Galilean's face.

"It is not fear of the future," I said. "Rather is it the look of a man who has dreamed something and has received a rude awakening. There is resignation on his face, such as I have seen on the face of one long ill who has just discovered that he cannot recover."

It was only after a depressing silence that Sergius Cumanus said, "Sometimes in the highest and happiest natures a tragic sense of life is the deepest, hidden beneath a noble sense of mission, and rising at last to the surface in the face of inevitable defeat. Why not go right on, Luke Galen, and portray him as you see him?"

"Then it will be as a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," I said, thinking suddenly of a line of poetry in one of the sacred books of the Jews.

And so I depicted Jesus of Nazareth. I worked, even feverishly, as the autumn gave way to winter, and the first snows fell into the little valley. Life in the old stone mansion, regardless of the unchanging mood of the Healer, became gayer. There were long cold evenings when the great central room, aglow with pine and sycamore blazing on the wide hearth, became a place of song and mirth. Joanna, who played the psaltery with skill and beauty performed for us upon an instrument whose frame was as old as the stone house and whose strings as new as our Jericho purchases; there were songs of war and peace, moving folk ballads that fascinated the Emperor's physician. Or was his fascination due to the smiling eyes of Mary Omri, sometimes searching his face while she sang with the others? And once—just once—she danced for us to the music of Joanna's psaltery—a dance of praise to the Lord God for his love and watch and care—while the others, swaying with her, chanted rhythmically. It was a new role for the former dancing woman of Magdala—new to the Emperor's physician—and he sat spellbound as Mary Omri swayed up and down the vast room like a young willow tree in a soft south wind blowing in springtime.

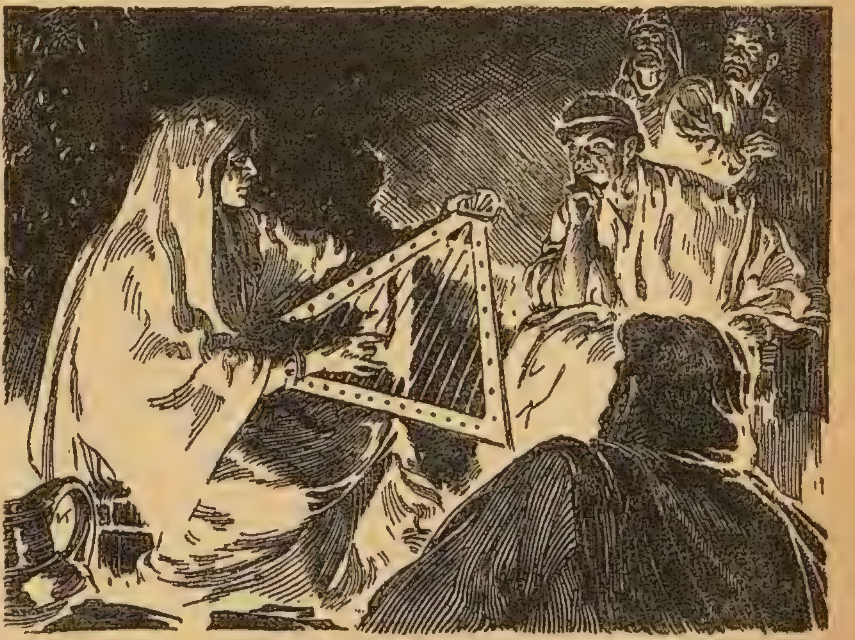
The winter passed and spring came; the sap stirred in the cypress grove; the buds began to swell; birds were in flight; and the Galilean, restless once more, began his old walks in Jewry. There were journeys in every direction save toward Jerusalem. He and the Twelve, sometimes accompanied by his mother and Mary Omri, wandered in the sunlight of spring through the province of Perea.

But we learned that there were few acts of healing now. Mostly beautiful parabolic stories of life and death occupied his time. Then, unexpectedly and hurriedly, the Galilean and the Twelve returned to the old stone house and there was excitement among them. The Master had received word of the death of his friend, Lazarus of Bethany, and he was going to journey there.

"What for?" I asked Simon Peter and John in some concern, for this would take him again to the walls of Jerusalem. "Won't the funeral be over before he can arrive?"

They stared at each other doubtfully and then John gave answer: "The Master says that he is going to Bethany to rouse Lazarus out of his sleep."

It was now the turn of my colleague and myself to stare at each other. Surely the Healer would not jeopardize his whole career, as wonderful as it had been, by attempting to raise the dead. I was inconsolable, for I had been the one who, throughout all our experiences with the Healer, defended him against my colleague's belief that he was little more than a miracle-monger. And now I wondered—wondered if I had been the victim of illusions.



But the Emperor's physician showed the spirit of the true scientist. "I am going to Bethany and you are going with me," he declared. "For it would be very shortsighted if we, men of medical science on a special mission, failed to observe whatever phenomena remain to be observed. But the first duty before us is to hurry to Jerusalem and acquaint Captain Titus with the whole situation. Bethany, outside the walls of Jerusalem, will be a more dangerous position for the Healer than the heart of Jerusalem, where Captain Titus would have him under constant scrutiny. Malchus is bound to learn of the Galilean's proximity, and after nightfall in an unguarded village—well, let your imagination have full play, my honored friend. Besides, we must permit nothing to interfere with the attempt of the Galilean to revive his dead friend, otherwise—"

"Otherwise I might remain still deceived about Jesus of Nazareth. Is that it?" I said, as he did not continue.

"Yes," he admitted. "That is it."

"You are about to win a great victory over me," I complained bitterly.

Securing camels, we went up to Jerusalem and surprised Captain Titus once more. He was troubled when we told him that the Galilean Healer was coming into Bethany on the morrow.

"What brings the Healer here at this time?" he inquired. "For it is a full two weeks before the Passover."

The captain, naturally, was astonished when we told him; he was also credulous in the face of our skepticism.

"I cannot believe that anything is impossible with this man," he said.

The Emperor's physician opened his mouth to argue the point, but as quickly changed his mind. All he said was, "Will you place a guard out at Bethany, Captain Titus?"

"Certainly," was the rejoinder. "And I will lead it in person."

We spent the night at the barracks, and when morning came we rode out to Bethany with him and located the house of the dead man, Lazarus. From within the garden came the low sound of a dirge. It was, we learned from the watchers at the gate, the third day of mourning.

Captain Titus' detail of soldiers came over the ridge from Jerusalem at midmorning, and he placed them at strategic points, practically out of sight of the street pedestrians. Then we sat down on the hilltop and conversed, watching the road into Bethany from Jericho, for from this direction the Galilean and his friends would come. And come they did, right at the noon hour, walking unhurriedly, and in their midst the women, mounted on donkeys. They passed below where we sat, turned from the highway, and went up the footpath to the garden gate of Lazarus' home. Taking the women and Chuza and John and Simon Peter with him, and leaving the others at the entrance, the Galilean led the way into the garden and vanished.

"COME!" the Emperor's physician said, getting to his feet. "Now is the time for us to go to the tomb of Lazarus and see all that transpires."

If the men the Galilean had left at the gate were surprised to see us, they gave no indications of it. But when we started to enter the garden, they blocked the way.

"The Master forbids anyone else to enter," one of them declared.

"We must not persist if our presence will be an intrusion," Captain Titus said tactfully. And I agreed. But Sergius Cumanus was wrathful.

While we stood there, outcries of grief came from within the garden.

"Well," commented my colleague, as he paced up and down, "from the wails within, I must believe that the dead are yet dead, Luke Galen."

It was an unfeeling remark; still, I was well aware of the frame of mind of my blunt-speaking companion. But as we stood listening, the lamentations ceased and a solemn hush came down on the group at the garden gate. Suddenly a woman screamed, men shouted, and all of the instruments of music ceased. Then Peter and John came running and their faces were pale. "Lazarus!" Peter shouted as they saw us. "Lazarus, the friend of the Master, is alive."

I seized him by the arm. "What are you saying, Simon Peter?" I demanded. "Do not speak foolish things."

"Lazarus is alive, I tell you!" he shouted. "The Master called him from the tomb and he came."

"We saw it with our own eyes," John said in an awed voice.

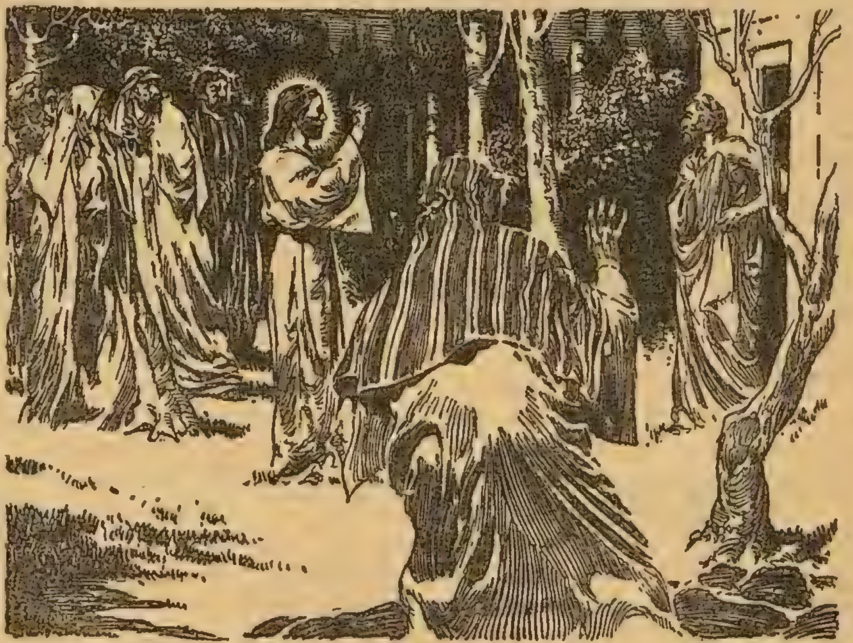
Just then Chuza came. "Noble physicians," he burst out joyfully, "I have seen the dead rise up!"

"Shall we enter now and see for ourselves?" I said to the Emperor's physician.

"What is there to see?" he demanded, wheeling on me. "The whole thing was nothing more than a well-rehearsed affair. No wonder the Healer didn't want us to follow him into the garden. For we are men of science and he would not risk our insight into his charlatanry."

"But," I persisted, "the Galilean's orders were not meant for us. He did not know that we were within miles of this place."

But my companion was bitter and stubborn. "Where would he expect us to be?" he fairly roared at me. "The Healer is shrewd; he easily surmised our coming; he knows that we are difficult to deceive; so I contend that his commands for no one to enter this garden after him were more for us than anyone else."



I was beaten and my sorrow was almost greater than I could bear, for somehow the Galilean had come to mean hope—hope for the flesh and the minds of Jewry's sick and depressed; even hope, in an ever-widening arc, for the solution of the problems which gave birth to our medical mission. In a word, I had, out of the experiences that befell me on this mission, begun to build a new therapeutical philosophy, far-reaching, so I prayed, in its effects on all pathological and sociological problems. But now—now my dream was rudely shattered.

My colleague's voice aroused me from my sad reverie. "I've got to get Mary Omri away from all this," he said, "and you must help me, Luke Galen."

"Gladly," I asserted. "But how?"

"We will go, after dark and after the mobs have gone from the streets," he said, "and enter the house of Lazarus, just as if we believed that he was dead and was resuscitated through the miraculous power of the Healer. That must be our first step. We should consult with Captain Titus before the night. The Galilean may still be in great danger from his Jerusalem enemies, which means the woman I love is not safe."

We descended to the street and sought out Captain Titus. "I have seen the man who was dead and is now alive," he said, as he greeted us.

"We wish to see him after dark," my colleague replied. "But what are your plans for guarding the house? The foes of Jesus of Nazareth may come here in the night; doubtless some of them were here mingling in the crowds."

Captain Titus nodded agreement, but said, "Malchus, if you are thinking of him, has not stirred beyond the walls of Jerusalem all day. He may—for he loves the dark—come out here tonight. I have prepared for that. Trusted soldiers, under the centurion, will guard the house of Lazarus until dawn."

So we parted from Captain Titus and sought an inn and found lodging. When the darkness settled over the Mount of Olives until it became a great black tent, we went out into the night. The streets were deserted; scarcely a candle gleam showed from any window; and there were no sounds save the *pat-pat* of our own sandals on the dark winding roadway that led toward the house of Lazarus. But through the far blackness burned two beacons at the top of the pylons of the Temple like low stars in the evening sky.

I was just about to remark to the Emperor's physician that the village of Bethany was the blackest spot I ever had felt, when there came a dull thud and he sank to the ground without a groan. Then came the sound of running feet behind me. I wheeled, but all I saw was a dark figure speeding. Quickly kneeling beside my prostrate friend, I called his name. There was no response, only labored breathing and a choking sound. I gathered him in my arms and staggered back through the darkness toward the inn. I thought I would never reach it. I could feel the warm blood of the Emperor's physician creeping down my coat sleeve. I made the inn, calling for help.

The innkeeper and his family came running, and we carried the heavily-breathing Sergius Cumanus to a room and placed him on a cot.

He had been struck by a jagged iron bar just above the right ear. His skull was crushed, and I knew, after the first superficial examination, that he was terribly, if not fatally, wounded.

"Go to the house of Lazarus without delay," I begged the innkeeper, "and ask for Chuza. Bring him here, and quickly."

The man hurried out of the inn, and I bent to my task, bringing all my skill to bear and praying for more. While I worked, the innkeeper returned on the run.

"A fight rages in the garden!" he cried. "Men shout and strike one another. All was dark, confused. There are dead men in that garden who will never be brought back to life."

The innkeeper was so frightened that he bolted his doors and he and his family cowered in an upper room while I worked steadily over my beloved colleague. I tried to piece together the probable facts of the garden conflict. Undoubtedly Malchus and his men had stolen into Bethany under cover of the darkness; doubtless some of his spies—as thick as ripe olives and as black—had mingled with the crowds throughout the day and knew just where my colleague and I had gone to lodge; and, beyond the shadow of a doubt, Malchus himself, watching the door of our lodging place, hoping or expecting that we would venture forth, saw and followed us and struck the blow. Then he had gone on to lead the attack against the Galilean and the Twelve, perhaps unaware that soldiers lay concealed in the garden of Lazarus' house.

AS I worked, there came a loud knock on the front door. I went and unbolted it.

Two of Captain Titus' soldiers stood before me.

"What has happened?" I cried.

"Malchus and his hirelings came to seize the Healer," one of them explained. "We gave them battle. We killed one of Malchus' men and wounded many. The Galilean and the women with him vanished during the fight and are not to be found," he revealed.

More trouble! But why should I now be troubled over the Galilean and his friends? For my colleague lay at the point of death.

"Sir," the soldier said, "will you and the Emperor's physician come and attend the wounded? Captain Titus told me where I could find you if you were needed."

"Come with me," I said, and led the way to my colleague's bedside. "He was assaulted in the dark a little while ago," I went on to explain. "I cannot leave him. Return to the house of Lazarus and tell the man called Chuza, or any of the others."

The soldier bowed and hurriedly left the inn and I turned to my task of love once more. Hours passed. My friend was dying. My skill could do nothing. Sergius Cumanus, the foremost physician in the Empire, lay unconscious—powerless to heal himself. Chuza did not come, and I surmised that he had gone with the Galilean and the women.

Morning, dismal with March rain, brought nothing except delirium for my colleague. So here I was, practically a prisoner in a village inn, not more than two miles from an unfriendly city and with a desperately sick friend in my care. And that man was physician in private to Caesar himself, with Caesar far away; Lucius Vitellius was not near; the Galilean and the Twelve had vanished, and with them Chuza and Joanna and the one woman I would have near—Mary Omri. Then in desperation, I sent for Captain Titus.

"There isn't any doubt about the guilt of Malchus," he declared, after hearing my story. "But we have no proof; besides, the family of the High Priest will defend him."

"When will Pontius Pilate come for the Passover?" I asked in helpless rage and sorrow.

"Perhaps not for another week. And when he does—well, I will have to give an account to him for the killing of one of the Temple Guard by my soldiers. He will want to know why troops from the barracks were in a brawl at Bethany and I will have to tell him. I will be charged with treason for using Roman soldiers to protect Jewish zealots. But I do not care, for I am about to sheathe my sword and follow Jesus of Nazareth."

I asked him if he knew where the Galilean might be.

"Yes," he said. "He and the others are in the house of Zebedee. They will be safe as long as I command the garrison. Shall I inform them of the plight of the Emperor's physician?"

"Yes!" I cried. "Go at once and give the word to Mary Omri who loves him and to Jesus of Nazareth—"

"Who can heal him," Captain Titus interrupted with startling suddenness.

In that moment all my half-doubt began to give place to perfect faith, and I almost sobbed, "Go and tell the Master to come."

IT WAS near sunset when they came. I saw them while they were a great way off, for I had done little except

It was near sunset when they came. I saw them while they were a great way off, for I had done little except

pace up and down in front of the inn after Captain Titus departed. But there was no haste in their approach, and I hurried toward them, crying, "Oh, my friends! The Emperor's physician is at the gates of death."

My cry was a confession—the confession that my medical science, standing alone, had failed.

The Galilean did not speak, but Mary Omri said, "Take us to him."

I shall never forget her tones. They were love-filled but not possessive; the tones of one who had discovered something beyond the flesh and its fires. In them were surrender, resignation, and spiritual illumination.

I led the way to the bedside of the Emperor's physician and they stood and gazed upon him. Grief was stamped upon the face of the woman; compassion made the face of the Galilean almost feminine.

His lips moved slowly as he said, "What is it you would have me do?"

I dropped to my knees and holding up my hands I cried, "Master, have mercy upon me and have mercy upon the Emperor's physician and heal him."

The Galilean's matchless eyes traveled from my face to the face of Mary Omri—smiling eyes now, that were also questioning. And she, too, sank to her knees, whispering, "Heal him, my Master. Give him back—back to those who love him."

Jesus of Nazareth reached down and took one of the limp cold hands of Sergius Cumanus in both his own; and in what he said was the final revelation of his healing art. "According to the faith of your friends, O Roman, it will be done to you." The Galilean lifted his eyes. Once more his lips moved slowly. I caught the whispered prayer, "Grant me this, O my Father, if it is the will of heaven."

The dying man lay motionless as death itself; I could not even hear him breathe. Suddenly his eyes fluttered open and rested on the compassionate face of Jesus of Nazareth.

"My Lord and my God!" I cried humbly.

My cry reached the ears of the Emperor's physician and he looked at me as I knelt at the foot of his couch; then he beheld Mary Omri radiant with spiritual light and beauty. She was smiling through her tears. Then he said, "My beloved, my friend, and"—his eyes sought the face of the Galilean once more—"and my Master."

THE END

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

By JOSEPH ANTHONY

IN his new novel, **Cannery Row**, **John Steinbeck** tells of a group of amiable loafers in Monterey, California, who set out to give a wonderful party for their friend Doc, a bewhiskered philosopher who works for a living but doesn't despise those who don't.

John Steinbeck

The simple story is only a façade on which the author has carved an ornamental frieze of Monterey bums—dreamy bums, mechanically-minded bums, half-witted bums, loyal bums who will even lay the supreme sacrifice of work on the altar of friendship.

In several passages Mr. Steinbeck indicates that the theme of his book is the futility of ambition. Curiously enough, books with that basic idea are generally very ambitious ones—and Cannery Row is no exception. Some of the reviewers have complained that its philosophy is superficial. It's a criticism that seems to me to be true but pointless, since the book is rich in humor and moments of beauty.

Telling how one of his frowzy heroes goes to work on a broken-down flivver, Mr. Steinbeck says:

"He was . . . the St. Francis of coils and armatures and gears. And if at some time all the heaps of jalopies, cut down Dusenbergs, Buicks, De Sotos and Plymouths, American Austins and Isotta-Fraschinis praise God in a great chorus—it will be largely due to Gay and his brotherhood."

Published by the Viking Press, N. Y. Price $2.

THERE'S one American humorist who has no formula, except to be himself. He manages to be funny without being synthetic or repetitious. If you don't believe me, get hold of a copy of **The Thurber Carnival**, a round-up of the stories and drawings of **James Thurber**.

James Thurber

Thurber addicts argue themselves into a lather as to which of the pieces is the best. This excerpt, from The Pet Department, is a favorite entry:

"Q.: No one has been able to tell us what kind of dog we have. I am enclosing a sketch of one of his two postures.

"A.: I think that what you have is a cast-iron lawn dog. . . . You could, however, remove all doubt by means of a simple test with a hammer and a cold chisel, or an acetylene torch."

Published by Harper & Brothers, N. Y. Price $2.75.

THE MIDDLE KINGDOM, by **Christopher Morley**, is a selection of his favorites from his output of verse during the past fifteen years. They range all the way from subtleties and recondite literary allusions to burlesque. But each hits its mark with an engaging mixture of playfulness and precision. Here's an excerpt from Song in a Dentist's Chair:

All joys I bless, but I confess
There is one greatest thrill:
What the dentist does when he stops the buzz
And puts away the drill. . . .

I grant the bliss of love's warm kiss,
Or wealth, or fame, or skill:
These I esteem but yet I deem
There is one greater thrill—
When he stops the buzz, as at last he does,
And puts away the drill!

Published by Harcourt, Brace & Co., N. Y. Price $2.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

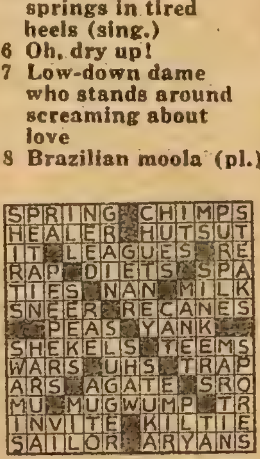
BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

1 Arkansas squealing canaries
5 Make mush like our grandparents did
10 Long-hair Irving Berlin
14 Morgenthau can't get a hunk of any dough you get out of this
15 Comparative appearance of Cleo in B. C. (Before Cosmetics)
16 One third of thrice
17 Narrow, not necessarily straight
18 The Shaw that sounds off without the beard
19 Man whose business has its ups and downs
20 Female jury influencers
22 Glamor goo; have changed face of the world
24 If you can't pronounth thith, better have your hithther eggthamined
26 Where mama guinea pigs threaten to send naughty little g. p.s (abbr.)
27 Hack nurses, very scarce on rainy nights
31 Kind of person who ought to grow a beard
36 In two words, can you tell us where to get one? She can make a big clean-up
37 Yours usually hurts you more than it does me
38 And, in two words, could I borrow this till next Saturday?
39 Without
40 Hunk of toasts
41 This has a healthy sound
42 Nazi headache
43 They contain nothing but words, words, words
44 Cut leather
45 Places one body closer to another; object, to create heat and harmony
47 Tulip presser
48 Swanky super-rowboat (Brooklynese)
49 Chief ingredient of baloney
50 Hayseed jitterbug jamboree (two words)
55 Keen, hep, snazzy
60 Four words from an egotist
61 Jitter wire (Shaky had a loose one somewhere)
63 It has an unhealthy climate for the Japanese
64 Little Reds in the underground movement
65 G. I.'s favorite diet
66 Blood money on the First
67 Let this be a warning not to change things!
68 Threw out a lot of valuable rye in the spring
69 Medieval office boy; caboose on the Royal Train

VERTICAL

1 Another President besides F. D. R.
2 The Nazis have found him simply terrible
3 Man with a large Tunney
4 Dish
5 Springs that put springs in tired heels (sing.)
6 Oh, dry up!
7 Low-down dame who stands around screaming about love
8 Brazilian moola (pl.)
9 City citadels, best known of which quarters world's most famous Joe
10 Doghouse polishers
11 Contrary Mary's favorite relative
12 299
13 What became of this visitor?
21 Chickens scratch these in the spring
23 Produce spring lamb
25 By adding tea to this, you can make an explosive
27 Collections of unrationed hams
28 With all-out effort
29 Kongo Kommandos
30 Lady loather
31 Happy-water holders
32 If you make these, you'll never go out on strikes
33 French sewing baskets
34 The diner becomes the waiter waiting for the waiter to do this to him
35 Kurl the kisser
37 Anybody can see through this one
40 Householders like them fuel to the brim constantly (two words)
44 Subsides
46 Ooh! What the naughty knight said!
47 Put to sleep on canvas (abbr.)
49 Glorified burlesque
50 Gold diggers' theme song: —— This, —— That!
51 This isn't isn't yet is isn't
52 This is a ritual
53 Ignoblest Roman of them all
54 First crop of cackleberry producers
56 It takes the pluck of the Irish to play this
57 Lost on the big wet prairie
58 Marital war bond
59 Dome-didie chassis
62 Ted got all mixed up here



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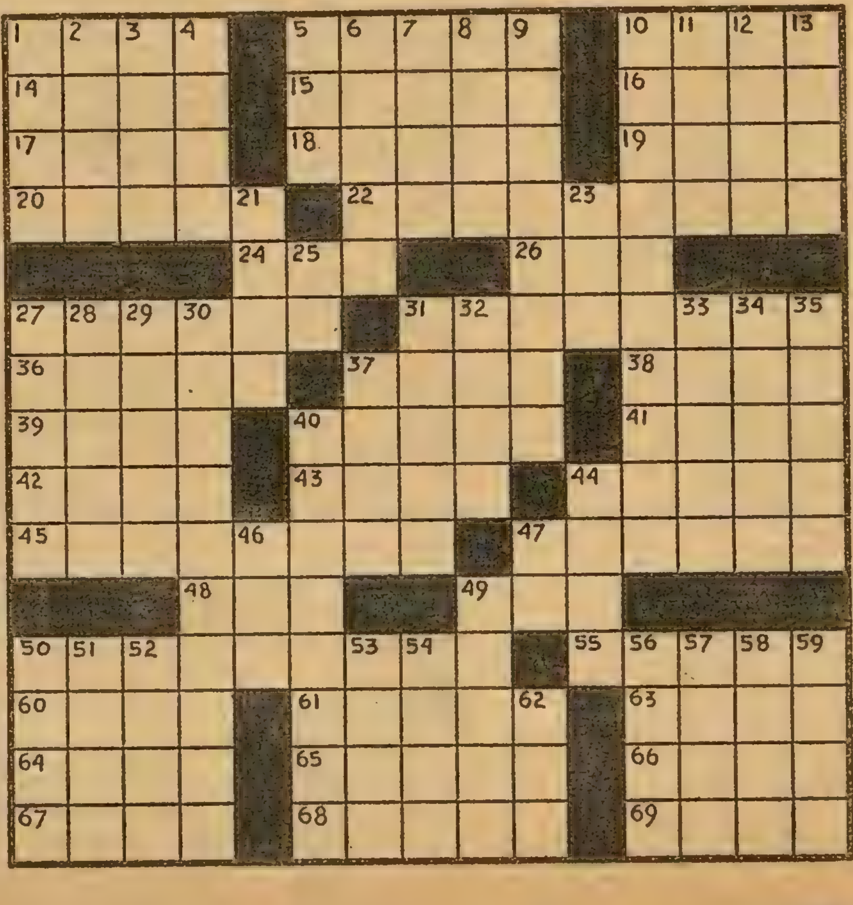
Last week's answer



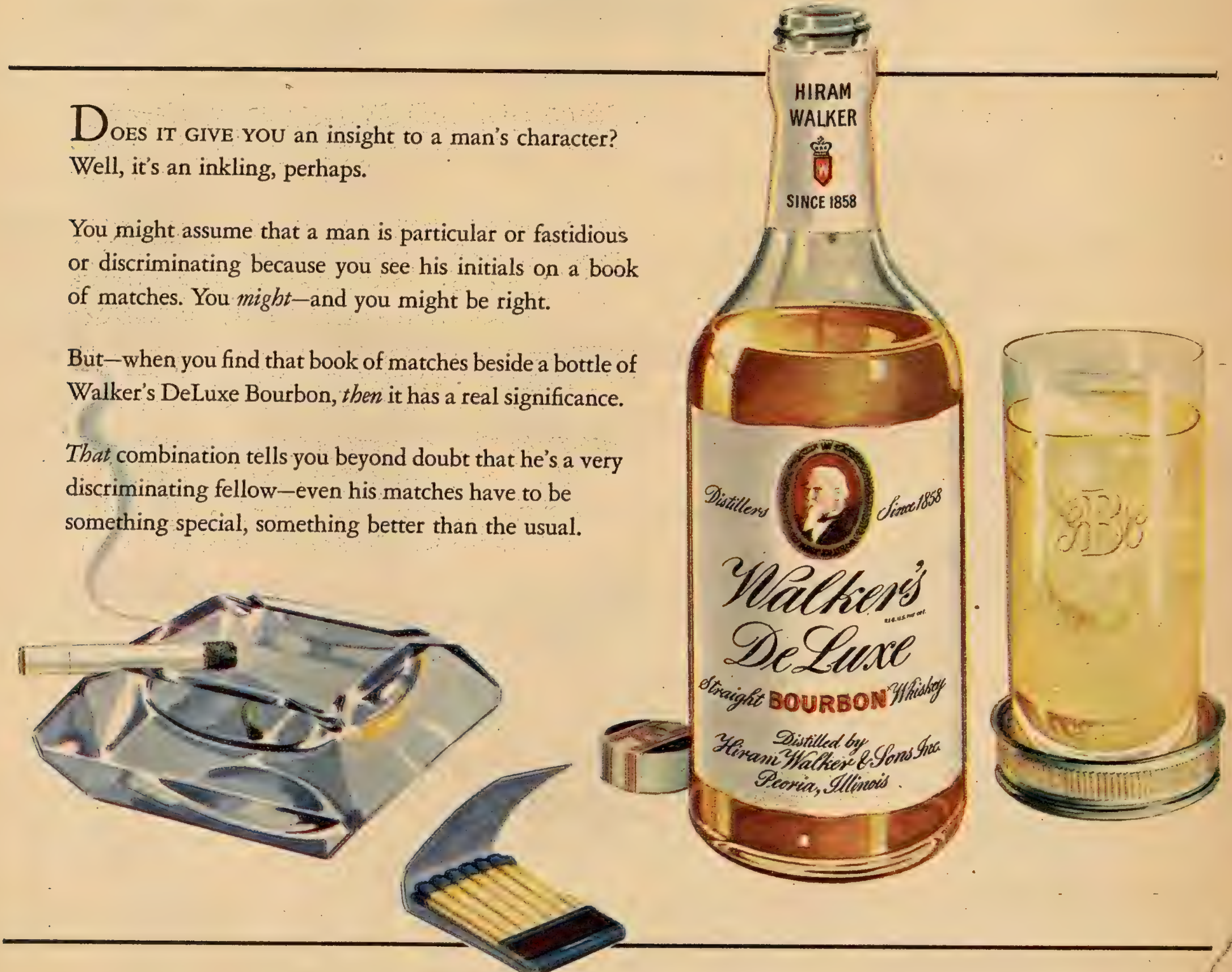
What's a match-book got to do with it?

DOES IT GIVE YOU an insight to a man's character? Well, it's an inkling, perhaps.

You might assume that a man is particular or fastidious or discriminating because you see his initials on a book of matches. You *might*—and you might be right.

But—when you find that book of matches beside a bottle of Walker's DeLuxe Bourbon, *then* it has a real significance.

That combination tells you beyond doubt that he's a very discriminating fellow—even his matches have to be something special, something better than the usual.

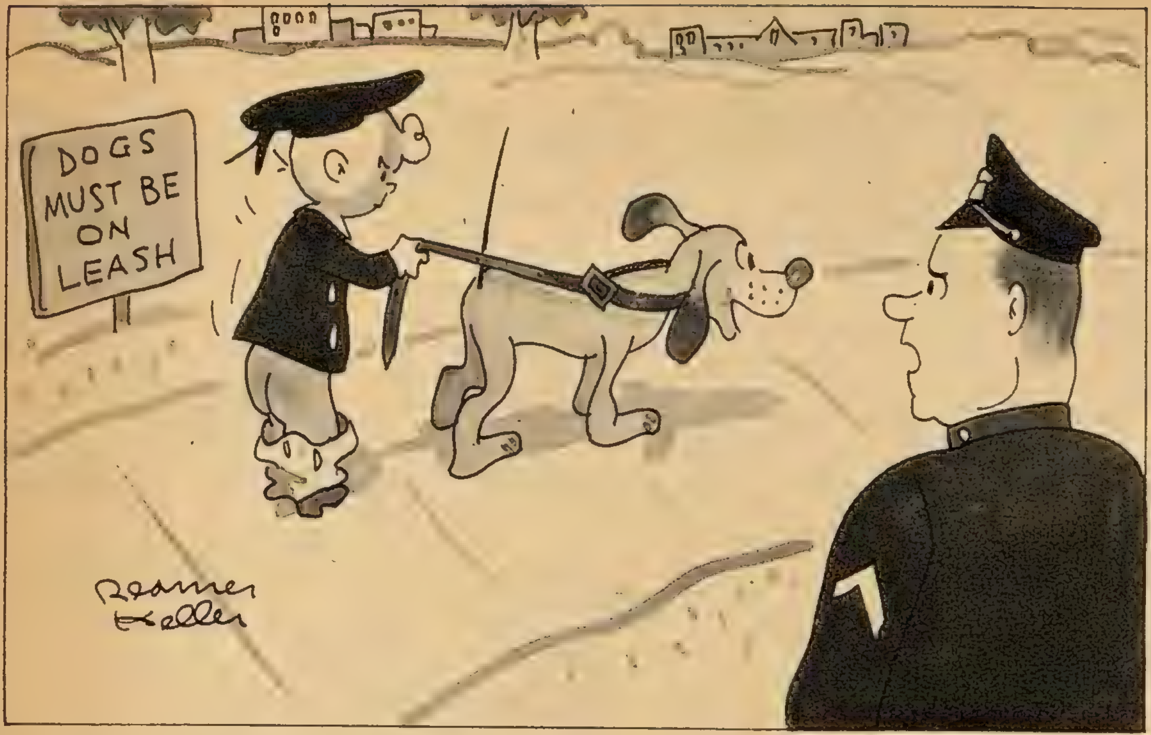

HIRAM
WALKER
SINCE 1858
Distillers
Since 1858
Walker's
DeLuxe
Straight BOURBON Whiskey
Distilled by
Hiram Walker & Sons Inc.
Peoria, Illinois

Walker's DeLuxe

These two words mean a great straight bourbon

Straight bourbon whiskey. 86 proof. This whiskey is 4 years old. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

HARDTACK


DOGS MUST BE ON LEASH
Reamer Keller

SHE'S NOBODY'S MAMMY

Continued from Page 31

her name to Helena, but even that didn't stop her.

Felix Young brought her to Hollywood right after Pearl Harbor for the reopening of the Trocadero, but there was a delay and she went into the Little Troc instead. Overnight every studio in town was making offers, but they were too late. Metro had signed her a week in advance of the opening, largely because her agent, Al Melnick, virtually had camped on producer Arthur Freed's doorstep trying to persuade him to hear her sing. "O. K.," sighed Mr. Freed finally. "I'll give her fifteen minutes. Then get her out of here. I got work to do." Four hours later Mr. Freed got back to work. Lena had sung for two hours in his office, for two more in Louis B. Mayer's. When she left, she had a contract and a part in Panama Hattie.

The picture wasn't good, but she was. While waiting for her next assignment she went back to New York for an engagement at the smart Savoy-Plaza Café Lounge, where she broke even Hildegarde's record and promptly became the toast of the town. Leading picture magazines ran spreads on her in their issues of January 4, 1943, and she could have had her pick of night-club and hotel bookings. Metro had other plans. It summoned her back to play in Cabin in the Sky, and since has used her in six other pictures, the latest being Ziegfeld Follies.

Lena still thinks there's a mistake somewhere and has a recurrent nightmare in which she begins singing and the audience starts stamping its feet. She is invariably nervous before a performance; needs someone to assure her she is going to be all right. Actually her voice is not exceptional. Its peak is D flat, and it lacks the tonal richness of many less celebrated chanteuses. But she more than compensates by the simplicity, the directness and expressiveness of her delivery. Song writers think she's wonderful. "She may not have a great voice," one of them remarked, "but she has great respect for our lyrics."

HE was being conceited, for Lena's contribution to Tin Pan Alley is more than mere respect. It is the gift of dramatizing its banal lyrics so effectively that audiences forget to notice how silly most of them are. This ties in with her ambition to continue her career not as a singer but as a dramatic actress in straight, nonmusical roles. Her only real opportunity in that line was in one of the Suspense programs on the radio last fall. It was a melodrama called You Were Wonderful, and judging by mail from listeners, she was.

Metro has talked in the past of finding a straight part for her, but it isn't as simple as it seems. Pictures with all-Negro casts, like Green Pastures, Cabin in the Sky, and Stormy Weather, have relied on music or

(Continued on page 54)

**To look well-groomed, shave in a flash,
Enjoy more comfort, save cold cash,
Use Thin Gillettes and win her smiles—
For low-priced blades, they're tops by miles!**

THIN Gillette BLADES
4 BLADES 10¢
4 for 10¢

Made of easy-flexing steel hard enough to cut glass

Produced by the Maker of the Famous Gillette Blue Blade

Pabst
Blue Ribbon
Beer

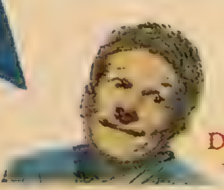
Copr. 1945, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisc.

Pabst Blue Ribbon

WRITE ON A TYPEWRITER WITH ONE KEY?

Might as well try to make truly great beer from just one brewing! That's why Pabst Blue Ribbon is *full-flavor blended* from at least 33 separate fine brews... to insure depth and roundness of *flavor,* even *goodness,* superb *quality.* Order it with confidence, serve it with pride—for no matter where you go, there is no finer beer than Pabst Blue Ribbon.

33 Fine Brews
BLENDED
into One Great Beer



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(Continued from page 52)

the plantation motif or both. Neither fits Miss Horne's bill. Yet any experiment along other lines inevitably would cause a ruckus not merely in the South but in those metropolitan areas where racial friction is still a problem.

Lena has had the usual share of Jim Crow experiences. She doesn't talk about them much, because they're not very pretty and they would make some people feel uncomfortable. Last February, for example, the Army arranged for her to attend the graduation exercises at the Tuskegee Flying School. That is where the colored boys of the now-famous 99th Pursuit Squadron were trained. She received her plane priorities and started South. She reached an Alabama airport at three in the morning and found she had to wait half an hour for the connecting plane to Tuskegee. It was chilly and she was tired.

There was a lunch counter open. She went over to one of the hostesses at the terminal.

"I KNOW I'm in the South," she said, "and I don't want to cause any embarrassment, but I'd like a cup of coffee. Do you think it would be all right for me to go in there?"

Assured by the hostess that it would, she entered the lunchroom and sat at the end of the counter. The waitress passed back and forth several times without seeming to notice her. Finally she came over and asked what she wanted. Lena told her.

The waitress shook her head.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but I can't serve you."

"But I was told at the airport it would be all right," Lena protested. The waitress hesitated. "Well," she said reluctantly, "if you'll go around back, to the kitchen, I'll see what I can do." Lena told her not to bother and was preparing to leave when a teen-age boy looked up from his dishwashing and hurried over. He was obviously the waitress' son.

"Say," he blurted, "aren't you Lena Horne?" Lena admitted it. The boy shoved a greasy menu across the counter. "Would you autograph it, please?" he asked. She signed the menu and walked out of the lunchroom.

The story has a postscript. Colonel Noel Parrish, white commanding officer of the Tuskegee field, led her to the graduation dinner that night and gallantly presented her to the cadets as evidence that "the charm and beauty of womanhood are not confined to any one race."

Lena has stored both incidents in her memory book. They come to a delicate balance.

Early last winter the Army asked her to do a camp tour through the South. At her last stop, a camp in Arkansas, she faced a conspicuously all-white soldier audience. After the final encore, she asked an officer if there weren't any colored men in the camp. He uncomfortably admitted there were, but said the C. O. enforced segregation. If she wanted to entertain the men of her own race, she would have to do it in their mess hall. Lena went there and sang until she noticed a file of German prisoners entering the hall for their dinner. There was no segregation in this case, so she walked out. It was her only way of protesting a curious kind of discrimination.

Contrasting experiences like these have been part and parcel of her life ever since she left the Cotton Club and stepped up to a microphone. She is neither bitter nor reconciled. "It doesn't flatter me," she says, "to be treated well simply because I'm the 'famous Lena Horne.'" This loyalty to her race has made her almost a symbol to the new generation of Negroes, many of whom have referred to her publicly as a feminine counterpart of Paul Robeson. Lena finds the comparison embarrassing. She doesn't feel her background qualifies her to be a champion of her race. Besides, she lacks the one-sidedness of the typical crusader.

"Oppression breeds stubbornness as well as violence," she says. "Sometimes people just refuse to learn. There are stupidity, intolerance, and misunderstanding on our side of the fence, too."

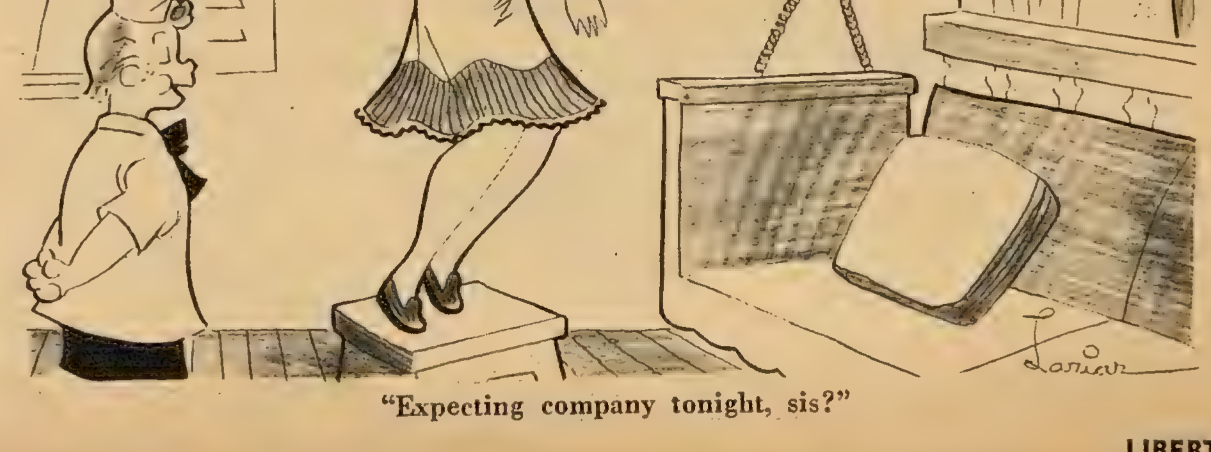
LENA is enough of a realist to recognize that race problems cannot be solved overnight, enough of a realist to keep the dash of bitters from spoiling her success story.

"I'm lucky," she says. "I thank God for the chance I've been given to give my kids an education and some sort of security. This may be the first generation in the history of our race where Negro families will have something to leave to their children. That's something to think about."

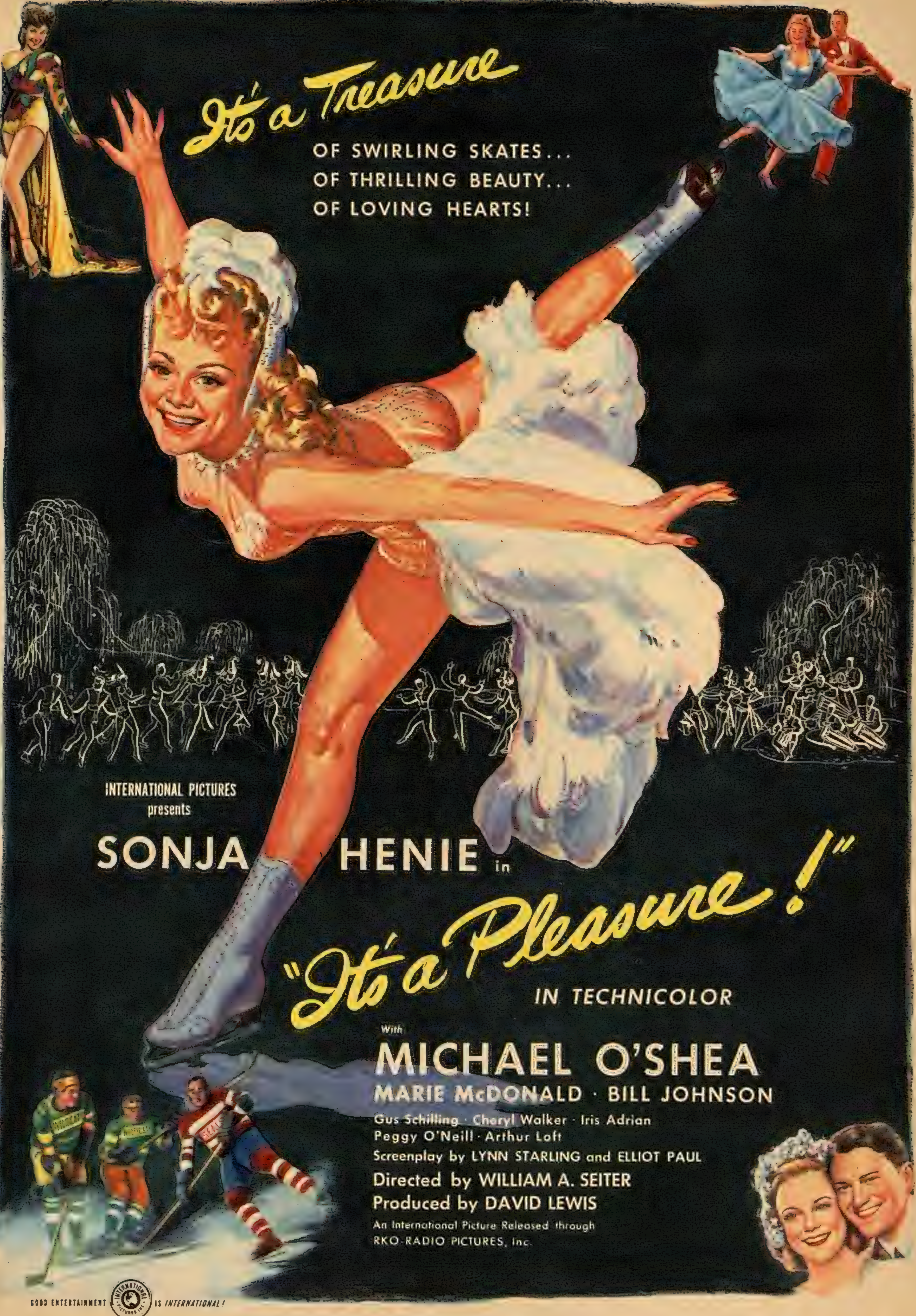
Probably that doesn't sound like the glamorous, exciting, curvaceous blues singer you've been seeing in the movies. But that's Lena Horne.

THE END

THE HOME FRONT



"Expecting company tonight, sis?"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DEPENDABLE
CHAMPION
SPARK PLUGS

MOB 5

Continued from Page 25

up the highway. The litter cases were spirited out of the ambulances and away to the necessary care without a chance for the nonprofessional onlooker to see what was happening. But the ambulances were followed by big gray trucks bringing in the battle casualties who could get about on their own power. They were just as they had come from battle—dirty, unshaven, tired, in their speckled green-and-brown jungle dress. Most of them wore first-aid splints and bandages. Many of these bandages were now bloodied or soiled.

The new arrivals looked out curiously, like men awakening from a long dream. Most of them had not been out of the jungle for two years. Not in all that time had they seen anything even as remotely like the United States and the amenities of civilization as Mob 5. One said, "Looks like this might be Florida." Another said, "Kinda interesting to see what a place looks like that we've been occupying. It's mighty different from one the Japs have been holding, isn't it?" A third looked off to the horizon where the blue mountains rose above the mild sea, and said, "Prettiest island I've seen so far." He spoke like one who has become a specialist in islands.

One said to me, in a Southern voice, "May I speak to you, ma'am?" He looked at me dreamily. "You're the first lady I've seen in two years."

Just then the big Marine supply truck rolled up with complete fresh outfits for each man. Baths, shaves, new dressings, food, clean clothes, and bed became the order of the day.

IT was wonderful to see what one night at the Mob did for these battle casualties. Next day they were out and around, with fresh clean-shaven faces above their clean hospital dress, taking it all in. We rapidly discovered that of all the sights at the Mob the presence of two civilians was, for some, the most exciting. Most men were shy about addressing me. But they had no compunctions about my husband. Wherever he went, he was surrounded by interested boys. They were most interested in his civilian clothes. "Hey," they'd shout, "here comes the good old civilian!" They examined his suit carefully. "Pretty snappy!" "Boy," said one, "what wouldn't I give to be in a suit like that, walking down Broadway!"

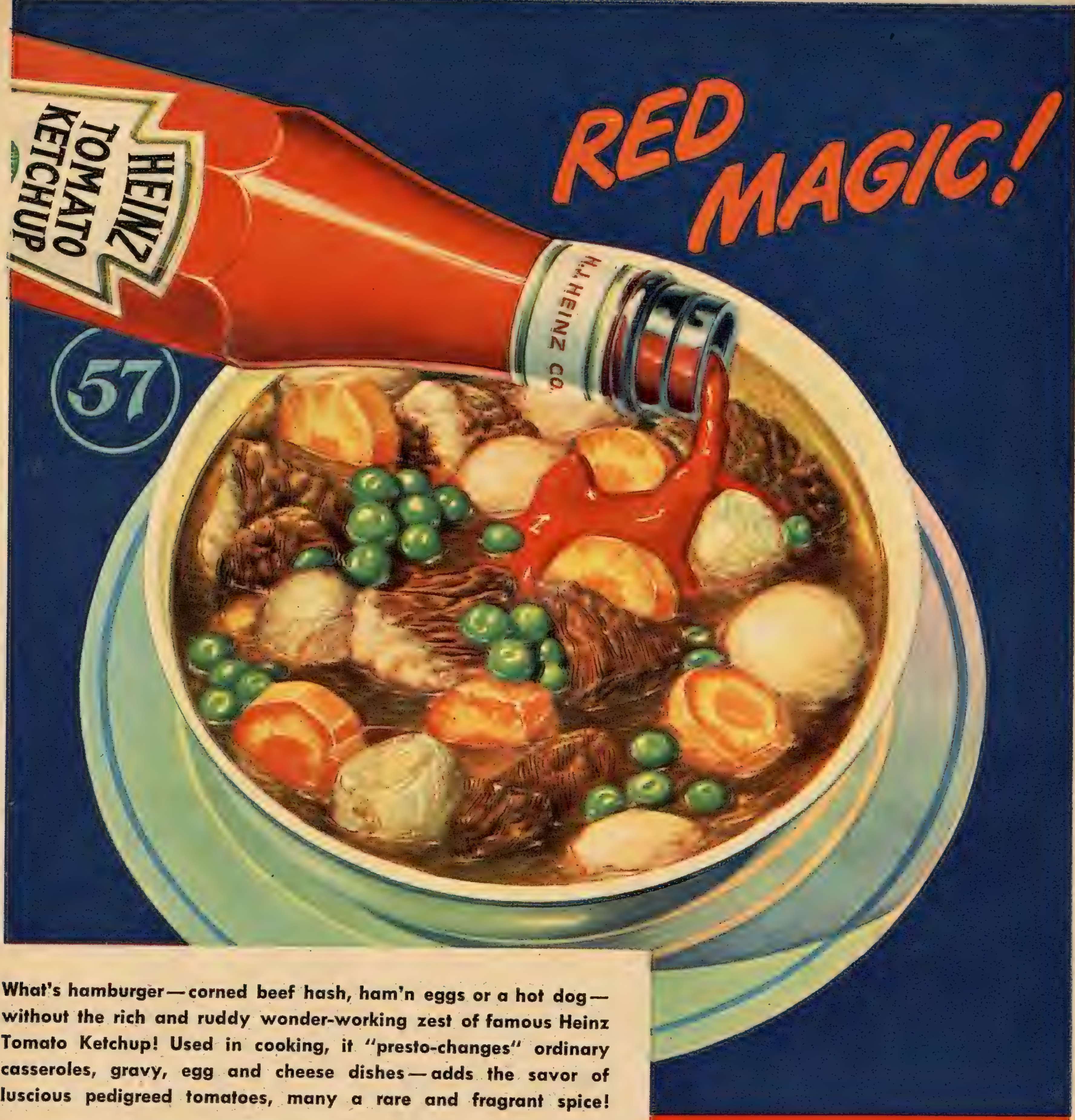
We soon became aware that some of the boys who acted so cheerful and breezy were suffering from the form of combat fatigue called "battle-happy" or "island-happy." It is a state of talkative gaiety and sociability, marked by some obsession which keeps recurring in what seems otherwise normal, though exuberant, conversation.

The two boys who paid the most attention to us were very altruistic. One of them would dart out with a sweet smile on his face and carefully steer us away from the shade of the coconut trees. "You want to look out for those coconuts," he would say earnestly. "They're up there, and if they fall on you, you're done for—squashed flat—just like that." He made a comprehensive gesture. "Yes, sir, I'm telling you, a coconut tree is bad. You don't want to walk under a coconut tree."

He had not yet realized that there were no Japs in those particular coconut trees.

Another, the great-great-grandson of a famous Revolutionary hero, was concerned lest my husband need money. "You're a long way from home," he would say earnestly. "You want to be sure you have

(*Continued on page 78*)


RED MAGIC!
HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP
H.J.HEINZ CO.
57

What's hamburger—corned beef hash, ham'n eggs or a hot dog—without the rich and ruddy wonder-working zest of famous Heinz Tomato Ketchup! Used in cooking, it "presto-changes" ordinary casseroles, gravy, egg and cheese dishes—adds the savor of luscious pedigreed tomatoes, many a rare and fragrant spice!

Clip and treasure these two recipes—for a delicious hurry-up stew and some of the thriftiest appetizers you ever ate.

BEEF RAGOUT SUPREME

● Cut 2 lbs. round steak into inch cubes. Brown in ¼ cup fat. Stir in 2 tbs. flour. Add 3 cups hot water, 3 cut-up carrots, 1 onion sliced, 1 tbs. salt, ½ tbs. Heinz Cider Vinegar, ⅓ cup Heinz Tomato Ketchup. Simmer about 30 min. Add 4 diced potatoes—cook till tender. This quick, substantial skillet-stew is so delectably seasoned, so full-bodied that it tastes as if it had been cooked for hours. Serves 4.

HOT CHEESETTES

● Cut fresh bread into 1-inch cubes (don't use crusts.) Beat an egg well with 1 tablespoon Heinz Tomato Ketchup. Dip bread cubes into egg mixture. Roll in finely grated sharp cheese. Arrange on heat-proof dish. Bake in hot oven (400°F) or set under broiler till cheese melts and browns. Serve hot as appetizer. These savory tidbits are simply wonderful, too, with soups or a crisp green salad.

HEINZ KETCHUP

COLD SPELL

Continued from Page 33

"Yes." Alec's voice went dry again. "Guess the grove work is about wound up, barring frosts." He cleared his throat, frowned, looked at Benjy as if he were hunting for words to say more.

It put the shame all back in Benjy—that he'd stayed on till Alec had to ask him again to go. He jerked up his head. "You bet the work's all done! I can get out now. Christmas vacation's a good time to change schools."

Alec's eyes puddled dark again. "I'm paying you wages for what you've done," he said. "I don't aim to be beholden to anybody."

Benjy shouted suddenly, "Neither do I! I told you before—I don't want your darned old money!" He went outside, slamming the door behind him.

For a long time he tramped through the grove, but it didn't help.

The rain didn't come next day. The clouds were still there, but things were different. Benjy cast anxious glances toward the sky. Something was brewing. He felt it in his bones, and it worried him.

"I got to make the Association rustle that man when I go for the oil!" he told himself, for word had come that a shipment of fuel oil was due this afternoon. "I can't stay and take it any longer."

He brought in Mom's trunk, packed it. He cleaned his room, and tried not to remember things—things like Alec coming in, those evenings after they'd lost Mom, and talking to him.

Alec stared out at the trees too. Benjy found him doing it when he went to get the bedroom rugs he'd shaken. Benjy said gruffly:

"I'm waiting for the oil to get in. They'll phone the word to Bellamy's."

Alec asked, almost as if he didn't hear, "How are you fixed for a cold spell?"

"Every third heater's filled. After I get the oil, I'll fill the others."

"Oh," Alec said shortly. Then, "Who's the Association going to send us if it freezes?"

Benjy felt his face burn, realizing how he'd slipped up.

He gulped. "I—I didn't check up. I'll—see 'em this afternoon."

"You should have been on their necks all this time!" Alec said with unaccustomed irritability. "Unless you reckoned you could fire a ten-acre grove alone!" sarcastically.

Benjy opened the door, flung the rugs inside and turned to his stepfather. "I've handled things all right so far, haven't I?" he demanded hotly.

Alec was lighting his pipe, and his hand shook.

Alec was a sick man. Benjy finished hopefully, "Maybe it'll rain anyhow."

THE clouds did thicken into a queer grayness, but the wind from the mountains was cold. As soon as he could, Benjy streaked over to Bellamy's to phone the Association. He asked them first about a man for smudging, and drew a decided "You're about three months late for that. Not a man to be had!"

"But the oil? That'll get here?"

"Late this afternoon. We'll call the minute we know."

Benjy didn't tell Alec about not getting help for smudging. If he did, Alec would likely hurt his heart, fuming. He might even go over and phone the Association. And he'd learn about Benjy's lie.

Benjy shuttled back and forth to the grove that Saturday afternoon, hands in pockets, heart in his heels. The grove thermometers didn't read bad.

The wind died but the thermometers stayed up. It was when Benjy was on his way to the house, a little after three, that the thing struck him. He didn't know what it was—just something that made him stop and sniff the air, then a prickling of his bones that sent him streaking for the house.

"It's going to freeze," he panted to Alec as he jerked on warm old clothes. "I'm going for that oil!"

"Thermometers down?"

"Not yet, but they'll drop. I'll be first in line to load so I'll get back in time!"

The oil cars had just been shunted onto the siding, but a lot of other ranchers hadn't waited for word, either. Benjy had to take his place in line and inch his way up. And when he was sixth in line from the loading pipe, the bottom fell out of the thermometers.

Seldom had the old-timers seen anything like it. Five o'clock, and that sudden violent drop. Thirty degrees at the pipe line. Twenty-nine, ten minutes later.

Men hit for Association phones to call their smudge crews, and Benjy swallowed a frightened lump in his throat. He didn't have any crew. He watched the sky and the darkening horizon, dimmed not so much by sunset as by the first drift of smoke rising from the low-level groves. Alec's grove was low, too.

Benjy visited the thermometer, came back shouting hoarsely: "Twenty-eight and still falling!" Maybe some of the men would go, for you ought to start firing at twenty-eight, unless you were a twenty-sixer—ready to gamble your crop for what you'd save on fuel oil.

As he climbed back into the truck he heard his name: "Benjy!" Nita stood there.

(Continued on page 60)

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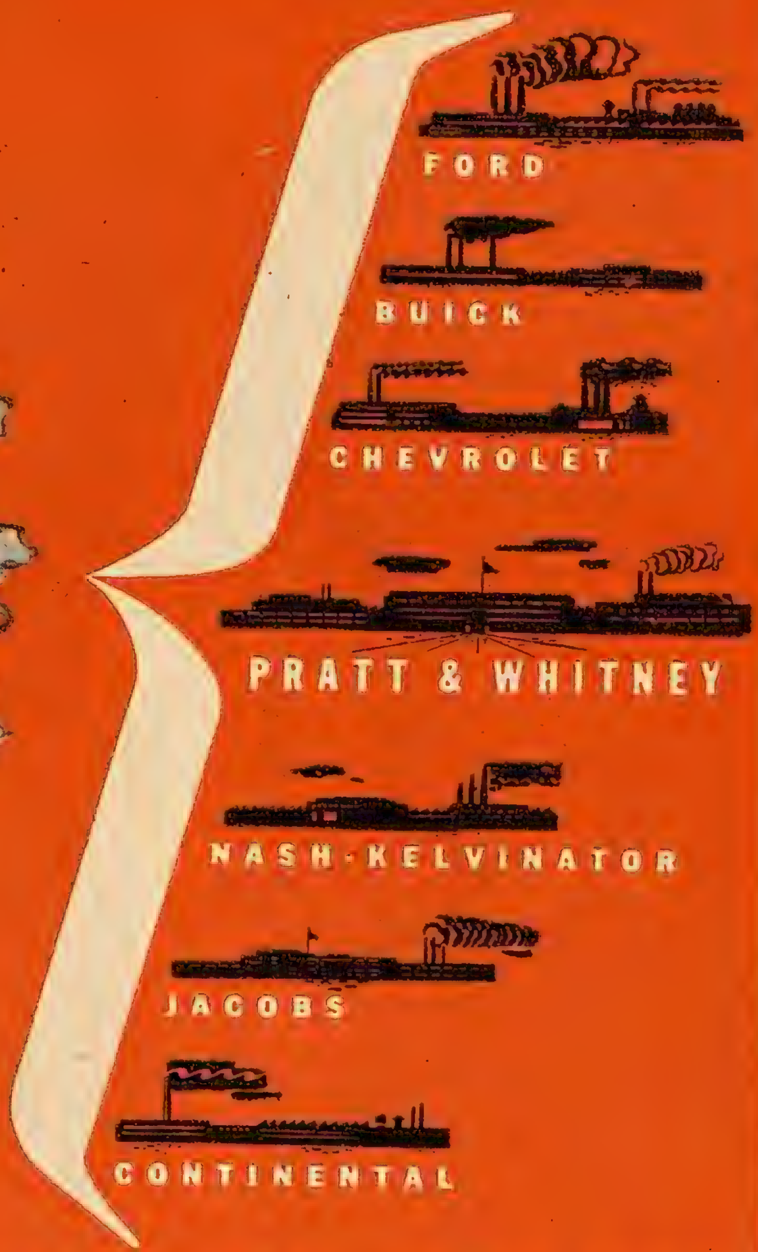

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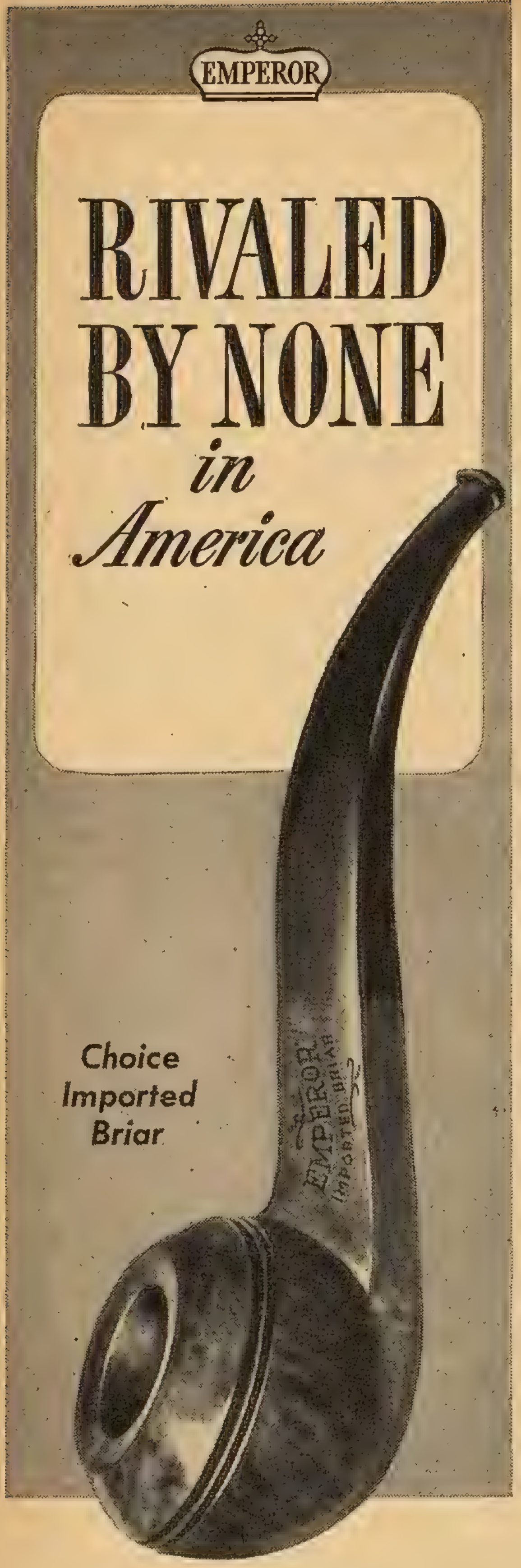

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EMPEROR PIPES

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(*Continued from page 58*)

She had on red slacks and sweater, and a red knit cap on her dark pigtails, and there was a smudge across her pug nose.

She spoke quickly, as if the words came hard: "I phoned pop to come after me, and he said I'd find you here. Can I—can I ride home with you, Benjy?"

"Sure," Benjy said. Then she was in the seat, settling back with a sigh, as if glad to be there.

Nita said, "It'll be colder out home."

He nodded. And suddenly he wanted Nita to know how it was with him. "Look, Nita. I'm in an awful jam." He told it fast—about finding out that Alec didn't need or want him, and how he'd lied to stay on anyhow. "And to cap it," he finished, "I forgot to find someone to help smudge—and now it's too late."

"Oh, Benjy!" She slipped her arm through his. "How awful it's been for you! And I was mean, too." A little silence, then she said encouragingly, "We're next in line, Benjy!"

"Yeah. But it'll take ten minutes to load and fifteen more to get home. And with me all alone—"

"Look, Benjy! I can help. I know how!"

Benjy sat up straight, staring at her. With somebody to start lighting the filled heaters—every third one ought to hold it till he could fill more—why, he had a crew!

"Cripes!" he almost shouted. "We can do it, Nita! Sure we can!"

They shook hands solemnly just as the truck ahead moved away, leaving the pipe line to Benjy.

THEY rode home over what has been called the loveliest spot in the world: peaceful orange groves stretching green to the foot of snow-capped mountains. Now it was a little corner from hell. On every side tall-stacked orange heaters blasted their smoke-wreathed flames into the air with furious sound. A growing cloud of black smoke twisted and rolled over the tops of the trees. The stench of it was sickening, and the acrid sting of it burned the eyes and the lungs and clung to the skin. But Benjy didn't care. He laughed outright when he turned and saw Nita's smudged face.

She dimpled. "You're no better! And we'll be a lot worse before morning!"

"Yup!" he cried. "Just wait till we get ours going!" Then, in a lower voice, "I mean—Alec's."

He slowed down before the Bellamy place to let Nita scramble out for old and warmer clothes. Then he speeded up, roaring into the home driveway before he saw the line of heaters blazing down one row. Somebody had started the ones that had oil in them. Benjy jumped down, peered through the smoke.

Then, "Cripes!" he exclaimed hoarsely.

For there was no mistaking that figure in the gray sweater, the blazing long-nosed gasoline torch jigging from his hand.

"Alec!" Benjy yelled, and started running.

Alec turned, startled, and stumbled. As he sprawled to the ground, his torch snout dug into the dirt, snuffed out.

"Wait! Let me help you!" Benjy cried, jerking off his heavy gloves. "Why did you try it, Alec? Don't you realize you've got me?" He was trying to stuff the gloves into his pocket and making a sorry job of it. "Look, Alec. This whole thing's my fault. I never went near the Association, like you told me to. I lied about it—because I wanted to stay! I got you into this, but I'll get you out, Alec! I'll beat this frost! I'll do it, if I have to—"

"Wait, son!" Alec was on his feet, his hand on Benjy's shoulder. And Alec's voice came extra gentle.

"I did some misleading myself, Benjy," he said. "My heart's better—a lot better. Doc says if I stick to light work I can live to be ninety. I've known it a month or so, but I was afraid if I told you, you'd light out." He patted Benjy's shoulder. "I did it, Benjy, even though I knew your own folks could do more for you. But maybe—well, maybe heart kin is closer than blood kin."

He stopped then, as if he'd said too much. He walked over to the truck. "I'll drive this while you fill the heaters," he said gruffly. "We got work to do."

"Me, too!" came another voice.

Nita stood beside them, and Benjy began laughing.

"Hi, Miss Five-by-five!" he roared, for she was padded in layers of warm clothes till she seemed as wide as she was tall.

He lit the torch and she started down an unfinished row. Benjy jumped for the hose to fill the first empty heater. Alec spoke from behind the truck wheel: "Almost twenty-six, but we'll hold it, son!"

"Sure! This is one cold spell we got on the run!" Benjy shouted.

Then he laughed again. He'd just realized, all at once, that he had a lot of laughter bottled up inside him—and all the future in which to spill it out.

THE END

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

BERTHMARK: Bruise from climbing into an upper.

DRAM-ADDICTS: People who love the theater.

IDA-HOE: Tool for cultivating big spuds.

GROWTESQUE: To get ugly.

MONSTRUSS: For a giant with hernia.

TEE COSY: 4 P. M. in England at the nineteenth hole.

BEERED: Vandyke with a load aboard.

OMNEVEROUS: Eats nothing.

AIRER: A mistake made while flying.

HOSSTEOPATH: A veterinarian who cures with manipulation.

"Oh, come on! Don't get mad."

GUNNERS' GRIPES

Continued from Page 13

"I can't use a back pack in getting around. Why can't we have chest chutes?"

Today bomber crews have a choice of a variety of parachutes.

"We'd probably have lost one ship today instead of seven if we didn't have to carry explosive bomb-bay tanks!"

Today bomb-bay tanks are no menace.

"Those improvised wooden ammunition boxes are hell to feed the guns out of."

Today they're custom-built and function almost perfectly.

"My hands are always freezing. The gloves we get just won't keep us warm when it's fifty below zero."

Today there are heated suits as well as heated and pressurized cabins.

"Let's have a better weather survey before a mission. We're always running into weather we can't cope with."

Today's weather forecasts are much more accurate.

"Why can't we have engines that can be throttled back? It's hell to keep in formation sometimes."

Today's engines can be throttled back quickly and easily.

One pilot of a year or more ago even did a little wishful thinking. "Sure wish," he said, without ever hoping it would come true, "those fighters that meet us coming out could give us a little protection over the target."

Today those fighters are giving cover over targets around the world.

In a single year, more than a hundred new inventions, or new adaptations of old ones, were the direct result of these complaints. The Superforts, though originally beautifully designed and carefully tested, are as splendid, as efficient, and as trustworthy as they are because on one of those early flights some gunner froze his fingers; because some pilot couldn't throttle back enough to keep from climbing over the lead plane's tail; because some navigator had a compass that twirled like a top instead of behaving; because some radio operator couldn't get an S O S through.

It is interesting to compare the gripe sheets of 1943 combat crews with those of today. Even then the heavy bomber was supposed to be quite a craft. It had already established a reputation in Europe and in the South Pacific. America's bombers were the dream ships of heavy bombardment. That is, they were dream ships unless you read the gripe sheets of the men who had to ride in them.

These men complained about everything from the radio antennae to the engines; they griped about the wiring systems, the color of the shades on the radio-room windows—about everything from the lack of a turret in the nose to the iron hardness of their chairs. They didn't complain because the ships they flew were bad ships, but because they felt they could be improved upon.

They have been improved upon in a thousand ways. Today there are few complaints about the airplane itself. The men gripe about the French toast they had for breakfast; about the lead navigator's navigation when he takes them over two-gun Charlie's flak nest; about the time they have to wait for transportation to take them from their ships to the briefing room following a mission; about promotions.

SOME of the rare complaints about planes today will result in new inventions. Some have already had their effect on models now being built. And some, of course, are still far out of this world—like the gripe of a flak-happy gunner who wished there were airmaids up there "like he'd heard the sailors tell there were mermaids in the sea."

But then, when the ceilings finally lift, perhaps there will be airmaids, at least as real as the mermaids the sailors see.

Even so, heavy-bombardment crews will probably still gripe because they can't land on a cloud and have a talk with the airmaids. S-2 will probably listen to their gripes, and who knows but some day while you're on your way from London to Moscow you'll look out of the window of your air liner and see a pilot sitting on a cloud cuddling an airmaid?

THE END

WOMEN WITHOUT MEN

Continued from Page 17

hearts are home on short furloughs. They wear their makeshift best and there is powder on their cheeks and rouge on their lips.

I spent an hour on the main street of Omsk, the great war-production center of western Siberia. The only passers-by were women—and an occasional Red Army man, recovering from his wounds.

Russia is the world's paramount planned society. But war has brought the Soviets a social problem which is basically insolvable. There are today in Russia, and will be for some years, many more women than men.

WHAT are the Russian social planners doing about it? To them it is only one aspect of the war's great social problem, but it is a vital one. It leaves Russia with the prospect of a decline in her previously high birth rate. That affects Russia's future supply of recruits for the Red Army, and thus her future military security. It also bears upon the problem of obtaining sufficient labor for the reconstruction of devastated European Russia, for the building up of the frontier areas of the east, and for the full expansion of Russian industrial and agricultural potentials.

It is directly connected, too, with the problem of hundreds of thousands of orphaned children, many of them homeless, and with the problem of hundreds of thousands of maimed and crippled veterans of the Red Army—men who, one might naturally expect, would find it difficult to win wives and sweethearts.

And, finally, the imbalance of the sexes affects those human resources, technical

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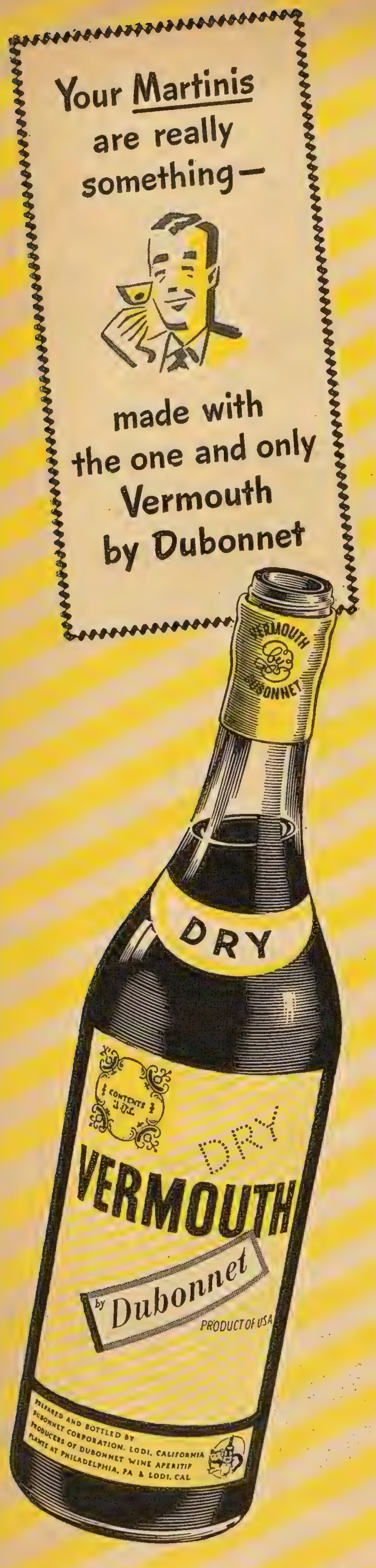
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and executive, for solving such a vast dilemma.

Present-day Russia, it must always be remembered, is a very young country. It does not have the corps of trained and skilled executives, scientists, and technicians that we have. Nor does it have, as yet, the technical institutions for training them in great numbers.

For these reasons, the solution to any Russian problem must be as simple as possible. And almost always there is an effort to solve, at least partially, two or three problems by using a single program.

Take the Russian approach to this problem of surplus women, for example. Basically, the Russian solution is work. Physically, this solution holds great advantages. A woman who stands fourteen hours a day over a lathe in a shell factory is too tired to toss all night worrying because her man is at the front or because she has no boy friend at all. Economically, this aids in the Russian labor problem. By manning transportation services, factories, mines, and fields with women, the Soviets are able to make up the gaps in the labor corps created by Red Army mobilization.

This practical, simple approach is backed up by a propaganda appeal which fits very naturally into the Soviet scheme of things. For twenty-five years Russia has preached to her youth, both boys and girls, the doctrine of service to the State. Long before the war young Russian women were volunteering by the thousands for difficult tasks in which normal hopes of marriage and motherhood were sacrificed.

The building of the great industrial center of Comsomolsk in the maritime provinces is an example. This city, now a metropolis of probably 300,000, was started in the desolate tundra of the Far East by women leaders of the Communist Youth, and their most enthusiastic recruits were thousands of girls who forswore sweethearts and husbands for a life of grim pioneer labor.

In the Soviet Union today there are uncounted legions of girls who are giving themselves to the State. Their sweethearts have been killed. Their husbands are missing. The boys who would have met and loved and married them are dead and gone.

You can replace a building or a factory, but you cannot replace a man. After the war there are not going to be enough men to go around—not by a good many millions and not for a good many years.

Obviously, the available manpower must be stretched as far as possible.

WHAT have the Russians done about this? They have created no magic formula. But they have several practical approaches. The war has left behind it a legacy of cripples. There must be at least two million and possibly four million Russian men who have lost an arm, a leg, an eye, or suffered a combination of these losses, or who have been seriously disfigured or wounded in some manner which will affect them for life.

Such men are not naturally attractive to women—even to women hardened by experience to the grim physical wreckage of war. But Russian women by the thousands are marrying war cripples.

The reason for this is a triumph of Soviet empiricism. Russian hospital facilities are limited. And they have little equipment for the rehabilitation of the badly wounded. I once visited the best hospital in Russia, one devoted to the care of men who had been critically wounded. I went through the orthopedic ward. There was less equipment in it than you would find in the average American high-school gymnasium.

As a substitute, the Russians send their cripples out to the farm and orchard country to recuperate. You see them by the hundreds on the fruit farms of Kazakistan and Uzbekistan, in the vineyards of golden Samarkand and in the peach orchards of Alma Ata. You see them in the sunny Crimea and along the Black Sea coast of the Caucasus; and, more recently, they have become noticeable in the lush wheat fields of the Ukraine.

Until the coming of the cripples, there had been roughly one man to every ten women in these regions. Now there are possibly three wounded veterans to every ten women. Men who felt no woman would ever look at them again have found themselves surrounded by feminine attentions. Women who longed to hear the deep timbre of masculine voices have heard it again.

AS usual, the Russians have solved three problems in one: They have restored the confidence of the men in their masculinity (thousands of marriages prove it). They have provided men, however broken, for the lonely women. And they have gained some fairly valuable agricultural labor while affording shattered bodies a chance to recuperate.

Actually, no stone is left unturned in the Soviet effort to solve this basic human problem. It is a tragedy of war that battle wounds are undiscriminating. The plight of Hemingway's hero in The Sun Also Rises has been duplicated many times on the battlefields of Russia. Possibly the most crippling single weapon employed by the Nazis is the antipersonnel mine. Thousands upon thousands of Red Army soldiers have been hit by that small exploding finger of dynamite, concealed in a wooden or plastic case, and buried under a handful of leaves or sand.

There is usually not enough explosive in the German antipersonnel mine to kill a man, but there is enough to shatter his legs or, blasting upward, to tear at his genitals.

There is no wound more destructive of a man's morale than a genito-urinary wound. A Russian surgeon once told me that he had treated some thousands of these cases.

"Usually," he said, "the psychological problem is greater than the physical one. The youngsters tell me desperately that they would rather die than live unless they can be men. If we do not see them quickly, the chances are they will put pistols to their heads."

It is no accident that Russian doctors lead the world in this most delicate phase of surgery. The Russians were the first to experiment, and they are masters of it today. Naturally, there are limitations to what they can do. But if the damage is not too widespread, the chances are better than even that the Soviet surgeons can achieve success.

Offhand, their technique seems incredible. But the case histories, kept in minute detail, show that the Russian operative technique works. Soviet surgery is doing its job. It is restoring men to manhood.

Russia exerts strong pressure on both single men and women to get married. This pressure takes two forms. One is economic, an outright increase in taxes. Early in the war, long before the actual problem became acute, the Kremlin placed much higher taxes on single persons than on married ones. As of 1945, a childless Russian citizen will pay six times the income tax of a citizen who has one child, and twelve times the rate of one who has two children.

Another form of pressure is the current Soviet propaganda. The duty of all good Russians to marry and beget children is preached daily in the press and over the radio. Soviet propaganda is amazingly effective. If the government suggests that a line of conduct is correct, the people follow that suggestion with startling unanimity. Once this line was laid down, the whole force of public opinion was mounted behind the idea that Russian boys and girls should get married and have children, no matter what the obstacles. Feeling runs so strong today that if a girl in a Soviet village refuses a boy, she is likely to be ostracized.

Russia's educational system, too, has been adjusted to meet her new problem. During 1944 the co-educational system was abolished, and today the country has separate schools for boys and girls. This is a far cry from the early days of the Revolution when there was a brave disregard of sex differences and when home economics was an unknown subject to most Russian girls. From now on, along with other things, the Soviet's girls are going to learn how to be good wives and mothers.

The Soviet Union is also increasing its drive for "career girls" in order to get the utmost value out of these women who will not find husbands. More than ever, girls are encouraged to attend technical schools and train as engineers, skilled agronomists, prospectors, etc. Later these women will aid in the development of the pioneer regions.

TWO factors in Russia's vast social problem can only be mentioned speculatively. One is the fact that the largest reserves of untapped manpower exist in remote areas, those desert and mountain areas which used to be called Russian Turkestan and the equally remote and vast regions athwart the northern boundaries of China. In some of these areas the male population still exceeds the female population.

The Soviet program encourages the emigration of women workers to the big new war plants in these distant areas. There many women of Russian origin will find husbands among the Mongols who populate the area.

Soviet women are not sent to these places to find husbands. They are sent to provide a labor force. But inevitably marriages will take place. And this mingling of races has, in fact, long been encouraged by the Soviets.

So far we have not considered one potential source of manpower. That is the huge group of German war prisoners now held by the Russians. There are probably a million such prisoners, more or less, and they will in all probability remain in Russia for a long time to come.

Today there are strict regulations which prohibit any contact between the German prisoners and the Soviet population. However, they are under constant, delicate propaganda designed to rid them of their Nazi outlook.

Suppose some years pass and these men are still in Russia. It seems almost inevitable that considerable numbers of these Germans will become "cleansed" of the Nazi taint. Then, under the realistic Soviet approach to all such matters, it would not be too surprising if numbers of them were encouraged to take Soviet wives and settle down in the frontier areas where they could contribute their share toward the building up of the Soviet land.

After all, what is most important to the Soviet leaders?

There can be no doubt that it is Russia's strength.

THE END

A TIP FOR A CUSTOMER

Well, hardly! But there *are* times when we *do* want to express a genuine, "Thank you!" to our guests. For instance:

A troop train speeds westward. A sudden change in schedule and dinner must be planned for the next stop—where the Fred Harvey restaurant has just 30 minutes to get ready. Extra help must be mustered, extra food prepared, everything geared like clockwork, to feed husky, hungry fighting men and send them on their way.

At such times our civilian patrons must forego the distinctive service they have learned to expect of us. To them we say, "Thanks for your good humored patience and understanding. *You are helping us to carry out our vital wartime assignment!*"

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DOUBLE-THICK BLADES

. . . just as long but twice as thick as ordinary blades. 3 times as thick as paper-thin ones. So they take and hold a really keen edge. Oil packed in special cartridge, cutting edges are suspended in space.

P.S. Spread the good word that these blades are back and—if you own a spare Schick Injector Razor pass it along to a friend. He'll thank you for real shaving comfort and ease. We'd like to introduce him to the Schick Injector Razor ourselves . . . but we still can't get the material to make new ones.

SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR and BLADES

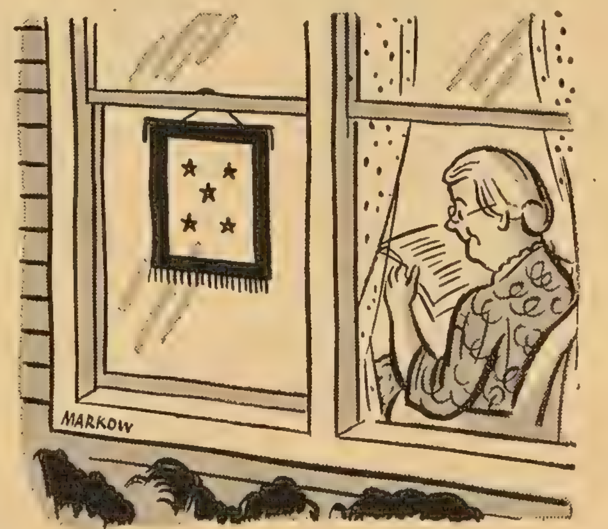
Magazine Repeating Razor Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

HERE'S a letter from a mother who knows how to take life in this wartime—Mrs. Velma L. Williams of Norwalk, California. Old Sarge presents it proudly to civilians as a standard by which to check their own performance, and to servicemen and servicewomen as an example of what they may rightfully expect of relatives and friends:

"I have been a reader of Liberty for many years. Nowadays I always turn to This Man's War first, and I must say I was elated over the way our dear boys in the South Pacific stood up for our 4-Fs in the February 17 This Man's War.



Five stars

"They are surely right: there are many things 4-Fs can do and many of them are doing. My youngest son, Roger, who was put in 4-F, quit his very good job and joined the Merchant Marine. Recently he was awarded four bars from Washington, D. C., one for operating in the Pacific war zone, one for the Atlantic war zone, one for the Mediterranean, and one for actual combat with the enemy, in which his ship had engaged. Also a sterling silver Merchant Marine pin.

"Just recently I returned from a two-month trip in the East. On the train, all the Army and Navy boys—and there were many of them—would get together and sing some old familiar hymns or some of the popular songs, and to my way of thinking it was much more beautiful than listening to Frank Sinatra—and to the silly little girls who squeal and swoon over his singing.

"I now have five dear boys working for Uncle Sam. One son has been in the South Pacific almost two years. He is in the N. C. B. Another son, who is in the Coast Guard, is helping supervise and sharing the responsibility for the loading of ammunition ships. Another is in A. A. F., training at Amarillo, Texas, and my only son-in-law is in the infantry.

"So you see I now have five stars in my window, and I am trying to be patient until my loved ones can come home. More power to all our boys everywhere who are giving of sweat, tears, and blood!"

* * *

There's quite a bit of arguing going on around here about whether an ex-cadet can wear solo wings on his overseas cap and how many solo hours he must have before he is allowed to wear them. Won't you clear this up for us ex-cadets?

Pvt. L. A., Keesler Field, Miss.

An ex-cadet is not entitled to wear pilot's wings, since they are awarded only to those who have completed the course in Advanced Flying Training and have been appointed flight officers or commissioned second lieutenants.

* * *

The other day I took my allotment checks into a bank to be cashed. They were going to charge three cents each for cashing them. Is that according to Hoyle?

M. T., Bellevue, Wash.

That's up to the bank. With proper identification, most banks cash allotment checks without charge, but some banks, as a matter of policy, charge a few cents for handling any check on an out-of-town bank, including the U. S. Treasury.

* * *

I am over forty-four years old and, after twenty-two months overseas, have applied for a discharge. I read that a man discharged from the Army at his own request loses his mustering-out pay. Does the same rule apply to the Navy?

E. W. P., MM 1/c, Marianas Islands.

You will get your mustering-out pay whether discharged at your own request or not, because you have overseas service. Regulations covering mustering-out pay are the same for the Army and the Navy.

* * *

I served with the First Marine Division in the Guadalcanal campaign. While there, my division was awarded the Presidential Citation. This does not show on my discharge, although I have the ribbon. Should this citation be shown on my discharge, and, if so, how may I get it put on?

D. C., Mayking, Ky.

No notation of this award is made on discharge certificates.

* * *

I was discharged from the Army Air Forces on October 9, 1943, for flat feet. I would like to go back in the Army now. Where and to whom do I apply to find out whether I am eligible at least for limited duty?

H. L. S., Oak Park, Ill.

See your local draft board. Men are not now being taken for limited service. If the degree of your disability is not serious, you may be able to get a waiver from the War Department—which would mean giving up your right to claim compensation from the government if your disability were aggravated by military duty.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

CAN CONTACT LENSES HELP YOU?

Continued from Page 21

hotel or night-club powder room and, with a smile of flashing allure on my newly made-up lips (I had to smash my nose against the mirror to do them), make for a somewhat confused unknown man. My puzzled escort would tuck a reproving hand under my elbow and murmur, "Of course if you really *want* that guy . . ." or, more frankly, "Hey, why don't you put on glasses?"

"Glasses—for me?" would I reply with a surprised gaze. "Oh, but I don't really need them—except when I work."

But when it got so that I was having a daily battle trying to read my copy, and was coming home utterly exhausted from the strain, I went to an ophthalmologist for a check-up. He told me I had keratoconus. Any glasses he could give me would not help very much. The only things which would help were contact lenses, and these, he said, were impractical. By this he meant that I'd never be able to wear them more than four or five hours at a time.

In the course of visits to a half dozen distinguished conservative ophthalmologists in the Middle West, I found this was the unanimous opinion. Contacts were the only answer to my problem, true, but—they shook their heads.

Finally, however, I did find a doctor, a younger one this time, who was enthusiastic about the results of contact lenses on "cones." I set off to another city to have the work done, convinced that here was the answer. The lenses were molded and made all right, but they were not successful. I could not wear them more than a few hours at a time without pain and irritation.

At first the answer was believed to be in the fluid, the delicately balanced combination of sodium bicarbonate, sodium chloride, and distilled water which is worn between the lens and the eye. I tried at least fifteen different types of solutions, but it was no good; I still couldn't wear the lenses. Utter discouragement set in. I had had a taste of a clear-cut world from my brief experience with the contacts, and it was infinitely harder than before to go back to strange shapes and shadows.

But I found another technician-and-doctor team that discovered a hair's-breadth deviation in the fit of my lenses. When this was corrected I put on my lenses and wore them, at first six or eight hours at a time, and then from awakening in the morning until bedtime. Soon thereafter I had a second pair made. Dependent on them as I was, I didn't want to take a chance on losing or breaking one or both.

Expensive, yes, but good eyesight is not measured in terms of money. Contact lenses cost between $125 and $150; some may cost as much as $200. The plastic in them probably could be bought for a quarter. The $149.75 is for the infinite care and skill which go into the making of the lenses.

To be satisfactory, contact lenses need only three components: a perfect fit, the correct fluid, and the patience of the wearer. The first two standards are absolute. The third is dependent on many factors such as the nervous temperament of the patient and the ability to adjust to the idea of inserting a foreign body into the wide-open eye when every instinct since infancy has warned humans to close their eyes as objects approach. Some people never have any breaking-in period at all; others may take anywhere from two to six weeks.

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If your dealer is temporarily out of your favorite shape, remember that Royal Demuth Filter Pipes are in great demand by our armed forces.

The contact lenses are made from a cast molded in a jellylike substance to the patient's own, anesthetized eyes. Optics are ground on the plastic.

All kinds of amazing things happen. There was a girl in Chicago, a dancer at a night club, so nearsighted that she was all but kicking patrons in the face. She got her lenses and was tested with green fluorescein, which makes it possible to detect any flaws in the lenses. When the doctor said, "There, those are fine now!" and turned to speak to another patient, the dancer thought everything was indeed fine, and walked out of the office, fluorescein and all. That night as she went into her routine at the night club, the spotlight picked up the catlike glow in her green eyes. They shone through the club and startled patrons dropped their drinks and hurried out, swearing to lead good clean lives from then on.

Then there's the pilot who had almost won his wings before his lenses were detected. The U. S. Army Air Forces do not as yet permit contact lenses, although the R. A. F. does. And there's a country doctor down in the Kentucky hills who had to give up surgery when the "cone" overtook him. He, too, went to Chicago and had a pair of contact lenses made which corrected him to 20-20. He briskly returned to his old Kentucky home to take up his scalpel again in a community where it was sorely needed. Before he left, he admonished the man who had made his lenses, "I want you to take good care of yourself, because if anything happened to you, what would happen to me?"

MY original pair of lenses is tinted a beautiful violet shade. This was done to cut down the glare from which I suffered.

As the glare was softened, the appeal went up. My eyes, while not a bad shade of blue, had never caused anyone to wax poetic before. Men who had never commented on them previously became lyrical. A large national organization was in the palm of my little pink hand at a cocktail party as the vice-president in charge of something or other murmured that he had never seen such eyes. I felt a little sheepish and told him I wore contact lenses, the next day asking myself why I had to take my mother so literally when she brought me up to be truthful.

I did try to conceal it from a young man of my acquaintance, though, and might have succeeded if the grandmother of a friend of mine had not borne down upon us as we walked down the street, asking me all about my wonderful new glasses because she wanted her granddaughter to have some like them. With a feeble ha-ha-so-you-want-to-know-about-my-glasses, I tried to brush her off, but she would not brush. Nothing would do but we must go into a near-by teashop, sit ourselves down, and talk all about them. She smiled kindly at my young man, saying she knew he wouldn't mind, and he said no, he was awfully interested. She begged me to take them out so she could see for herself if it was as easy as I said. The young man looked at the bits of plastic.

"Why, they're violet!" he said. He looked at my eyes and lied gallantly. "But no prettier than your eyes." Things were never quite the same after that, though. He was awfully interested in the lenses. He said he'd heard of them.

That seems to be the way with most people. They've heard about them but have never seen any, believing that the use of them is confined to movie and stage stars. They are full of questions and comments which fall very much in the same pattern. Aren't they painful? And expensive? How did I happen to get them? Do I put them in and take them out myself? Don't they make me nervous? Aren't they terribly hard to get used to? Wouldn't I be a little smarter to wait until they are—well, you know—not quite so new?

I answer these questions many times, but never lose my enthusiasm. I am glad indeed to spread the gospel and launch forth on my subject with all the zeal of crusading light in my shining (plastic) eyes.

Actually contact lenses are not new. As long ago as 1827, Sir John Herschel, the English astronomer, advanced the idea that a protective glass shell could be designed to cover the sensitive cornea. Nothing much came of the idea in the next sixty years, but in 1887, in Germany, such a thin glass shell was fitted to the eye of a patient suffering from corneal ulcers. The sight of the eye was saved.

At about the same time, a Dr. A. E. Fick was experimenting with contact lenses—he was the first to use the term—to correct visual errors. In 1888 the Zeiss Laboratories in Germany brought out a lens which, while not perfect, convinced the scientists that they were on the right track. In 1920 they brought out an accurately ground and polished contact lens which was chemically resistant to eye secretions.

It was more than fifteen years later that the first plastic lens came out. These are ideal because they will not break, unless stepped on, and often protect the eyes in case of accident. The lenses of today are about the size of a five-cent piece, thin and oval-shaped, and are made of soft, nonirritating plastic. They don't cloud up in the rain or get dusty, as ordinary glasses do.

Contact lenses will be of particular help to soldiers who suffer injuries to the cornea. In the case of corneal scars or corneal injuries, the difficulty to be overcome is the irregularity of the front surface of the eye. A perfect spherical surface is needed for good vision. The fluid between the lens and the eye fills out the surface of the eye as regular glasses could not. Contact lenses, of course, are also used to correct visual errors arising from other causes.

The fluid occasionally becomes cloudy and has to be changed once a day, although on other days the lenses may be worn all day without change. Why some days are different from others is inexplicable—and minor. Rainbows frequently appear around lights after four or five hours' wearing, although these seldom, if ever, occur with old-time wearers.

PUTTING the lenses in and taking them out is a trick usually mastered in a day or two. Once the patient gets the hang, it doesn't take as long as brushing the teeth. The little chores in conection with the lenses become automatic. The wearer is usually so unconscious of his or her lenses that insertion and removal are accomplished while the thoughts are far, far away.

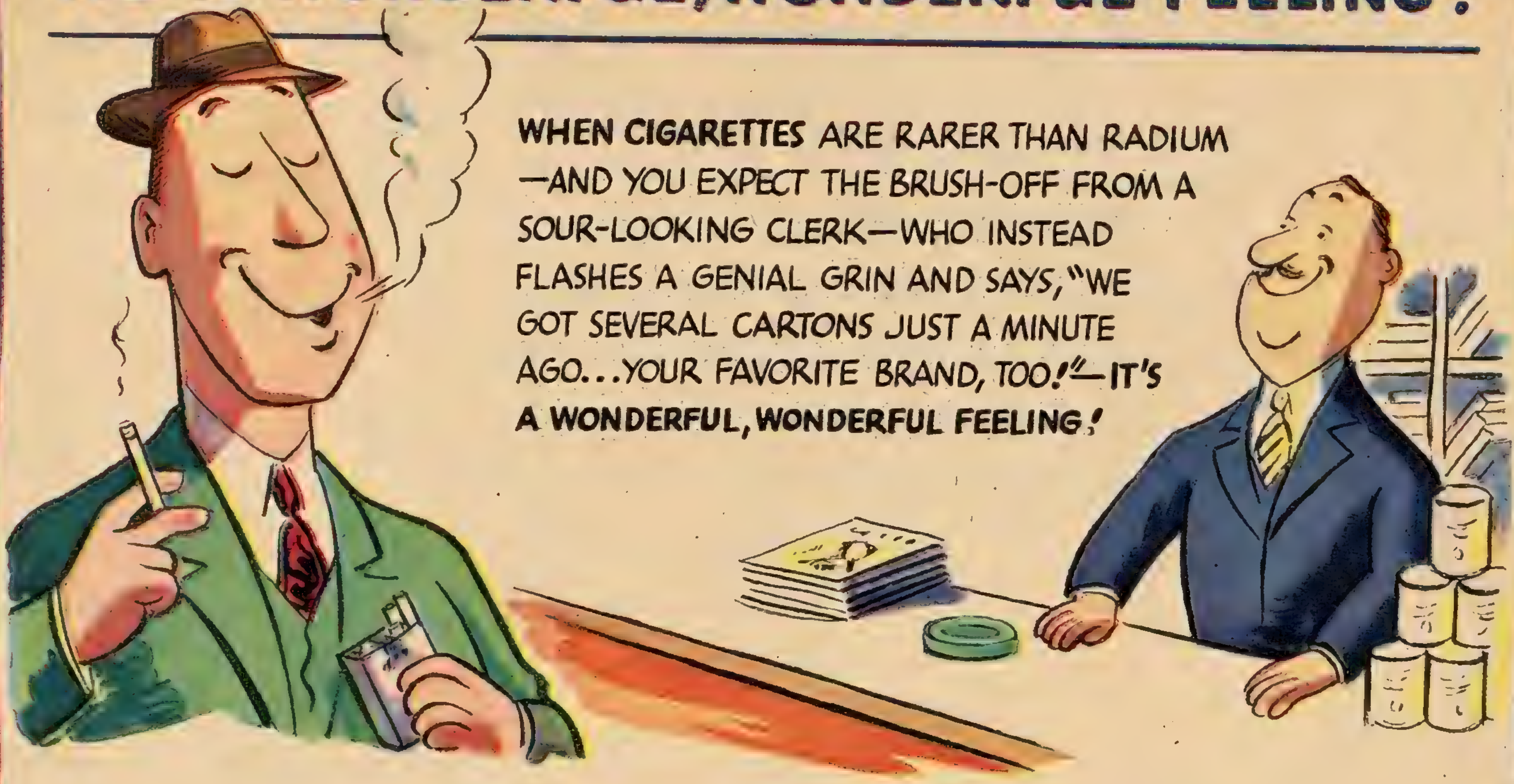
They're a lot of fun. Friends and relatives are amused and astonished if you tap absent-mindedly against the eyeball with a knife and make a faint "clang." But it's more than fun. It's wonderful to see the grass as separate blades instead of a mass of green; to notice the individual shapes of leaves and flowers; to get on the right streetcar; to see friends approaching a block away; to swim and ride horseback and drive a car with perfect confidence; to enjoy a movie or a book, and to watch the lights of motorcars as they move across a bridge.

Even today's troubled, chaotic world is beautiful when it appears sharp and clean-cut and firm.

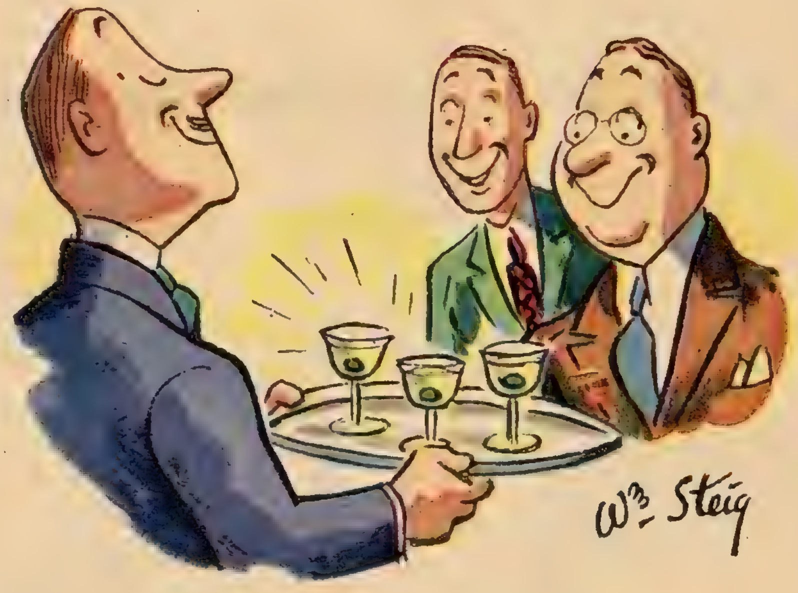
THE END

IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!

WHEN CIGARETTES ARE RARER THAN RADIUM —AND YOU EXPECT THE BRUSH-OFF FROM A SOUR-LOOKING CLERK—WHO INSTEAD FLASHES A GENIAL GRIN AND SAYS, "WE GOT SEVERAL CARTONS JUST A MINUTE AGO... YOUR FAVORITE BRAND, TOO!"—**IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!**



WHEN YOU GO TO A PARTY—EXPECTING TO ENJOY EVERYTHING BUT THE MARTINIS—AND THEN YOUR HOST BRINGS OUT COCKTAILS MADE WITH KINSEY, THE **GENIAL** GIN—SO SMOOTH, SO FLAVORSOME, SO UTTERLY DELIGHTFUL—**IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!**



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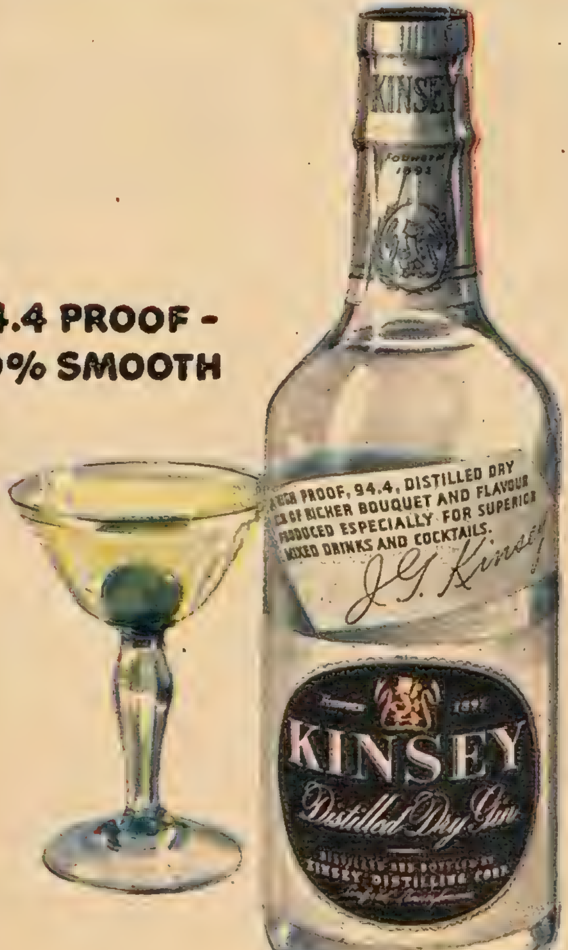
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TRAITORS' TRAIL

Continued from Page 29

"Shall I check on Mrs. Smith at the hotel?"

"No. Don't do anything that'll make 'em think we're suspicious. It's bad enough your not coming with me. But we have to risk it. We can't leave that phone in the apartment uncovered, just in case." I looked up at the station clock. "I've got to step on it!"

"Good luck, Rod," she said. "I think Max would be proud of you."

I JUST did make the train. I got a seat in the smoker, after looking the passengers over. I didn't see anyone I'd ever seen before, but there was one guy in the car I couldn't help noticing. I noticed him because of the ulster he was wearing. It was a tweed in a particularly loud black-and-white-check pattern. After a while I lost interest in him.

I didn't think about him again until I noticed that he, too, got off at Bradford. If I had a moment's suspicion, it disappeared when he walked straight to the taxi rank at the end of the platform, got into one of the cabs and drove off.

"Do you know where Lilac Lodge is?" I asked one of the cab drivers.

"Sure," he said.

"Will you take me there?"

"I can take you part way," he said. "There's a washout on the dune road about a half a mile from the house. That's as close as I can get to it."

"O. K., let's go."

"It's none of my business, brother, but there's nobody out there."

"I'm looking it over for a friend who's interested in buying," I said.

"You got keys with you—or you want I should stop first at the real-estate office?"

"I've got keys," I said.

It was a gray blustery day out there on the Island. When we got onto Beachcomb Road, which paralleled the dunes, you could hear the roar of the surf.

Finally the driver pulled up alongside the road. "This is as far as I can take you," he said. "You can walk along what's left of the road for about half a mile or, if you don't mind the wind, it's half as far if you cut across the dunes."

"I don't mind the wind. How will I recognize the house if I use the short cut?"

"It's the only place for another three miles," he said. "You can't miss it. You want I should come back for you?"

"I don't know how long I'm going to be," I said.

The driver pointed back along the way we'd come. There was a closed gas station back about a hundred yards. "It's closed for business," he said, "but the guy who runs it lives there and he's got a phone. Call me from there when you want me." He handed me his card.

I thanked him and started off across the dunes. There was no one in sight. Even the gas station was hidden by a big mound of sand I'd passed. It was heavy walking in the sand. I put my head down and plowed ahead. Once I stopped and looked ahead. I saw a low, gray shingled house set back from the water. There were unpainted boards nailed over the windows. I started plowing ahead again. The damp salty wind cut at my face. I stopped to get my bearings after a few more yards.

I saw him then—the man in the checkerboard overcoat. He ducked behind one of the dunes, but not before I saw him quite clearly. He *was* following me.

I stood where I was, turning my back to the wind, wondering what I'd better do. Now I knew I was walking into something. The question was whether to go ahead and walk into it, or to head back to town and get help. I decided the best thing to do was to go back to town, rout out the local sheriff, and maybe have some company with me when I got to that deserted-looking house.

I turned and started back. Instantly the man in the checkerboard coat started running diagonally along the upper part of the beach to head me off. Suddenly I made a dive for one of the dunes. I thought maybe I could outplay him at hide-and-seek behind the big mounds of sand and marsh grass.

I walked cautiously around one of the mounds—and smack into the man I was trying to avoid. When I saw the gun I turned, instinctively, to run.

"Stay where you are or I'll kill you," he said. I stayed.

HE came up to me, still leveling his automatic, and patted my pockets. I didn't have a gun.

"It seems too bad to change your mind after coming this far," he said. "Let's start back for the house again."

There wasn't any choice.

"What's this all about?" I asked him.

"Somebody wants to talk to you."

"Why make it so complicated?" I asked.

"Don't waste your breath," he said.

We got to the house, finally. My checkerboard friend took me around to a back door. It opened just before I reached it, but I didn't see anyone.

"Keep going," my man said, punctuating the order with a jab of the gun. I kept going, into a house that was cold and dark as a tomb. I could just see the walls of a narrow corridor. At the end was a door.

"Open the door," my friend said.

(*Continued on page 70*)

Hits Jackpot when he FINDS "RIGHT-BALANCE" DRESSING FOR HIS HAIR!

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SENT TO THE CLEANERS: His suit was covered with untidy dandruff flakes which looked so slovenly. Kreml Hair Tonic is famous to relieve itching of dry scalp and remove untidy dandruff flakes.

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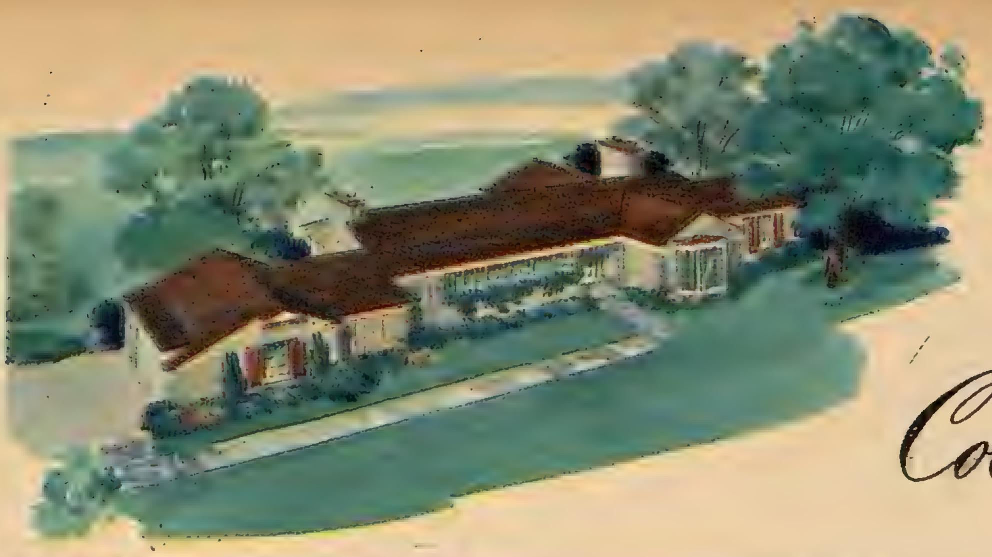
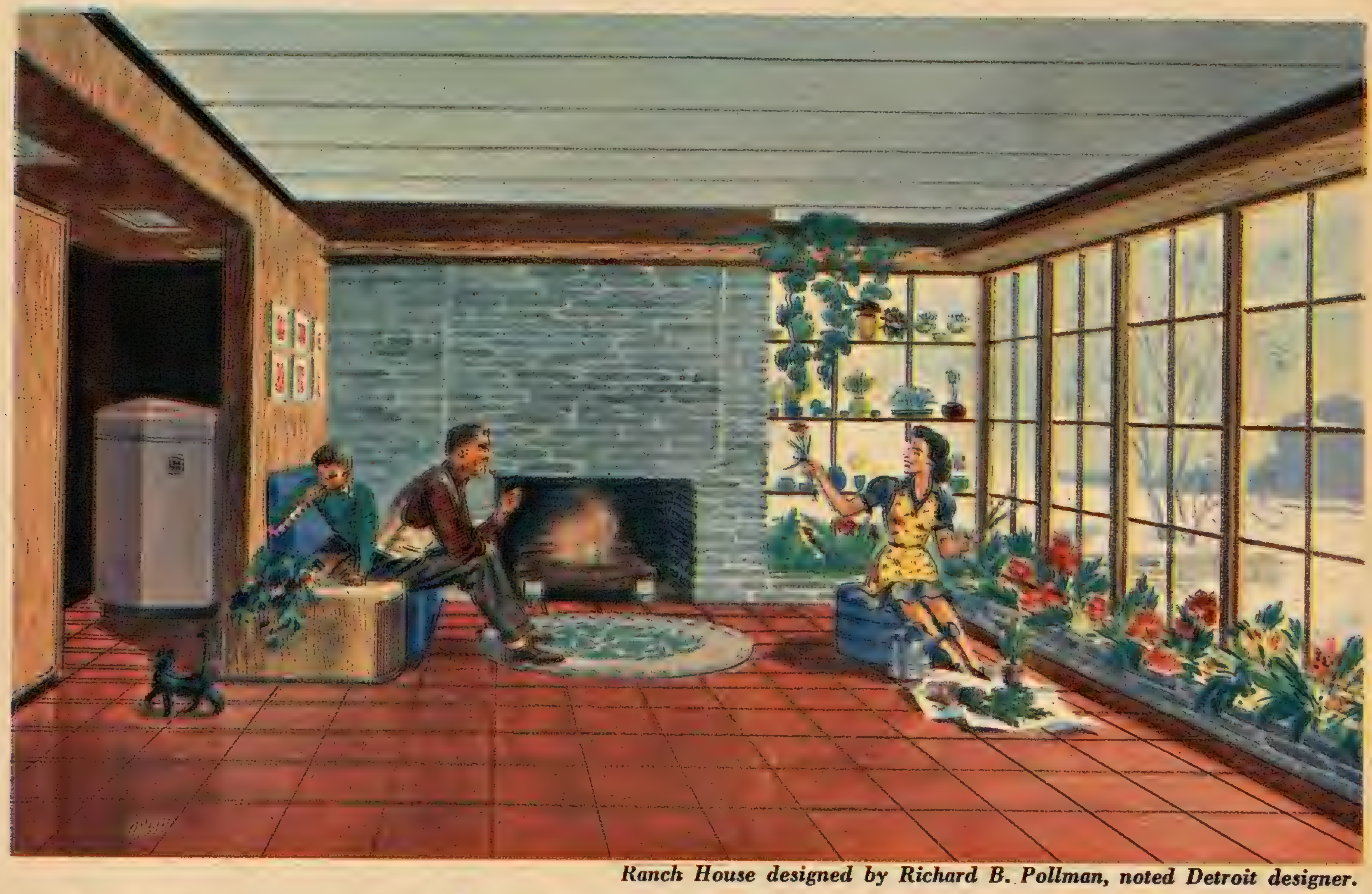


NEW
Colonial Ranch House



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(Continued from page 68)

I opened it. I went into a room which was lit by two kerosene lamps and heated by a small kerosene stove. Sitting in a chair facing the door was Mrs. Brendon Smith.

"Hello, Mr. Buchanan," she said.

The door closed behind me and the pressure of the gun against my back relaxed. I turned my head. There was another man there beside Checkerboard, a dignified-looking guy about sixty.

"Where's Miss Ames?" this guy said.

"Giving Lieutenant Sullivan of the New York police force an earful," I said, deciding on bluff.

"Too bad," said the gray-haired man. "Too bad for Mr. Chandler."

"Where is Max?" I asked.

"I don't think we'll bother to discuss that, Buchanan. It would seem to be our ace card, wouldn't it?"

"Don't you think, Gerard, it would be a good notion to forgo your penchant for melodrama and get to work?"

That was a jolt. Gerard Devens was the man Max was to meet for dinner the night he disappeared.

"I still want to know why Chandler's devoted secretary failed to come with you, Buchanan," Devens said. "The note specifically instructed her to come."

"The note," I said, "was a very obvious phony."

DEVENS and Mrs. Smith glanced at each other. "What made you think it was a phony?" Devens asked.

"That would seem to be *our* ace card, wouldn't it?" I said sweetly.

A nerve twitched at the corner of Gerard Devens' eye.

"It seems to me," I said, "you're playing a criminal game pretty openly. You're going to be stuck with this."

"Don't be childish," he said.

"Stop fencing, Gerard, and get down to business," Mrs. Smith said.

"Chandler has records I want, Buchanan," Devens said.

"My, my," I said. "So Max caught up with you."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't know. What did catch up with you, Devens?"

"Where does Chandler keep his private papers and records?" Devens demanded.

"Why don't you ask him? You're obviously holding him somewhere."

"We're asking you, Buchanan."

"Nice weather we've been having lately," I said.

"Does he keep them in a safety deposit box?" Devens asked.

"The political situation in Europe is going to be chaotic after the war, don't you think?" I said.

Something hit me a glancing blow from behind that knocked me to my knees. I was yanked up from behind and stood there, weaving on rubbery legs.

"Are they in his apartment?" Devens' voice came at me through a fog.

"The walls are papered with them," I said.

Checkerboard had moved around front. I saw his fist coming at me. It landed squarely on my mouth.

I'd lost interest in gags. "You really don't believe I'd tell you, even if I knew, do you?"

"You'll tell us," Devens said. "Nobody you know is going to come out here. We've time to work on you."

"There's the taxi driver, there's Lee, there's Max," I said. "They all know I'm here. And," I added, "there's Lieutenant Sullivan."

"I hardly think any of them are going to help you," Devens said. "We'll stick with you till you talk."

"Merry Christmas," I said, "and a happy 1956."

I saw the fist coming again. This time it caught me squarely on the button. The lights went out. . . .

When I came to, I was lying on the floor. I turned my head slightly and opened my eyes. Checkerboard was sitting in the armchair Mrs. Smith had occupied when I last remembered anything. He was watching me with a curious lack of interest.

I didn't move. I wanted to do some thinking. I didn't need a blueprint to have a pretty good notion of what was up. Gerard Devens of the Devens Newspaper Syndicate wanted records of Max's. That meant, since he was willing to go to such lengths, that those records would put Devens behind the eight ball. Since Max's job was running down traitors, the answer was that Devens *had* to run any risk to get them to prevent treason charges being brought against him.

I knew where Max kept such documents. They would be in a safety deposit box in a midtown bank—if he'd had time to get them there. I also knew that, even if I told where they were, Mr. Devens could only get them on a written order from Max, countersigned in a special way. The only reason for holding out was to keep them from working directly on Max.

One thing was certain, however. I wasn't going to be allowed to leave Lilac Lodge. I knew too much. The chances of the taxi driver or Lee making inquiries about me before it was too late were remote.

I groaned and rolled over.

"So you woke up," Checkerboard said.

"What hit me?" I said.

"My fist." Checkerboard grinned.

I turned my head to look around. There was no sign of Devens or Mrs. Smith.

"Gone," Checkerboard said, answering my unspoken question. "There's the babe back in New York. Maybe she won't be so tough about talking."

I felt sweat on my forehead. Devens and Mrs. Smith would go to Max's apartment and find Lee. They'd go to work on her.

"Meanwhile," Checkerboard said, "you and I will play some more here."

"How much are you getting paid for this job?" I asked.

Checkerboard laughed. "Don't try bribing me, chum. It won't work."

"Can I get up and smoke a cigarette before you start on me again?"

"Sure," he said. "Smoke a cigarette . . . and *think!* Think how unpleasant it's going to be to have me take you apart piece by piece if you don't talk."

I GOT slowly to my feet. I was pretty wobbly. I fumbled in my pocket for a cigarette and got it out. I put it between my lips. Then I leaned over one of the lamps as if to light it from the chimney. I lifted the lamp up in both hands as if to make the lighting easier. Then I let him have it—the lighted lamp straight in the kisser!

The chimney shattered. In the one brief look I had, I saw the gods were with me. The front of his suit burst into flame. He dropped his gun to beat at the fire with his hands.

I was out in the corridor, slamming the door behind me. The back door was only ten feet away. I could hear Checkerboard yelling like a gored bull. I got hold of the door. For one awful moment it wouldn't open. Then it opened—and I was out on the beach, trying to run through the sand that felt like the fantastic quagmire of a dream. I never once turned to look back. Half running, half crawling, I reached the top of the dunes. The highway was down below me on the other side. Then I looked back. Lilac Lodge was on fire. There was no sign of Checkerboard.

THE trip back to New York was a nightmare, especially the first part of it. I got down to the gas station the taxi driver had pointed out. I didn't say anything about the fire, though if the attendant had looked he could have seen smoke rising above the dunes. The man himself was about to drive into town and he took me along.

When I got to the station I put in a long-distance call to Lee at the apartment —and got no answer! My watch had been smashed in the fracas at the Lodge, but the station clock told me that more than an hour and a half had gone by since my arrival. Devens and Mrs. Smith could have gotten to Lee if their connections had all clicked.

I called Sullivan. I didn't mention Max. I told Sullivan that Lee was in danger. I told him to get over there. He said he couldn't break in without a warrant and he couldn't get a warrant without me. He'd try legal methods, and if they failed he'd meet me at the house.

I was in a sweat lest Checkerboard turn up, but he didn't. At last the train came. It seemed to me I was fifteen years older when we pulled into Penn Station. I got me a cab and we burned rubber down to Washington Square. There was a green-and-white police car pulled up behind Max's sedan. Incidentally, Max's job had collected a parking ticket. Lieutenant Sullivan and a patrolman piled out of the police car.

"No answer on the doorbell," he said. "We did a little prowling, but if there's anybody in the apartment we couldn't detect it."

We took it on the run upstairs. I had keys. I got the front door open three inches, and then the inside chain caught and held. Sullivan and the patrolman and I hit it all at once and surged through into the room.

THERE was no one in the living room, but Devens suddenly appeared in the doorway of the bedroom. He was tugging frantically at his hip pocket.

"Put up those hands, but quick!" Sullivan said.

Slowly Devens raised his hands. I ducked past him into the bedroom.

Lee was lying on the bed, her hands and eet taped together with adhesive. Mrs. Smith was standing over her with a portable electric curling iron in her hand. t was plugged into the wall. It was red-ot. I didn't stop to see whether it had een used. I threw a cross block into Mrs. Smith that knocked her ten feet across he room. The curling iron was yanked lear of the connection. I went crashing gainst the bureau, stumbling over Mrs. Smith.

"Take it easy, Rod," Sullivan said.

The handcuffs were on Devens. The atrolman was picking up Mrs. Smith, ho was hanging onto her hand. The iron y on the rug, a little curl of smoke rising from it. I got to Lee and the bands f tape.

"Are you all right, Lee?"

"The marines!" she said. "Oh, Rod darng, you're marvelous."

It was the first time she'd ever called ne darling, even kidding.

"Did they tell you where Max is?" I sked.

"No. Is he all right?"

"How the hell do I know?" I whirled round to Devens and Mrs. Smith. "Where's Iax?" I said.

"That's still our ace card, Buchanan," evens said.

"We'll sweat it out of them," Sullivan aid cheerfully.

"I doubt if it will be in time," Devens aid, "if at all. I suggest you withdraw

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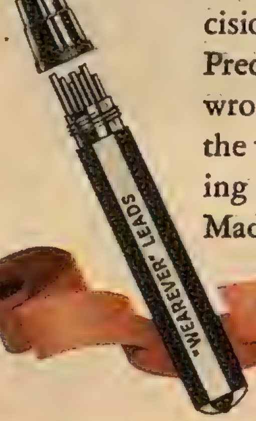

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charges against us, Buchanan. Give us a twenty-four-hour start and we'll wire you where to find Chandler."

"Max alive or Max dead?" I said.

"You'll have to gamble on that," Devens said.

I couldn't risk it. If they were turned loose they could polish Max off, and they would, since he had the goods on them. We had to chance it that Sullivan could make them talk.

"Take 'em away," I said to Sullivan, "and if you start getting soft-hearted, remember that curling iron and what that bitch meant to use it for."

It was like having been in the center of a tornado that suddenly went past you and left you exhausted. Lee and I were alone, staring at each other. We'd failed. We'd nailed the people Max was after, but Max himself . . .

"There's no way to start looking!" Lee said desperately. "Where can you begin? Where would they feel fairly certain we *wouldn't* look?"

"Well, we're not doing any good sitting here. This is one place he *isn't*," I said. Then I felt the pulse suddenly start to pound in my temples.

"What is it, Rod?" Lee looked at me as though I'd gone nuts.

"Lee! It was daylight when Max started out to have dinner with Devens the other night!"

"So what?"

"If he'd changed his mind about the car, he'd have phoned up to me from downstairs to put it away. He knew he'd collect a ticket if he left it there."

"But he didn't phone us!"

"That's the point! He would have. He wouldn't simply have changed his mind and taken a cab and left the car there to be tagged."

"It isn't like him," she admitted.

"So what happened? Was he kidnaped on the sidewalk in broad daylight?"

"Rod, what are you driving at?"

"I said this was the one place he isn't. Lee, suppose he never left the building? Suppose they were waiting for him downstairs in the entrance hall?"

"They would have moved him later," she said.

I was on my feet. "Why? This is the one place no one would look!"

That was all the talking we did. We both ran out of the apartment and down the stairs to the main entrance hall. There was a doorway at the rear leading down to the cellar. I opened it and started down, Lee behind me. I'd only gone a couple of steps when the superintendent, a blond, Swedish-looking guy, appeared.

"What do you want?" he said.

"We want to look around the cellar," I said.

"I'll come up," he said.

"No soap, brother, we're coming down."

He hunched his shoulders in a funny kind of way. "The tenants don't come down in the basement," he said.

"Where's Mr. Chandler?" I said.

This guy was no Gerard Devens. He hadn't the kind of control of his facial muscles Devens had. I knew he knew.

I haven't worked for Max for four years without knowing the value of beating the other guy to the punch. I jumped. I was ten or twelve steps above the guy and I jumped, aiming my heels straight at his face. My whole weight struck him squarely on the chest. He went down hard. I was sprawling on the concrete myself, dazed. But I rolled over—just in time to see Lee polish off the super with the shovel he had dropped.

I started to scramble to my feet when I heard a noise, a dull, persistent thumping. In the corner was a door with a padlock. It was shaking from the thudding which came from inside. Lee found the key in the super's pocket. We unlocked the door and there was Max, sitting on the floor, hands and feet taped together, tape over his mouth. I worked on the legs and hands. Lee, very tenderly, removed the strip from his mouth. He looked at us out of his pale blue eyes, balefully.

"It certainly took you long enough to get here!" he said. He stood up, groaning from stiff muscles. "Stand watch over this guy, Rod. I'll get Sullivan. There are bigger fish to catch."

"If you mean Devens and Mrs. Smith, they're caught," Lee said. "Thanks to Rod. It was also Rod who figured you might be here in the cellar. What's it all about, Max?"

"Long and complicated story," he said. "They're enemy agents, badly wanted."

"How did you come to write the letter, Max?" I asked.

"Since you found me here," Max said, "you must have finally figured that I never left the house." I nodded and he went on. "Devens and the superintendent met me in the hall when I came downstairs to go to dinner. I didn't think Devens knew I was on to him. They brought me down here. They wanted documents I have."

"I know, but—"

"These people are pretty adept at torture, Rod. I knew it would go on and on. I didn't play heroic. I pretended to be on the verge of cracking, so they were patient. Time was important because I knew you wouldn't move for seventy-two hours. I wanted you to move before that, so I hinted that the things they wanted were in the apartment. They had to get you out of the apartment to search, and they figured you wouldn't leave without word from me. They demanded I write a note. I pretended to resist. Finally I wrote, using the autograph signature. I prayed you'd notice it and figure that you ought to go into action."

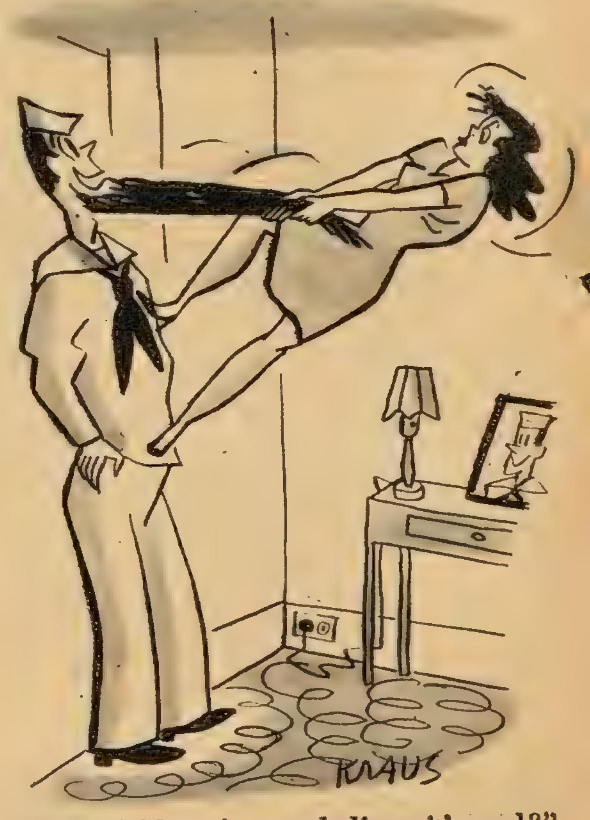
"He spotted it at once," Lee said, "and he certainly went into action!"

Max's mouth must have been stiff from the tape, but he smiled at me.

"It was nice going, son," he said. "Very nice going."

That was better than the Congressional Medal for me, with the Purple Heart thrown in. Come to think of it, the bruises I had from head to foot pretty nearly entitled me to the Purple Heart!

THE END



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BY
MARGARET
FISHBACK

Woman-Talk

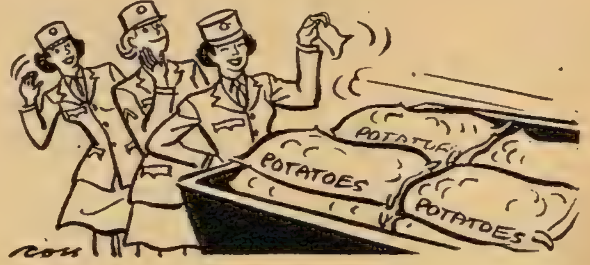
ON THE JOB: Mrs. Ethel Misiewicz of Trenton, New Jersey, puts most of us to shame by her devotion to duty in the face of grievous obstacles. The War Department announced that the twenty-four-year-old woman's husband was reported killed in France late in 1944. Mrs. Misiewicz kept right on her job, and was still at work the day she gave birth to a six-pound son. She was attended by the nurse at the plant, who delivered the baby in the women's rest room. Then mother and child were taken to the hospital.

BACK TO THE SOIL: I had the good fortune to sit next to an entertaining gentleman farmer at dinner recently. He proved to be almost as much in love with Maine as I am. As we compared notes on farming, he quoted Plato's hot tip, to wit: "The best fertilizer for a gentleman's farm is the imprint of the owner's foot." . . . In Maine the farmers call snow the "poor man's fertilizer."

HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL: Writes a major who has been overseas since several months before his son, now two years old, was born: "There is a policy that when a man has been overseas for thirty months, he is eligible for a leave back in the States. The hitch is that numbers must be so limited, it is run on a lottery system, which means you have to be lucky as well as durable. I shall be eligible in March, and then I can start hoping. . . . Though, as one of the salesmen who worked for me back in the rug department said, when I bawled him out for a poor selling record, 'Somebody has to be last, and it might as well be me.'"

"THE WOUNDED CANNOT WAIT": In spotlighting the acute need for Army nurses, Under-Secretary of War Patterson said, "It would take nine months to overcome the shortage. The wounded cannot wait that long. . . . We cannot gamble with the lives of our soldiers." Urging enactment of a nurses' draft law, he told the House Military Committee that the Army is short 16,000 nurses in addition to needing 250 replacements each month. . . . If *you* are a registered nurse not yet forty-five years old, you may be eligible for membership in the U. S. Army Nurse Corps. Application should be made to the Surgeon General, U. S. Army, Washington 25, D. C., or to a Red Cross procurement office. Senior Cadet nurses of the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps are eligible for transfer to Army hospitals for the completion of their training, and for subsequent appointment, if they desire, as second lieutenants in the Army Nurse Corps. Qualified nurses' aides, graduates of Red Cross training classes, who have had at least 150 hours of subsequent hospital experience, may be employed in Army hospitals. This is full-time paid employment, with civil service status. . . . The Army nurse's pledge includes these inspiring vows: "I shall bring to the American soldier wherever he may be the best of my knowledge and professional skill. . . . I shall appear fearless in the presence of danger, and quiet the fears of others to the best of my ability." What a challenge! What a golden opportunity to glorify one's own life by saving others. Remember, *the wounded cannot wait!*

SMART HEADWORK: Millinery designers always have to use their heads well in advance of the day you start using yours to wear their creations. Lilly Daché showed her spring and summer collection in New York on St. Valentine's Day accompanied by a mixture of hail, rain, and sleet. Mme. Daché was her own commentator, and explained her use of diaphanous fabrics and combined shadings as an effort to do for women what cosmetics do in the way of enhancing the color of eyes, skin, and hair. Blue maline enveloped one hat to make blue eyes look bluer. Soft lavender and blue were blended, and pink with gray, to achieve effects which she calls "mystic." Other hats were swamped with gigantic blossoms, though there were casual hats, too, of felt or straw, adorned only with a grosgrain band. Satin, ruffles, lace, net, and jersey were in evidence too. The basic idea was that elegant and complicated hats grab the spotlight, so that dresses may be simple and subordinated.



NO FRIED POTATOES: There will be no more fried potatoes at breakfast for the WACs, because they don't like them, according to the War Department. At the time the Women's Army Corps was created, the Quartermaster Corps had no way of anticipating what or how much a WAC would eat, so the women soldiers were given the same menus that had been designed for males. A study of WAC mess halls has shown that the women prefer one egg to two for breakfast, and less than half as much pork sausage as the typical male soldier, who comes back for a second helping. The quantity of fifty other items is being cut in WAC mess halls, and the Army expects to save $2,700,000 this year on the WAC food bill. The WACs will still get 3,100 calories a day, or 650 less than the regular soldier, but 600 above the minimum recommended by the National Research Council for moderately active women.

WE ARE COMING BACK!

Continued from Page 20

down under emotional strain were called shell-shock cases. Many of these "shell-shocked" men never heard a shell explode; many of them never fired a gun. How many psychoneurotics do you think are walking the streets in your home town, undetected? I am acquainted with many people high in the social, political, and business world today who could be thus classified, yet no one thinks anything of it. I know writers, actors, editors, and producers who fit that classification, yet they hold their jobs.

It amuses me when I hear the word pronounced as though it meant a victim of some dread malady. Some employers must think it does, for they have refused to rehire veterans so classified. This is unfair. Possibly the veteran did blow up under the regimentation of Army life or the strain of battle. But that doesn't condemn the man or necessarily mean that he can't step into his old job and do it just as well as he did before he went into the Army.

A new world has been created while we have been away fighting. Men in service resent the high wages paid to war workers, but at the same time they realize the work has to be done. It's the old story of supply and demand. They, of course, don't think it right that workers are paid so much while they are risking their lives for so little. But they blame that condition on Washington. They don't blame the underdog for grabbing his while he can. They do blame him, though, for going out on strikes in essential war plants. And they blame the leaders of labor for allowing him to do so.

PLANES, ammunition, ships, food, all mean life to the soldier. He cannot live without them, and anything interfering with the free flow of these essentials brings down the curses of the men in the foxholes all over the world. We suffered, and our buddies left behind are suffering, because of strikes. This is no time to strike. One man-hour lost over here may mean a hundred lives lost over there. One day lost in production may mean the prolongation of this war for another month.

On the other hand, we resent the millions being made by a few individuals. We resent the few who obtain special consideration and concessions simply because they sit in high places.

After one, two, or three years in the Army, a man finds it difficult to remember how he felt as a civilian. Bob Smith may be irritable, impatient, and restless for the first few weeks after he returns home. He has been away from civilian life for so long that adjustment will take time. And the civilian life that he knew *has* changed. His irritability, his sense of being lost among those he loves, are only natural reactions. After all, he has lived a very different sort of life during his separation from home. He has gone through experiences civilians can never really know, for only those who have been machine-gunned or blasted by bombs; only those who have seen men ripped by bullets, blown up by booby traps, burned in flaming tanks, can understand him. These things are burned deeply into the souls of the many Bob Smiths who have returned, and you cannot fully comprehend them!

Further, it is hard for the average civilian to understand that there are veterans not wearing Purple Hearts or visibly wounded who are nonetheless casualties of this war.

Let me illustrate with an incident that happened to me. Recently I was walking along West Thirty-fifth Street in Manhattan when a street-repair crew let go a staccato burst of their compressed-air drill. It sounded so much like machine-gun fire I froze to the spot and almost screamed. I was a trembling, fear-ridden person. I didn't dare to move for fear of falling. Fortunately an ensign came by, and seeing me standing there, shaking, asked if he could help me. I nodded—I couldn't speak. He helped me into a hotel, where I remained for nearly an hour before I could gain control of myself. It won't happen again, for I will be on guard against these things. Of course I was in civilian clothes and no one recognized me as a veteran, but while I was in the hotel a man passed and shook his head. "That man should be in a hospital." He didn't understand.

I've seen veterans go to pieces listening to a radio program during which an actor portrayed the agonies of a wounded man. I've seen the same thing occur during a particularly realistic reproduction of diving planes, screaming bombs, and crashing walls.

Don't be surprised at these men and don't show too much concern. They will gradually lose their fears, but it will take some time.

YOU may perhaps think these incidents I've described a little overdrawn. They're not. You haven't been through the experiences of this war. And you can't fully appreciate the effects. I doubt if even veterans of the last war understand the horrors of this one. It is going to take a lot of tact, understanding, and patience for you to adjust yourself to today's veteran.

Just as you cannot entirely understand the veterans' problems, we do not entirely understand the problems civilians have faced during these years. Though these problems seem minor when compared with the ones the soldier has endured, they have left their marks on you. We may not quite understand your gripes at first. But we will, for, you see, we are now civilians. But don't be too annoyed if we blow our tops when we hear you complaining about the shortage of butter. Sometimes we didn't know the taste of it for six months. Don't be surprised when we resent your complaints about being unable to get gasoline. After all, we've tramped miles on miles through mud, slush, and snow, fighting at the same time. And when you growl about the quality of meat, you might do well to remember that canned willie sometimes tasted like chicken to us.

Bob Smith is glad to get home. Make no mistake about it. He is glad that he is out of the Army and back in civilian clothes. It hasn't been a picnic to him or you. Accept Bob Smith as he is until he becomes accustomed to being a free man. Show him all the affection in your power. But don't pamper him. He doesn't expect that.

Recently a newspaper carried a story criticizing some subway riders for failing to give their seats to a group of veterans. Apparently these veterans were in civilian clothes with nothing to identify them but the small button all of us wear in the lapels of our coats. I wear one, but I don't expect it to entitle me to special consideration. It would annoy me for some person to offer me a seat, though I need a cane to get about. Most veterans feel the same way I do. We find no lack of courtesy on the part of civilians when an obviously wounded veteran gets on a crowded bus or subway. We are civilians and we want no one to think we're strangers from Mars.

(*Continued on page 78*)

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STOMACH
OUT OF
TUNE?

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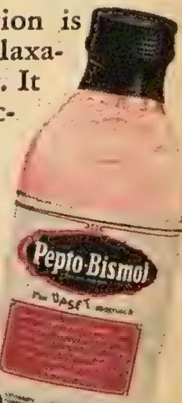

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LIBERTY GOES TO THE

Dorothy McGuire wistfully shares the romantic mood of Robert Young and Hillary Brooke.

THE ENCHANTED COTTAGE

(RKO)
Dorothy McGuire, Robert Young, Herbert Marshall

THE ENCHANTED COTTAGE is a sincere and moving attempt to deal with the problem of the returning soldier who faces life maimed in body and spirit. In its own right the story is a tender and charming half-fantasy written originally by the British playwright, Sir Arthur Wing Pinero. Katharine Cornell played in it on Broadway in 1923, and two years later it was made into a movie with Richard Barthelmess and May McAvoy. Now, with its locale shifted to New England and the period moved up to the present war, its message is as timely and sentimentally appealing as ever.

Fantasy, to carry over to an audience, requires just one essential in place of workaday facts. This is the childlike quality of imaginative and fervent *belief*, which must be present in at least one member of the cast. In The Enchanted Cottage, this is Dorothy McGuire, whose inner radiance lends a touch of magic to the whole picture.

Mildred Natwick as the mystical Mrs. Minnett, brooding over tragic memories, and Herbert Marshall as the understanding composer who sees the more clearly because he is blind, also help to sustain the delicate quality of the tale. Spring Byington as a superficial, uncomprehending mother provides a fine bit of contrast, and Robert Young as her soldier son gives a straightforward performance backed up by some gruesome cinema disfigurements.

Playing without make-up, in unflattering light and ill-fitting clothes, Dorothy McGuire gives an extraordinarily fine and sensitive portrayal of Laura, the loveless drudge. Working as maid in a romantic cottage noted for its historic succession of honeymooning tenants, she finds solace for her loneliness in her surroundings. When a young officer (Robert Young) who had once visited the cottage hopefully with his stylish prospective bride (Hillary Brooke) returns, broken and disfigured by the war, a strange miracle occurs. Hoping blindly to find some peace in the cottage alone, the soldier discovers with Laura a wonderful truth which lends new hope and meaning to both their tragic lives; but when they share it with the outside world, their miracle threatens to dissolve into bitterness and ashes.

At this critical point, where deep-lying faith must carry over into the cruel matter-of-factness of living, the whole problem is disposed of lightly in a little sermon. For this reason the picture has no really satisfactory ending. In some stretches, also, one is apt to find oneself noting uncomfortably that Dorothy McGuire's homeliness seems to be nothing that hairdressers and cosmetics can't fix, or wondering why Robert Young never heard of plastic surgery. This occasional weakness in the fantasy comes from the old cinematic failure to leave enough to the imagination—but for all that, the underlying lesson is deep and true, and will find a direct route to your heart.

Two happy people tell their secret to an understanding friend (Herbert Marshall).

MOVIES

BY EVE STANLEY

Famous names Allen, Vallee, Moore, and Ameche make up an infamous Gay Nineties quartet.

IT'S IN THE BAG

(United Artists)
Fred Allen, Jack Benny, William Bendix, Binnie Barnes

RADIO'S Fred Allen, with an eye to reducing his blood pressure, has just tossed off his first movie in four years. Movie-making, says Mr. Allen, is lots more restful than broadcasting. He proceeds to prove it by galumphing furiously through a convivial free-for-all about as tranquil as a jam session in the Grand Central Station.

A surprising number of celebrated names and faces seems to have got inveigled into this shindig, which is all about a flea-circus proprietor named Fred (Allen) Floogle who's feverishly trying to track down some missing chairs. Among the familiar characters he bumps into in his quest are his old archenemy Jack Benny, William Bendix, Robert Benchley, and Jerry Colonna—not to mention Don Ameche, Victor Moore, and Rudy Vallee, who pop up en masse to join Fred in a quartet to end all quartets. Binnie Barnes goes through some harassing moments as the long-suffering Mrs. Floogle, and there's a precocious young Floogle (Dickie Tyler) in horn-rimmed specs, along with a nice little ingénue Floogle (Gloria Pope) who tries to get married all through the film and ends up with a grand celebration complete with policemen, Indians, and a big brass band.

This noisy mixture of horseplay, satire, and corn has its funny moments, such as the scene in Jack Benny's fabulous apartment, equipped with such handy gadgets as a retractable hat-check girl. The sequence of the Floogles trying to get a seat in a super movie theater is also good clever ribbing. The rest is mainly a hodgepodge of well-known people doing their amiable best with poor material.

SPECIAL MENTION

A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN (20th Cent.-Fox). Peggy Ann Garner, Dorothy McGuire, James Dunn.
A sensitive, touching, and finely-set version of Betty Smith's novel.
COLONEL BLIMP (Eagle Lion-U.A.). Anton Walbrook, Roger Livesey, Deborah Kerr.
Forty years of British tradition in an imposing and colorful war panorama.
HANGOVER SQUARE (20th Century-Fox). Laird Cregar, Linda Darnell, George Sanders.
Period thrills in the Jekyll-Hyde manner, with outstanding music and atmosphere.
OBJECTIVE BURMA (Warner Bros.). Errol Flynn, Henry Hull, James Brown.
War in the Burma jungles dramatically and authentically portrayed by an all-male cast.
THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY (M-G-M). George Sanders, Hurd Hatfield, Angela Lansbury.
Oscar Wilde's fantastic novel in a lavish and leisurely cinema setting.
THE THREE CABALLEROS (Walt Disney-RKO). Donald Duck, Joe Carioca, Panchito.
Disney's vivacious Latin-American extravaganza with real people consorting with cartoons.
TONIGHT AND EVERY NIGHT (Columbia). Rita Hayworth, Lee Bowman, Janet Blair.
A gay and sumptuous Technicolor musical about show business in the London blitz.

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DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. D, MYSTIC, CONN.

(Continued from page 75)

We happened to be injured while fighting for our country, and certainly our government is taking excellent care of us. Are we more entitled to attention than the fellow hurt while on an essential war job? I think not.

Granted we've been through a great deal; we've undergone nervous tension, lived with death for weeks on end; we don't know how to relax; we've been fed excitement twenty-four hours a day, day after day. Suddenly this is all over, and now we just don't know how to settle down to a peaceful civilian life. So when your Bob Smith returns, you must overlook a lot of strange things he says and does. He may be trying to get hold of himself. I get up at ungodly hours of the night and go out for walks. I drop into lots of places and drink innumerable cups of coffee. I know this is strange, but it's the only way I can calm my nerves. The nights are so quiet.

Bob thinks he's going to burn his uniform when he gets out of it. He swears he never wants to see it again. But before he builds that bonfire you'd better send the uniform out to be cleaned and pressed. In ten days or so he'll be in it again and walking down the street to talk with the boys at the corner. He'll do that at ever lengthening intervals until he becomes accustomed to being a civilian.

OF course you're proud of him. He's your personal hero and you mean to show him that he is. Go ahead, and more power to you, but don't lay it on too thick. Make it genuine! Don't show him off or ask him to recount his experiences for the entertainment of your friends. If he wants to talk about them, listen, but not with an air of resignation, no matter how many times you have heard the stories. He may suffer from pent-up feelings he can relieve in no other way. He has lived with death, ruin, and destruction, and they are still vivid realities to him.

The one thing the veterans of this war want most is to return to normal living as rapidly as possible. Yes, they have changed through their experiences, but these changes need not be permanent. The veterans most certainly don't think they will be, for, almost to a man, they consider themselves civilians who have done their bit and who have now come back home to stay.

THE END

(Continued from page 56)

out money in a strange place, you know it's pretty bad. Nobody will help you. You're just up against it." He had $600 saved from his pay during his long sojourn in the islands. He would try tactfully, again and again, to get my husband to take it. "It's all right," he would say. "I don't want it. You can just send it to my folks in the States whenever it's convenient." In vain my husband assured him that he was representing his own government and was well taken care of. The good fellow couldn't grasp this. He would listen absent-mindedly, and come back to the subject after a while with careful considerateness. "You're sure you're all right? It's a long way back home. I can just as well help you as not."

I was very much distressed to see these goodhearted fellows under such delusions. But both physicians and nurses assured me that most of them come out of it with few or no psychic scars left as far as ordinary peacetime living is concerned. One nurse said, "In most cases we can see the obsession fading out. It gets a little dimmer every day. Men of this type don't go back to the combat area. Most of them have done more than their part. Some have been fighting steadily for two years. They will be put in shape and sent home to the States with the honor they deserve."

IN their generally elated state, fresh from a victorious field of action, many of these men wrote bloodcurdling letters home, full of details about the Japs they had killed and just how they had done it. "I stuck him," wrote one lad to his father. "And, Dad, you should have heard him squeal!" I asked the physician who censored the letters if he thought all this would result in any permanent brutalizing. He said he didn't think so, at least not in most cases. "It's almost completely dissociated from anything they ever did or are ever likely to do in civilized surroundings," he said. "You'd be astonished how many fellows who came in here talking bloody murder forget about it in a week or two. They forget everything. They don't seem to remember the least thing about scenes they described in the most complete and revolting detail in their first letters home."

Strange and disturbing as some of the cases of combat fatigue seemed to us, it was reassuring that the doctors and nurses seemed to take them quite as a matter of course. They addressed themselves with coolness and serenity to the physical and mental rehabilitation of the men, while taking the attitude that these heroes had earned unlimited coddling and were going to get it as far as the resources of the Mob would allow.

They rejoiced particularly in the steady conquest of malaria. They said when they had first gone into Guadalcanal, malaria had been a great problem. But now they had it pretty well licked, and were licking it in the other islands, too. Another matter of pride among them was the way they were now saving injured limbs, which hitherto had had to be amputated.

MEDICAL and surgical treatment is only half the work of the Mob. The other half consists of a program for general psychic rehabilitation. To the man who has known only savagery for a long time, a Mob offers a civilized institution, reminiscent of a club or a college at home. Here he can integrate himself mentally and socially and work in one of the many well-equipped handicraft shops which travel wherever the hospital goes.

The more enterprising convalescents make haste to add their contributions to the Mob. They make suggestions about improving the food supply, and offer their services. They observe the routines of the doctors and nurses and invent and manufacture little conveniences for them. A Mob, as it progresses toward Tokyo, has a rich continuing life into which doctors, nurses, and patients have all poured their energies.

When I was at Mob 5 the men were decorating their chapel, which served for both the Catholics and the Protestants. The chapel was only a mobile tin hut like all the others, with small windows covered by a sort of plastic or metal mosquito netting. The men were painting this netting in imitation of stained-glass windows. Only two pairs of these windows were finished. But the choice of subjects for them seemed to me to represent in a very touching way those subconscious images to which a civilized man in war must make his private atonement. For one pair of windows represented the Madonna with the Christ Child in her arms, and the other represented Christ, in white robes, as the Prince of Peace.

THE END

THE CANDY CANE

Continued from Page 19

areas there's so much to do I don't have time to drink."

Dick laughed politely, embarrassed. He said quickly, "I know. I found I couldn't handle it, so I quit. Except for two or three very special occasions, anniversaries and—meeting you, things like that, I haven't touched even a sip of sherry."

Suddenly Rickey stood up. She stretched. She wore a bright orange sweater. She had the figure of a lucky sixteen-year-old girl. She yawned.

"I'm bored. Let's ride down to the sea wall with a bottle of Chablis and lie there and let the wind blow on us. Lilac will stay with Butch."

Dick frowned. "Dear, I don't think—"

But Noel said, "Let's go."

He had tautened first, then grown angrily cool. That was what they used to do in the ghostly year of 1940: ride down to the sea wall and lie there head to head on the hard stone, talking wild, hungry talk, plotting impossible futures.

Now, riding out Pontchartrain Boulevard toward the lake shore, three in the front seat of the coupé, his shoulder touching Rickey's, Noel felt himself embarked upon a fantastic expedition into the past. His throat dried and his pulse whipped higher. He wondered whether Rickey felt like that too.

The night was warmish, but after they parked the car and hurried over the patch of woolly grass to the wall there was the familiar, incessant wind. There was a paintbrush line between the dark troubled water and the night sky with its captured smudge of city lights. Just beyond clear discernment was the flicker, the suggestion, of a sail.

Noel had the odd conviction that if he willed it hard enough he could exorcise 1944, drive it out toward the deep water, slay it like an infestation in the imperturbable grass and among the black leaves of the low tropical trees which lined the drive.

He looked around him wildly as they reached the wall, as if 1940 might be hiding in the nearest shadow. Then they all sat down on the wall. He quieted, chatting with Dick for five minutes as he watched Rickey stride off briskly alone up the paved walk, her hair flying. He felt almost happy.

She loved him still. She wouldn't have dead panned their introduction if she didn't. Or would she? Did she remember it all now? How it began? Introduced to him in a bar in Toulouse Street by some local newspaperman who had promptly passed out, Rickey being nineteen, Noel twenty-eight. . . .

IT wasn't love at first sight. It was a coming together. They had been in love for years; they simply hadn't met. The affair from the first was intense and solemn, accelerating from a flicked switch to a great throaty roar.

This on the sea wall in bright February moonlight:

"When do you have to go back, Nopey?"

"I wish I had known you at fourteen. Then we could have been married and everything would have been all right."

"My mother would have been stuffy about my getting married at fourteen. Oh, Nopey, you're such an idiot. Listen—"

"You listen. If you turn your ear to the stone, I think you can hear the pumps going, pumping all those millions of gallons of water out from under New Orleans every hour, pumping out all the corruption and the heartbreak and the hopelessness, leaving the glamor only."

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"You think New Orleans is glamorous?"

"No. Yes. I do now."

"Nopey, when do you leave?"

"Tomorrow morning."

"You love your wife, Nopey?"

"I've got two children, Rickey. I love you."

He swung round and sat up.

"I'll try to tell you. I'm—I'm unstable, Rickey. Madge keeps me—more or less on the beam. She's safe and practical." He took her hand. "Listen, Rickey—" Suddenly his grave, young, infinitely radiogenic voice became hoarse with passion. "You understand I don't react and feel like other people. I react too much. I feel too much. I live in a white flame."

Rickey put her hand in his hair.

"Take me in your white flame, Nopey. Let's burn together."

He turned fiercely and kissed her. She surrendered, then pushed him away, got to her feet. The pale skin glowed in the faint reflected light; the green-blue eyes were black and unblinking.

"We're going away, Nopey."

"Yes, I know."

He did know, too. He had known all along. But he had made a last stand against it; he had fought a token battle.

"You know how much I love you, Nopey?"

"How much?"

"I love you so much, Rickey, that I'd do anything you told me to do. Anything. Absolutely anything. If you said, 'Let's jump into the lake together,' I'd jump. I'd do it like a flash."

"Let's jump, then."

They hit the water together, without diving, in a sprawling splash. They came up spluttering and laughing. He helped her up the slippery wall, clambered up himself. Shivering in the back of the limousine, Noel said:

"Let me go back to New York tomorrow and make arrangements. I owe Madge that. She'll give me a divorce. I'll meet you here in ten days. Madge'll go to Reno. O. K.?"

He looked down at her drenched figure, shivering in the circle of his wet arm. She nodded.

When Noel's train reached New York two days later it was met by an ambulance which took him to Post-Graduate Hospital. He reached the crisis of double pneumonia on the fourth day, relapsed, and fought uphill through recurrent delirium, pleurisy, and empyema for eight weeks. Finally he grew strong enough to orient himself to what had taken place.

Madge, broad-browed, placid and strong, had moved a cot into his room. She was a trained nurse anyhow, and retained her license to practice.

"Well, Noel, dear, you're going to make it after all. But how you do talk when you're a little out!"

"What did I say?" he demanded, too weak to conceal his concern.

"Oh, a lot of nonsense about a candy cane."

But all those things were far off and long ago. This was 1944; he could not even recall the exact words in which, when he finally found a time and a place to telephone, Rickey's mother had informed him that she had been married twenty-four hours.

This was 1944, and millions of men had died horribly on many fronts and Noel had seen some of them die. And he was sitting beside a safe hard-working little man who was Rickey's husband and who wanted terribly to be his friend.

"Stay here and have a glass of wine and chat with Noel while I take my constitutional," he was instructing Rickey. "This is the only exercise I get. We do it nearly every night, without the wine." He chuckled and set off at a dogtrot.

So they use this place now for exercise, Noel thought glumly.

The bucket was between them. Noel filled a glass, handed it to Rickey.

"Still love me?"

"Haven't I told you? And you?"

"I'm telling you now. I can explain about why—"

She broke in, "That's all right, Nopey. It's all back again."

"It's back for me." But there was a calculation now behind his words, despite all the old magic. He was four years older and he had learned too many times in hot and rocky places that you had to use your head to survive at all.

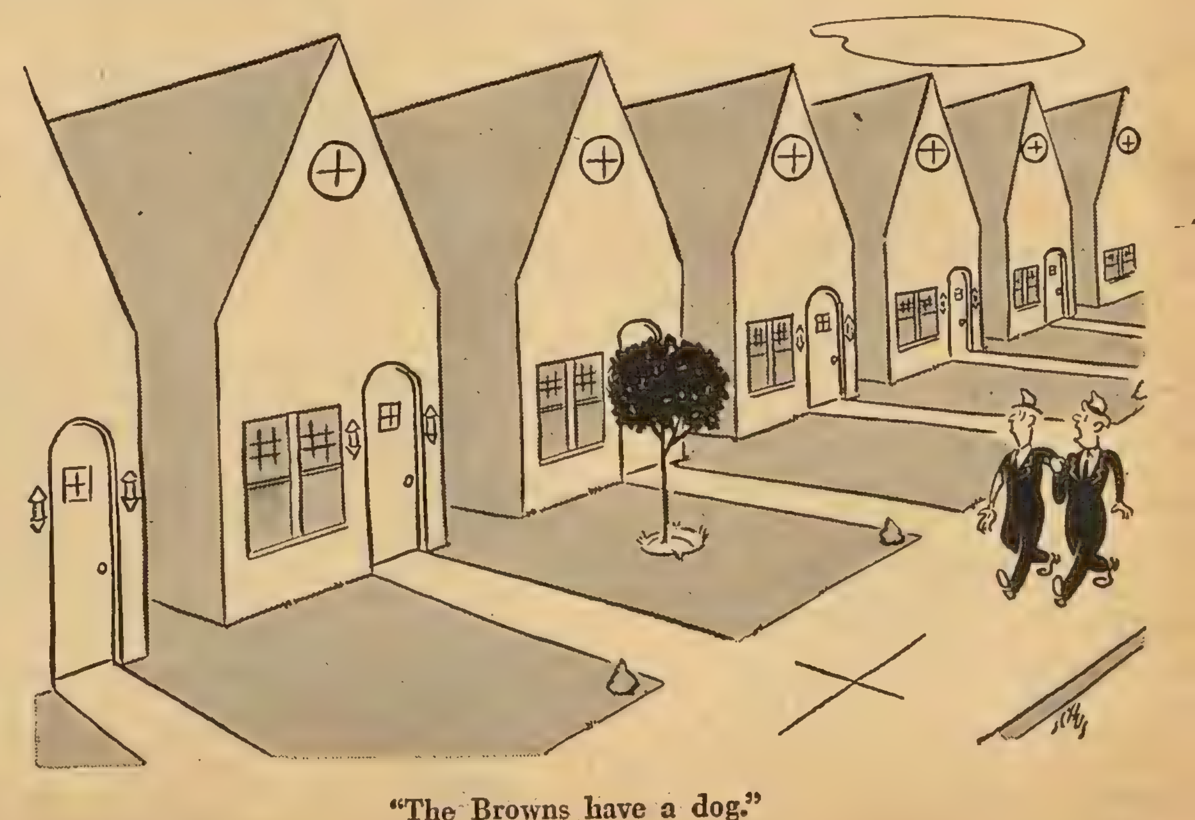
He said, "When can I see you?"

"Dick's good to me, Nopey. He's kind and gentle. He—he keeps me out of that white flame."

"When can I see you?"

"Any time you want. Dick goes to work at seven. I'll meet you tomorrow if you say." She said it wearily.

Riding back to town, his arm against Rickey's arm, Noel had a sense of conspiracy. He was carried back, too, to the night a little boy walked through a door on a Staten Island ferry, with a candy cane in his hand.



"The Browns have a dog."

"It's early yet," Noel said expansively. "Be my guests and we'll take in the show at the Blue Room."

"Fine," Dick answered instantly. "That's great. Of course we'll have to run by, take a look at Butch, and arrange with Lilac to stay."

WHEN they turned into the shabby graveled street a strange oppression touched Noel's heart.

All the lights were on in the second-floor apartment. Dick pressed the accelerator and brought the old car to a stop with a scream of brakes. Rickey was pushing him roughly, frantic.

"Open the door! Get out and let me out, can't you?"

They both ran up the stairs.

He followed and could hear throaty expostulations above as he mounted the steps. It was Lilac.

"—wan't my fault, Miss Rick, praise God it wan't. Doctor in there now. Just a minute, he gonna be all right. Got it down his thoat 'fo' I could see what—"

There were many goings and comings as Noel stood lost in the foyer, his hat in his hand. He had been excluded instantly from the family group to a place with the wolves, beyond. The family had integrated like lightning—he might have been a bill collector, or a man from Mars. Obscurely, the spectacle warmed him and he prayed a little for Butch.

Twenty minutes later the doctor passed by without a nod, talking to Dick.

"—fortunately the pin was closed. It was in the upper esophagus and came out with no trouble by instrument. The child will be quite all right, only a little sore throat tomorrow—"

Dick closed the door on the doctor and rushed back toward the baby's room without noticing Noel.

Five minutes later Rickey came out, haggard but relaxed. Her eyes had gone all blue. Noel stepped up and kissed her forehead briefly. "That's good-by. You know that, don't you?"

She looked at him as though his identity were just coming back into her head.

"I'd like to come back about once a year and see the two of you, just to see how you're doing."

The elfin smile flickered around Rickey's lips. "Which two?"

He didn't answer. He nodded, turned and walked down the stair and out into the suddenly chill night. At Claiborne he ducked into a taxi. As he rode to Canal, he wondered whether life was a succession of profferings and withdrawals for everybody of its brightest finest gifts, its loveliest toys.

He walked up Canal toward his hotel, forlornly and rather sorry for himself. Before a big bright window under a neon sign heralding confections, he halted. He pursed his lips. He went in.

"I want one of those candy canes," he demanded. "The biggest, swellest one you've got in the house."

The sales girl puckered her nose at him. "We ain't had them things since before the war." She tilted her glance up at him then, roguishly. "You don't want one of them, anyhow. You're a big boy now."

Noel brightened; he felt suddenly good again. "You know, young lady, I guess you're right about that."

He walked briskly toward his hotel. By the time he turned in through the revolving door he was whistling.

In his room he poured three quarters of a bottle of bourbon down the lavatory and lay on the bed until train time—feeling somewhat trapped but curiously exalted too, and a little like Gulliver on the first day.

THE END

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APRIL 7, 1945

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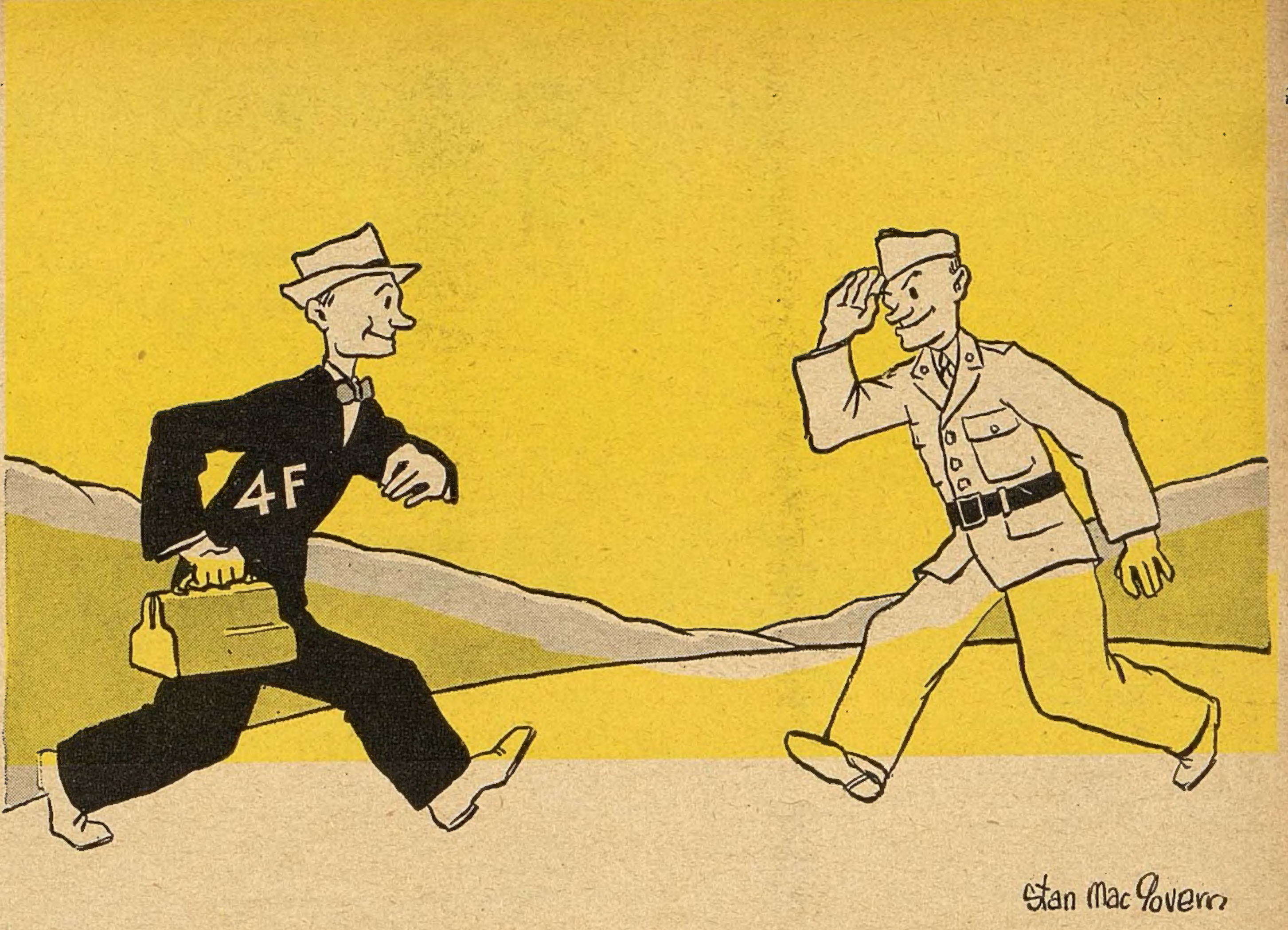


4-Fs HAVE RIGHTS, TOO!

THE recent flurry of debate concerning whether or not 4-Fs should be drafted into war work serves to focus attention on this group of young men. It indicates how easy it is to fall into the type of thinking which creates "minority" groups in our population. These men whom the armed forces do not want have not benefited by a great deal of public understanding and sympathy—at least as a group. Their physical deficiencies, for which they are blameless, must not be permitted to set them officially in a class apart, subject to compulsions which do not apply equally to the rest of the civilian population. It is time a good word is spoken in behalf of the country's 4-Fs.

It may be said categorically that no man is a 4-F through choice. Many suffer acutely because the services have found them physically unfit to serve their country. While some, turned down for minor defects, consider themselves well out of it, most sensitive young men are terrifically unhappy over ailments they never knew they had. Many thousands have resorted to all sorts of subterfuge to worm their way into uniform. Others, denied the status of regular members of the armed forces, have sought participation in the war through the merchant marine or through a noncombat organization such as the American Field Service.

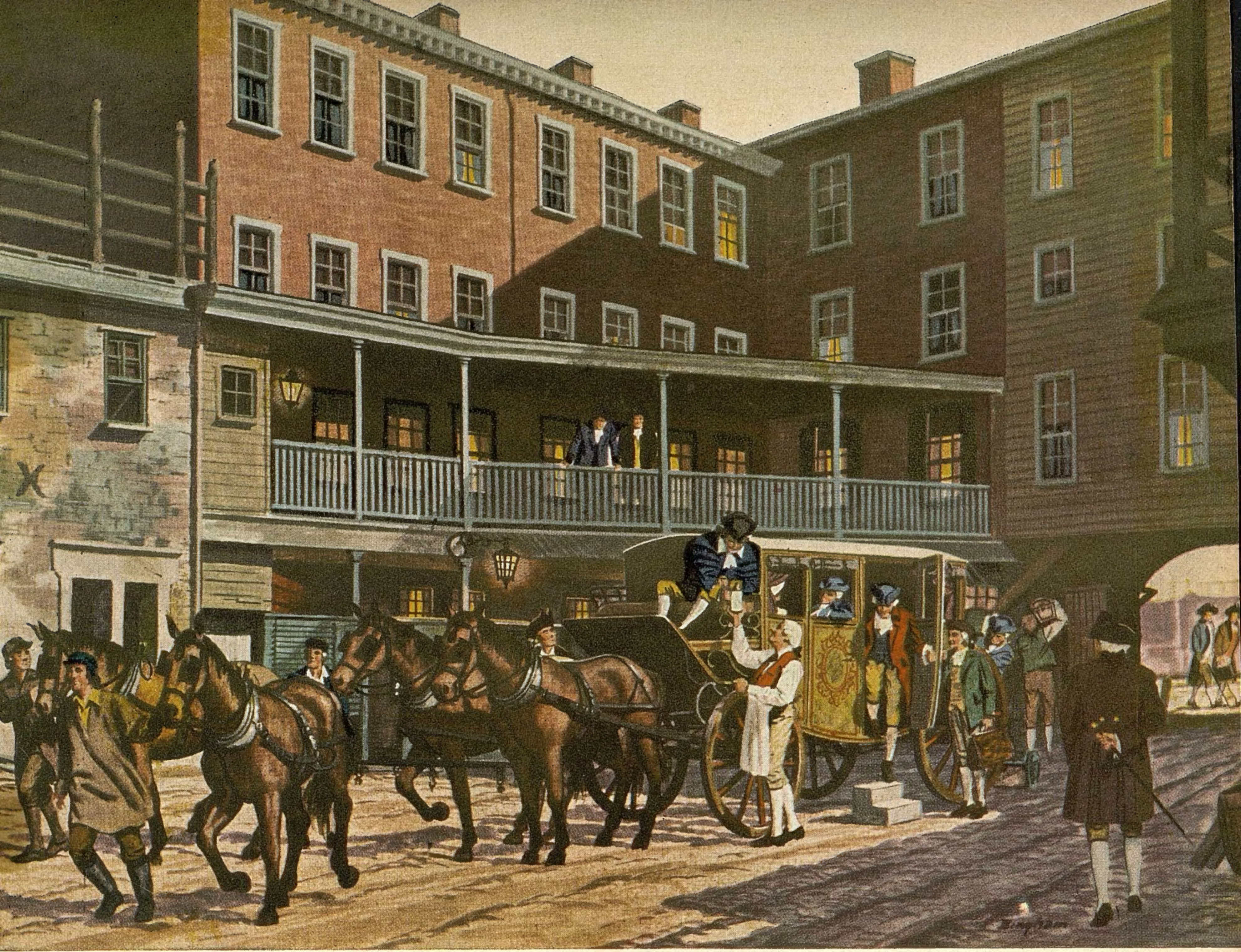
A physical defect or an injury sustained in his youth which makes him undesirable military material does not lessen a man's patriotism or willingness to do his share of fighting. He deserves no blame and he should be given none. He is entitled to a matter-of-fact acceptance of his civilian status from his fellow citizens in and out of uniform. If a manpower draft is needed, it is unfair and unwise to single out this particular group for special attention.

Of the nation's manhood, some are fit to fight; others are too young or old; and others are 4-F. But for the grace of God, any one of those now in uniform might be unacceptable physically. His hope, then, would be for understanding. It would bewilder and confuse him to be placed in some special category and vaguely suspected somehow of getting a free ride on the war.

There is no evidence to indicate that any great number of 4-Fs consider themselves fortunate. The gag about the man who tells how lucky he is because the examining doctors found he had cancer is just a gag, and not such a funny one at that. There is much evidence to prove that the great majority of 4-Fs would rather be in uniform.

If we must have war work by compulsion, let's apply it to all equally. The 4-Fs must not be set apart as a separate group.

Paul Hunter



New York stage arriving at Black Horse Inn, Philadelphia . . . based on early records.*

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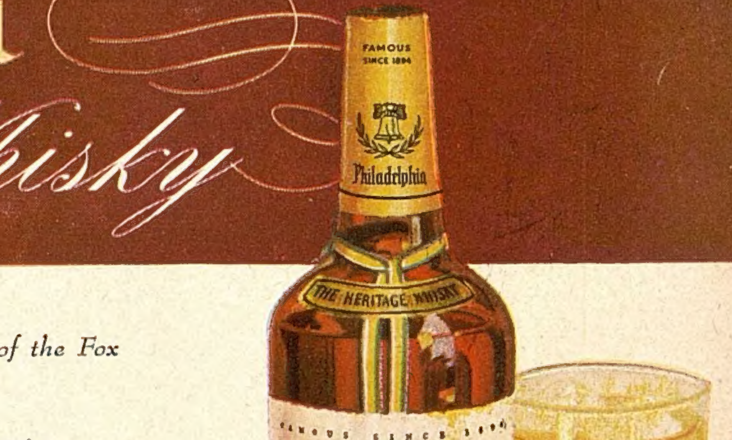

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